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ART. I.—*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman & Hall.

MR. CARLYLE at last presents to us, invested with the dignity of circumstance and detail, his great man. Up to this time, he has given us touches, rather than portraits, and has spread himself over a heterogeneous field of heroism, rather than exhibited a hero. Now we have the latter in person. Cromwell is *the* great man on whom Mr. Carlyle has alighted, and whom he holds up as the exemplar of true greatness to the English mind. His unsteady gyrations have at last found a centre; his magnificent whirl round the universe has at last assumed locality; and Cromwell is the point of attraction. A philosophy, by condensing itself in one instance, sometimes gains in effectiveness. A *rationale* of heroism was not likely to tell much on English minds, which appealed to Mahomet, Odin, Dante, Knox, Luther, Rousseau, Dr. Johnson, and Voltaire, as one grand united specimen of it; and which seemed to demand a complete mental suicide and decomposition in the recipient, previous to its reception. Cromwell has, at any rate, the advantage of being one man, and of being an Englishman. He shows some English features, he appeals to some party associations. His cause has its admirers, and warm ones. Mr. Carlyle, so far, enjoys a nearer vicinity to common sense. His philosophy, not less dreamy and unquiet in itself, occupies more solid and more national ground; its new and embodied shape claims for it some fresh attention; and his example reminds us of his theory of heroism.

Before we proceed, then, to the contents of these volumes, we have something to say about the writer, as a philosopher and teacher. Mr. Carlyle is the patron of revolutionary heroes. He admires heroes: he prefers the revolutionary field for their display. He lives in this mixed atmosphere of thought: he selects this mixed standard of character. He appears before us in two

aspects, which we shall successively notice,—as a preacher of hero-worship, and of national regeneration and reform.

Mr. Carlyle's idea of the hero is a simple one. He lays down, as essential, one great characteristic, and one only. That characteristic is power. The hero is a person who energizes on some large scale; penetrates, makes his way, impresses, moves, and leads. He exhibits muscle and nerve; is great in inward resources and activities, and is able to defend and assail, to repel and conquer, to save and to destroy. He does this either by the intellect or by the sword, and is either statesman, warrior, or author, as may be. As the Stoic's hero was the wise man, the '*sapiens et rex*,' Mr. Carlyle's is the strong man, the 'king, conning, or able man.' His might makes his right. His own power and impetus are his Bible and creed. He produces effects, and he sees them: he believes in his own right arm, and he need believe in little else. Such is Mr. Carlyle's hero of force. Whether or not upon other recognised principles, and other established standards, his favourite may deserve to be canonized, or may deserve to be hung, he does not inquire. He may be a S. Bernard, or he may be a Mirabeau. Voltaire and Rousseau, Dante and Dr. Johnson, are all literary heroes, because all produced great literary results. Mahomet, the medieval churchmen, Knox, and Luther, are all religious heroes, because all produced great religious results. The hero, as 'king,' 'priest,' and 'prophet,' shows his strength, manifests an energetic impulse which carries him through; and that strength and impulse are in themselves evidences of his heroism.

The moral result of such a view is obvious. A great ultimate standard is erected, beyond the sphere and limits of morality; an ulterior law is discovered superseding the immediate and contiguous distinctions of right and wrong. You see a great man, whom you want to praise, but cannot, consistently with moral considerations: he is either bloodthirsty, or rapacious, or dissolute, or tyrannical. As you cannot, then, do it on a natural, you do it on an esoteric ground; you pass by the moral basis, and you take the heroic. The heroic depresses and obscures the moral region; and secondary succumbs, by natural law, to final truth. Heroism becomes the common ground on which good and evil meet. Mr. Carlyle's philosophy creates a point of sight, at which those two seem to lose their distinction, and present one common nature. An ulterior unity absorbs the immediate division between them; and, viewed in their source, and essential life, both seem to act together, do the same work, and do it equally well, equally gloriously. We lift up a veil; we remove a surface. We look through the apparent, into the real, elementary and fundamental; and, in a lower depth of reality and truth, we see the mighty antago-

nisms of established morality, joined in one root, and existing in an essential aboriginal identity. There, instead of good and evil dividing the world, the one grandeval element of Power exists alone, the substance of which those are the two subsequent aspects, shadows, and representatives. A naked monarchy of force includes all causes, all effects, within it; and we see the one essence into which all action, feeling, thought, is resolvable.

Let not Mr. Carlyle imagine that, because he makes much, in his own way, of a 'sense of difference between right and wrong,' and talks of it 'filling all time and space,' and 'bodying forth heaven and hell,' and being the grand feature of those 'puritan, old Christian ages,—the element which stamps them as heroic;' that because he talks of 'the silences, the eternities, the life everlasting, and the death everlasting,' that his view really embraces what is understood by the difference between right and wrong. The sense of right and wrong takes its place, with him, amongst the other powerful instincts in nature which stimulate and rouse, lead to action, and produce effects. 'Morality,' he says, 'what we call the moral quality of a man, 'is but another side of the one vital force whereby he is and 'works.' It is the source from which a great number of magnificent movements upon the surface of this globe have issued. The moral 'sense' is a great fact in the world: it is a grand, hidden, impelling principle, existing in the mind of the human race, and acting with majestic effectiveness, mysterious depth, and ghostly terror upon it. But this 'sense' has no reality, in Mr. Carlyle's system, of which it is the counterpart; it refers to no absolute law, and appeals to no eternal standard in the Divine Mind. The Divine Mind, if we are taken thither at all, only appears to reflect, in this philosophy, the impulse, emotion, will, perception, regular or irregular, of the human; we are sent from God to men again; and the 'sense' of right and wrong thrown back upon itself, goes on for ever a 'sense' without its object, a perception of nothing, an introverted eye. The sense of right makes right; what every man thinks right, is right, because he thinks it. The wild, uncertain, irregular impression in men's souls, rolls on and tosses like the ocean; morality follows nature's passion and humour, and reflects all the sinuosities and extravagances of man's will. Words mean what they mean in the philosophy in which they are used. A religious man talks of a God: so does the Pantheist; but the religious man means *his* God, and the Pantheist *his*. In the same way, a Pantheist can talk of good and evil, and of right and wrong, just as the religious man can; but then they are *his* good and evil, and *his* right and wrong. They are shadows, subjective things, without existence out of the man's self. His right and wrong only

exist in the idea of them in the human mind, and multiply and vary with the varying forms of that mind. Future reward and punishment undergo the same dissolving process. The day of judgment, heaven and hell, are part of the moral *idea*; they are the enlivening, illustrating, pictorial ingredient in the idea. They reside within the idea, as a meaning resides within a word. The two worlds of futurity have a presential existence, as imagery within the mind, and simply exhibit the moral notion itself in scenic shape. And the anticipation of them, as real future states, is regarded as a present impression, influencing and felt in present time. In this way pantheism can take up any language and thought, even the most religious: in the act of adopting, it unsubstantiates them; it coils round them like a serpent, and makes them internal to itself; it imbeds them in its own idealism, and presents them to the world again as parts of a new whole, and impregnated with a new and wholly subjective reality.

We have stated Mr. Carlyle's heroic note. Now, 'hero' is a word which has its own meaning, like other words; though no dictionary may have exactly and summarily defined it. Its meaning may be gathered from the language of poetry, legend, and history; from current phraseology, ancient, and modern. And we have to say, *in limine*, that Mr. Carlyle has not taken this meaning, but invented a totally different one of his own. Without at all wishing to impose a classical type of heroism, as such, upon modern times, we must, nevertheless, assert the fact that that type has taken deep possession of the world's imagination; has formed the view of the poet, age after age, and run through epic, play, and romance. Ancient epic, and modern tragedy, display the same essential hero, clothed in different costumes. And from this original, universal type, Mr. Carlyle has wholly departed.

According to the old authentic poetical type, a hero is a person who, in some special and marked way, shows, under a surface of outward activity and adventure,—that of the military life especially—a soul superior to, and not belonging to, this world. The latter is the final and consummating characteristic; the one to which all the rest tend and aspire. What taste is to the elegant man, and generosity to the noble man, and courage to the brave man, that the unearthly spirit was to the hero. The magnanimity, generosity, ardour, and refinement of ordinary virtue, were transcendentalized in him; a pure unalloyed nobility ran through him, like a vein celestial, and he had a soul akin to the supernatural. His birth typified it, and he was a demigod, and claimed, on one or other side, divine parentage. This pure and high nature, however, revealed itself

through the turmoil and contention of the earthly field, and the hero had, consequently, appended to his celestial refinement and nobility, human force.

One whole side of the picture exhibits him exerting this. He appears on the field of battle, and in the wild forest; fighting with men, and fighting with beasts; he penetrates the awful cavern, he sails on his voyage of discovery over the wide sea; the glitter of armour, the shout, the noise of trumpets, and cloud of dust, surround him. Yet even in this rude and tumultuous part of the scene, where naked power and gross earth seem to dominate, the hero was not wholly earthly, and simply strong. He pursued, on the field of battle and adventure, something which lay beyond it. The objects which the visible scene supplied him, served to draw him out, and gave him material to energize upon; but he used them, and did not rest upon them; they were instrumental to him, and not final; they represented something above themselves, which he was really pursuing, while he was pursuing them. Higher aims and longings floated vaguely and unconsciously before him. The glory which swam before his eyes, and led him after it, was not his own selfish greatness, but a greatness out of himself. It was not the tangible, material thing that could be taken hold of and grasped, that could be enjoyed, and make him feel satisfied as if he had a meal; it mocked him, like the air; it dazzled and fascinated, but refused to be caught; it was a light from another sun, and a sample of the Olympian day, which had been sent down here to tempt and elevate him.

On another side of the picture, however, the unearthly spirit comes out, more undisturbed and unalloyed; and, in serener, purer air, apart from the noisy strife, and trial of strength, the hero showed clearly what his true nature was, and what he tended to. We see him retiring from the public scene, to feed on his own thoughts, and muse on things divine. He showed that he did not belong to this world, by being able to go willingly out of it; and that he was not wedded to tumult and collision, as low, aspiring minds are, by being able to leave them. He gave another and yet more certain sign of his nature. He offered the best and truest evidence that he was not made for this world, in the fact that he was born to suffer in it. Sometimes a long, laborious, unrecompensed life, sometimes a premature death, was allotted him. Fate had set its hand upon him. He knew it, he felt he was *ὀλιγοχρόνιος*, and soon to pass away, and leave all behind him. This life was his outside, even while he had it: the world was not his own, even while he was in it; the vivid consciousness of its transiency deprived him of that property and basis in it which the majority feel; and abstracted the joyous sensation

of life, and feeling of home, from his earthly residence. An original incongeniality with earth, again issued, by a natural law, in discord and collision with it afterwards; and as life went along, it developed its first jar. The hero came into awkward contact with his fellow men, was suspected, feared, disliked, and wronged. Half envied, half despised, he was an obnoxious person to the great; he was sent out of the princely council, and told he was nobody. He was made to feel himself a stranger, isolated and alone. He wandered forth, and, leaving the field of emulation and glory, conversed with mute nature. He saw earth and air, rocks and deserts, around him, or—

‘To the shore of the old sea he betook
Himself alone, and, casting forth upon the purple sea
His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven,’

advanced his sad plea to ears divine:—

*Μῆτερ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυρθῶδιον πὲρ ἔδοντα,
Τιμὴν πέρ μοι ὀφείλλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίσσαι
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν.*

He fulfilled, in this attitude, and these trials, his original basis. He did not mix well with the world, because he did not belong to it. A soul is happy in the place for which it is born: if it disagrees with that place, it is not born for it. The supernatural element found itself in a material mass, and was not at home in it; and uneasiness and melancholy resulted from the soul's lodgement in a lower world than that which it aspired to.

He had another mark of his nature, besides his sufferings, and that was, his consolations. His fate, once submitted and bowed to by the hero, the Gods did not leave their son to himself, or refuse him the consolation which they made him need. If he supplicated all nature to feel for him, and invoked ‘the air ‘divine, and winds, and the eternal rivers, and ocean's countless ‘smiles, and the all-nourishing earth, and the all-seeing sun,’ to see what had been done to him, and sympathize with his wrongs; he did not call in vain. For him the air breathed, the winds whispered, the rivers flowed, the ocean rolled; the melodies of earth and sky were all for him; he understood and he imbibed them; he listened and heard, in nature's stirrings and sounds, things higher than nature, and her words had a meaning to him which they had not to others. They were sweet, significant, and sympathetic: he aided them by his own skill; and, as he sat on the sea-shore, the music of his lyre blended with the music of the waves, to soothe and calm his spirits. Nature, in ministering to the favourite of the gods, threw aside her veil, and showed another world behind her, and supernatural forms

approaching him, with tender and compassionate looks. The caves of ocean heard his sighs, and all the bright nymphs came up, and flocked around him; and the goddess of the sea heard, as she

'Sat with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appeared
Up from the gray sea like a cloud; sate by his side, and said,
"Why weeps my son? What grieves thee?"'

He was a sufferer for deeds of goodness in wilder, more desolate, more savage scenes. He was manacled, chained, fastened with iron to the rock; he was upbraided and reviled by the demons who were the executioners of his sentence, and then left alone with earth and air, barren desert, and Caucasian solitude, around him. Yet even here the sweet springs opened: consolations that were never thought of came from their depths and hiding-places: and from the far-off ocean, again, a sound is heard, a rustling in the air; and while he fears something dreadful, and begins to shudder, a serene voice says softly in his ear,—'Be not afraid: the nymphs of Ocean are we. We heard the iron sound: it rung through our caves. And we made bold, and shook off maiden modesty, and came to comfort you.'

In this way the hero's character and position disclose, throughout, the unearthly type on which he is formed. The rage invincible, the lion-grasp, the war with men and beasts, are not what make him heroic; he might have all that, and still only be an animal monster and prodigy, a beast more powerful and dreadful than other beasts. What makes him heroic, is a certain fine element, a supernatural vein; a nature which does not mix with the common human mass, but cuts clean and distinct, like some pure metal, through it. Force may give the foreground of the view, the shading out of which the real character issues, and which sets it off by contrast; but it is not that character itself. This does not supply the charm, the poetry, the interest. The interest comes from the hero's rest, rather than his motion; from the blow he feels, rather than the one he strikes; from himself, and not from his successes; from that part of his character which is out of the world, and not from that part which is in it. And in proportion as the great men, whom history brings before us, have this character; in proportion as they rise above the greatness of strength and success; and show that they lived, throughout their career, in a higher atmosphere of feeling than this world's stimulants can create; in that degree they are heroic; in that degree, though they may be mixtures and startling ones, they come within the poetical definition.

Wholly departing, then, from this type of the heroic, the philosophy before us has set up another standard, and another

man; and while the hero of poetry fundamentally does not belong to this world, Mr. Carlyle's fundamentally does. His hero is an actual portion of the world, part of the *vis naturæ* of this present system, an offspring of that power of motion, good, bad, or indifferent, in mental nature, which influences, controls, produces. He belongs to the universe of action, as a plant does to that of vegetation; and he grows out of the world's vigour, sap, and vitality. The hero of poetry has his strength as an appendage, Mr. Carlyle's has it as his essence. Power, in the shape of penetrating intellect, or daring ardour, or strong right hand, constitutes him. The instanced hero may, or may not, have other qualities: the generalized one has this only. And the residuum which is left, after abstracting distinctions from Mahomet, the Medieval Churchmen, and Cromwell, Johnson and Voltaire, Rousseau and Dante, presents power, and power pure, as the common heroism of all. Mr. Carlyle's hero is a pantheistic creation. The world, from beginning to end, is in a state of motion; that motion indicates a force: that force is the world's soul and animating principle. An *anima mundi* deity is thus made, who becomes the source of greatness and inspiration. In proportion as minds are in communication with that universal Force, and derive strength and energy from it, in that proportion they are necessarily divine men, demigods, and heroes. As impersonations of the world's life and reality, they are emanations of its god; and they deserve the worship of all real, hearty, and genuine minds. The hero of poetry, and that of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, are both godlike, both divinely born, possess both a kind of divinity, according to the respective systems to which they belong. But the one is a moral, the other a physical creation: the one is the hero of religion, and the other of pantheism.

In ethical language, one of these theories chooses strength, the other beauty, as its standard. A coarse, and, at the same time, a narrow and confined view of character, is the result of the former's choice. Mr. Carlyle looks out for one noisy, tumultuous, obtrusive faculty; one that comes out and marches upon the open area of the world, and astonishes us by its feats; but which has debased as much as it has ennobled man, and which has disfigured quite as much as it has moulded him. He takes the faculty of moving and acting as such, and overlooks its coarseness in its power, its materialism in its bigness, its hardness and poverty internal for the largeness of its outward field. He commits himself to one part of human nature, and that an inferior part. He goes off upon a swing: he is carried away by an eccentric oblique impetus, and throws himself into a grotesque, monstrous, and one-eyed philosophy.

He connects in his mind always form with shadow, chaos with reality. He likes the real, and, therefore, he likes the chaotic too; and thinks it so much clear gain, in point of greatness, when the world goes back from order, symmetry, and law, to rude and aboriginal power again. The region of beauty in human nature his eye catches, and no more. He sees there is one, but he does not enter into it, or allow himself that rest and serenity of mind in which he could imbibe its scenery and forms. He sees the beautiful as a fact in the moral world, but he does not give it its place. He sees fine feelings, tendernesses, and sensibilities in it, but they are evanescences, and mingle immediately with, and are absorbed in, the dominant mass of materialism and physical greatness. The poet made beauty the dominant quality; he gave it the supremacy; he gave it the divine, immortal seat in man's nature, and raised it to the '*templa serena*.' And in doing so, he took a larger view. He saw all that there was in human nature, all its powers, talents, gifts, capabilities; its strength and its versatility; though he subordinated them all to the standard of the καλόν, and made a true and inward moral grace of character, the result towards which all in human nature should work and tend. He did more justice to human nature than the philosophy before us does, and would not allow the tranquil and calm, and, to some eyes, poor and feeble features of it, to be shoved aside, or buried.

The physical and poetical standards of heroism thus take their respective lines. The one is latitudinarian and omnigenous. It views all greatness, good and bad, in one common aspect, collects all on one common ground, and assembles a whole world of mixed and heterogeneous power upon its area. The poetical standard selects and forms a school. Its line runs, like a marble vein, over the world of history, and it hands down, in an irregular, but perceptible, descent of minds from the first, through ages ancient and modern, and in classical, chivalrous, and other shapes, its sacred and pure gift. A character almost indefinable, but very distinct to the eye, old and traditionary, yet always young, and never obsolete, marks this heroic descent and succession. Mr. Carlyle may raise a mighty Babel of greatness, and rend the air with the bray of discordant instruments, the clang of brass, and noises from the stupendous throat of his hundred-headed world. Poetry will reject the unseemly din, and retire to her own domain. All sound is not music: all power is not heroism. She tunes and tempers her greatness, and makes it musical. Her note is clear and fine, a unity, and not a chaos of sound; she patronizes one essential spirit, and one only, in her great men. And if asked what right she has to her exclusive standard, and why she admits

some greatness, and rejects other, from her heroic ground? her answer is easy. She has a right to her view, just as any philosophy has to its. She forms her standard of a hero; and in her opinion no one is such, who does not answer to it. She has, moreover, established her own sense of the word; and literature receives it with that sense attached to it. She has possessed herself of a domain, and she must decide and rule upon it. If asked, therefore, what our test of heroism is, we answer simply, the poetical one. That greatness which is the legitimate object of poetical praise, is an heroic one; that which is not, is not. If some great men are poetical characters, and others are not, the latter must take the consequences of the distinction: but hero is a poetical term, and none but poetical characters have a right to it. Whoever can think Knox, Cromwell, and Voltaire poetical characters, to him they are heroes; but he must decide the question whether they are or not, through the medium of poetry.

An obvious corollary results from the comparison we have been drawing. Mr. Carlyle is guilty of an express abuse of language, in applying the epithet heroic to that discordant jumble of human talents and qualities to which he has applied it. He has a perfect right, as a philosopher, to create his great man, and to create him on what principle he pleases; but he has no right to give him a name, which has already its owner, and to pillage an old-established system of thought of its lawful and hereditary property. He has no right to adorn his naked originalities with the seizures of intellectual violence. He has no right to divide a word from its legitimate and authentic use; that to which the voice of poetry, and the expressed sentiment of mankind through successive ages, have bound it; and attach it, endowed with a new meaning, to a new and hostile theory. His great man of force is what he is to the eye of fact; but to the eye of language, he is, unquestionably, no more a hero than he is an angel. He is not the person whom the ascertained feeling of the human race regards as heroic. We shall indulge in no indignation at the pollution of a sacred name, or complain of a touch because it vulgarizes and desecrates. We shall assert here the simple right of property, which established thought has in its own words; and deny the right of a new philosophy to seize and appropriate them.

We turn to another side of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. The Puritan movement figures in these volumes, as a great heroic outbreak, a semi-divine manifestation of power and life, a great birth, a magnificent eruption from the deep reservoir of spiritual nature. But one special and pressing reason, over and above that which their peculiar character furnishes, attaches

Mr. Carlyle to it. The Puritans were revolutionary heroes. They upset an existing system. They were a class of political and religious reformers. He thinks the exemplar a useful one for these times; and his Puritanism, in one aspect, is a repetition of his 'French Revolution' and 'Chartism.' He says, the world is now dried up, barren, dead; there is no reality, no life. Quackeries, shows, formulæ, superficial semblances, shadows, chimeras, dominate. 'All England stands wringing its hands, asking itself, nigh desperate, What farther? Reform Bill proves a failure: Benthamese Radicalism, the gospel of "enlightened selfishness," dies out, or dwindles into five-point Chartism. What next are we to hope or try? Five-point Charter, Free Trade; Church Extension, Sliding-Scale; what, in Heaven's name, are we next to attempt? The case is pressing, and one of the most complicated in the world. Never had gods message to pierce thicker integuments into heavier ears.' In this state of things he grasps and puts before us a strong revolutionary character, and an age of stir and upset. The world wants new blood. He gives it. He offers living strong reality. He conjures up a revolutionary scene, and bids us imbibe strength and ardour from the sight. And these volumes proceed, in part, from the writer's desire for a large social and political renovation.

One or two words then on our author as a reformer. We quite agree with Mr. Carlyle in thinking that the world wants amendment. There are few ages in which it has not wanted it. But we must question whether he has adopted the proper mode of administering the chastisement, and executing the change. The process of teaching is not suitably conducted by railing and sneering, flinging irony and gibes about, inventing epithets, and calling names. What end can be answered by that perpetual, inexhaustible vituperation, which cares not for shape, limit, temper, or dignity, so that it be vituperation; so that it only feels its spirit up, its mouth open, and the words going forth? What solemn impression can be created by that storm, and hurly burly of nicknames which Mr. Carlyle raises? What can such a lesson principally do, but make men stare? What age was ever awed or subdued by the most original and vivacious discharges of hisses and groans? And how is the present one to be expected to listen with much reverence, to one raging tongue, and one hoarse throat interminably going, reproaching it with quackeries, shams, shadows, forms, chimeras, semblances, cant, hearsays, lies, basenesses, falsehoods, delusions, impostures, nightmares, Mammonisms, Dilletantisms, Midas-eared philosophers, double-barrelled Aristocracies, cash-payments, Laissez-faires, egotisms, blockheadisms, flunkeyisms, dastardisms,

lacquered sumptuosities, belauded sophistries, serpent graciosities, confusions, opacities, asphyxias, vacuities, phantasmagorisms, phantasms, nether darkneses, abyss, chaos, and night? 'Our poor English existence,' with 'its formulæ and pulpet-ries, its lath and plaster hat, seven feet high upon wheels, per-ambulating the streets;'—with 'its Bobus and Company, Pug-shott and Company, black and white surplices, Controversies, Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels, sham woven cloth, and Dilletantti legislations, devils-dust, withered flimsinesses, godless basenesses, deaf dead infinite injustices, accursed ironbellies of Phalaris bulls,' is not likely to be benefited by an instruction which assumes such a shape, tone, and manner. The world, whether a sham or a real one, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is going along the street to its daily work, and on turning a corner, sees a man mounted on a tub, making faces at it. The world looks for an instant on the tortuous, wild, attitudinizing figure, on the open mouth and straining throat, says, Strange man! and goes on again. And it would be difficult to deny the right of the world to do so. It does so often enough when it has no right; but here it has this vantage ground.

He will say, perhaps, that this is merely his style, and that he has real meaning underneath it; and he will charge with unreality the attachment of an importance to style and form. But style and form are important. They are an expression of the man: we cannot separate the external from the internal, the expression from the idea: we want both. A religious teacher cannot as such, either paint his face or stripe his legs; the difference would be a purely external one, but his congregation would not listen to him with such an outside. The consciousness of a real vocation to reform an age, should fix seriousness on every feature, should mould and temper, subdue and chasten the whole man. A work upon the mind is a weight upon it; it should show itself as such. Is not this what a man feels on giving the least serious advice to one fellow-creature? the mere approach of face to face, and eye to eye, for one moment, with a person whom he is really advising, engenders, as if by some mesmeric impulse, a seriousness which communicates itself to the whole air. He feels he is doing a grave thing. Really felt, this consciousness is as effective an internal check as any in the whole department of morals; it makes a man necessarily curb and tame the whole expression of himself, and it impresses upon him the fact that he is not his own master; that he is not to do what he likes, and has not the right to run into indefinite expansion and vigour. The task of influencing modifies even innocent mental liberty, and prunes even natural luxuriance and life. People have a right to expect that one who comes to reform and teach them, should

carry some external marks of a master about him, and show the authoritativeness of self-control. If he is run away with, he is not the man to lead. Mr. Carlyle's philosophy will tell him that the form is part of the thing. Measure, law, limitation, run through all nature, though stiffness and formality do not. They are not to be despised with impunity. The word is part of the meaning, the author's style is part of his mind. And especially is form essential for a man, in dealing with his fellow men. If a writer thinks, that provided thought only have strength and originality, it has a right to be chaotic; he is mistaken. He must reduce his chaos into form. He must do justice to himself, he must express his own thoughts as those thoughts themselves deserve to be expressed. A reformer ought not to be a jabberer: we respect Mr. Carlyle's genius; but he undoubtedly prates. He appears to think that genius will carry down every thing. It will not. Genius requires a mind to take care of it, as any other gift does. A man should know how to use his own genius: if he does not, he is just like some precocious child, who with deep thoughts, and metaphysical shadows haunting him, is appended to them rather than they to him; and who possesses his own ideas, only as a basin does water, by containing them. Ideas seem to come out of a forward child upon a physical principle: they are drawn out of him as if by an electric process, and the receptacle of them is not their master. With equal truth, the full-grown man sometimes shows a genius of which he is nearly as little the master, though in another way: a genius which pulls him after it, and does what it likes, which bounds, leaps, and dashes on at will, and commits itself to a combination of force and chance; a genius which does not bend us before the man, but has its separable value, as an intellectual material by itself. We make use of it as we would of any valuable rough ore from the mine; and extract what we like out of it. This is the general use made of Mr. Carlyle. He provides in great force a certain deep aboriginal class of ideas: and persons go to him for them: but they give their own application and use to what they take; they do not accept the thinker's; they use his thought as they would so much raw material; they treat his mind as a quarry; and the strong, vigorous, chaotic head, is more their servant than their master.

What adds to the unfavourable impression produced by Mr. Carlyle's mode of teaching, is the fact that we are totally unable to discover what it is which he teaches. He teaches reality; but what is reality? A man is no more the gainer for being told simply that he must be exceedingly real, than for being told simply that he must be exceedingly wise. You tell a

person ten times over that he must be wise. Is he to knit his brows, to be grave, to begin to generalize? What is he to do in consequence of that recommendation? So when you tell him in ten successive sentences to be a reality: what is he to do? Is he to shake himself? Is he to look determined and irresistible? The real difficulty lies in saying what is contained in reality, and here Mr. Carlyle gives us no information. According to him we are real by not being formulæ, and we avoid being formulæ by being real. If the perplexed inquirer demands a little more light, he is told to converse with the abysses. If he is still dissatisfied, he is advised to plunge into the eternities. It is not, however, a needlessly severe comment upon such explanations to say, that they rather require light than bestow it. Mr. Carlyle instructs by simple epithets; but how will a population of valets and a world of flunkies be extricated from their misery, by being simply made acquainted with their name? And what idea will it convey to an ordinary tradesman, farmer, or country gentleman, to tell him he is a sham? He will not understand why he is one; much less, how he is to cease to be one. He is informed of a crowd of semblances and shadows which surround him, but he has been accustomed to regard the world as solid, and he feels easy on the subject. If he starts with thinking Mr. Carlyle a false alarmist, he is not likely to have his impression undone, for Mr. Carlyle gives no reasons, and enters into no details. He is told he is a sham; and that he *ought* to be a substance; and that is all which our author's moral philosophy tells him. He must digest that lesson at his leisure, and make out of it what he can. Mr. Carlyle's Reality is a magnificent abstraction; it refuses to be caught and grasped, and will give no account of itself for the satisfaction of sublunary and practical curiosity. It wages an eternal war with shadows, it is a disperser of phantoms; lies flee before it; formulæ shudder at its approach. That is all we know of its nature, and its characteristics. It carries on a great aerial battle nobody knows where; and teaches with sublime infallibility nobody knows what.

Moreover, so far as Mr. Carlyle allows a faint notion of his meaning to escape on this subject, he appears to contradict himself, and to praise under the name of reality two states of minds which are diametrically opposed to each other. In drawing his picture of former heroic ages, he insists upon the intense reality of belief, which they respectively exhibit. He makes the stern and undoubting faith which each had in a definite religion, to be *the* heroic element in them; and he rejoices in the exclusive, fierce, unwavering, enthusiastic, and persecuting zeal of Mahometan, Catholic, and Puritan. But what he recommends to the modern aspirant to heroism, is to believe in no

definite religion at all. He places himself in a position *ab extra* to all religions: he wishes his followers to do the same. His image of a modern intellectual hero, makes him a universalist and a philosophical spectator; a contemplator of phenomena, a despiser of creeds; an acceptor of all religions, and believer in none. He praises furious faith in one age, and fastidious scepticism in another. He lays down dogmatic premises, and draws an infidel conclusion. The believing and disbelieving are certainly two contrary moral states of mind; and we do not understand how both can be praised at once. Their results upon the world, too, must be wholly different. Does Mr. Carlyle suppose that an ambiguous neutrality of mind, can produce the same powerful and striking results upon the human mass, that undoubting conviction can? that a faith which is diffused over all religions, is as strong as that which is concentrated in one? and that scepticism can be as enthusiastic and effective as belief? If he does, we do not envy his knowledge of human nature. Latitudinarianism may have its charms as a philosophy, but, Mr. Carlyle may depend upon it, it never has been, and never will be a worker. The systems that have done work in the world, have been systems of fixed belief. He contradicts his own facts, and overthrows his own test of power when he commends a philosophical balance and neutrality. He cannot have intellectual fastidiousness, and enthusiastic ardour in one system; and common sense rejects his grotesque, ridiculous, and centaurian image of an evangelizing sceptic and Epicurean prophet and reformer.

Mr. Carlyle then should know that there may be such a thing, as talking unreally of unreality, and canting against cant. He talks against all mankind for not acting; but we do not hear that he himself has ever done anything but the former. He has at his tongue's end a set of words. He repeats them *ad nauseam*. He sits in his own chair and talks. What more suitable occupation could he pursue, if he were himself a sham? We do not want to throw a slight on all talking, for some or other form of the process is necessary, if a man wants to communicate his ideas to others. But the talk of a reforming philosopher ought certainly to approve itself as the issue of an ethical, and not a mere feverish, industry, and ought to rise above the gratification of mental power. If he simply goes on upon his swing, vents his phraseological exuberance and imagination, and indulges in one endless chaotic repetition of some favourite ideas; his genius and originality will not of themselves save him from suspicion, and the onus of showing cause why he should not be considered a talker, rests upon him.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy has detained us longer than we

intended. We now come to the contents of the present volumes. These put before us, in the first instance, as we said above, with much rude power and vividness, a general type of heroism, which the author considers the Puritan movement to display. Puritan heroism forms the general ground of the book, and supplies the mould, out of which the individual hero and chief exemplar issues.

As revolutionary heroes then, strong enthusiasts, upsetters of old systems and established shows, and introducers of forcible realities,—Mr. Carlyle throws all the grandeur and sublime mysticism, which his peculiar phraseology can command, upon the Puritans. He talks of their ‘armed appeal to the invisible God of heaven,’ of ‘heroic Puritanism,’ ‘awful Puritanism,’ of the ‘eternal melodies’ which flowed, the ‘eternal soul of things,’ which spake in them. The ‘abysses, the black chaotic whirlwinds,’ produced them; and ‘the dark element, the mother of the lightnings, and the splendours,’ was their mother also. They were in sympathy with the depths, and they were projected from the eternities. They were prophets, priests, and kings. The ‘flame-gilt heaven’s messenger taught men to know God, Θεός, the maker: to know the divine laws, the inner harmonies of the universe.’ We might add much more; and are conscious we do but imperfect justice to the splendour of Mr. Carlyle’s description.

Greatness forced upon men is no improvement to them. The ‘English Squire of the seventeenth century, who with his Bible doctrine like a shot belt around him, very awful to the heart of the English Squire,’ is made by our author to loom like a portent through the murky air, and is enveloped in mysticism, till we hardly know whether to take him for an English Squire, or an Ossianic Deity, does not benefit by the grand ambiguity. The awful visages of Puritanical Colonels, Captains, and Corporals, do not gain from the unearthly shade imparted by a too anxious pencil. The Puritans are under no obligation to Mr. Carlyle, for his portrait. He makes them majestic. But they were not majestic. They were not majestic, and they cannot be made so either by Mr. Carlyle or by any one else. They were fierce, courageous, enthusiastic, rigid men; very awkward, longwinded, and pompous; with a grimness and solemnity of an absurd cast. They affected sublimity, obtruded religion, made free with Scripture, and spoke through their noses. They were tremendous on the field of battle, ridiculous out of it. As some poets are only striking when they horrify, the Puritans were only awful when they were charging. They depended on the drawn swords, the black moving columns, and all the terrible iron features of a field of battle, for what greatness they had. So long as they speak, or move, or look, only as sol-

diers, their stern courage befriends them, and they show a hard and insipid greatness; but take their character out of its iron case, and it shows its weakness; it cannot express itself upon open ground, without exposing itself; and it runs into contortions, nodosities, and grimaces. Such is the image of Puritanism which authentic accounts have handed down. The party have managed, as a matter of fact, to get themselves permanently laughed at. They have allowed an absurd portrait to come down to us. National tradition has settled their character; and the author of *Hudibras* and Sir Walter Scott are felt to speak with authority.

The Puritans therefore do not wear their grandeur to much purpose in Mr. Carlyle's pages. Their sublimity sits awkwardly upon them. He is obviously putting a dress on them, and dramatizing them. He is obviously vapouring and spouting. A bombastic struggle with fact pervades his descriptions; and he has to resist throughout, the uniform tradition of two centuries. He is aware of his difficulty: and he complains and remonstrates. An old established joke annoys him at every turn. He wages a perpetual war with 'derisive epithets.' He has perpetually to be saying—you must not laugh at my heroes. He protests against such names as 'Barebones parliament.' He stands up with exceeding gravity for the heraldic dignity of the Barebones assembly; which contained, he assures us, 'actual peers, one or two: and founder of peerage families, two or three.' He stands up for the actual person of Mr. Praise God Barebones himself, and for Mr. Barebones' father and mother. 'What though Mr. 'Praise God Barebone "the Leather Merchant" in Fleet Street, 'be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault I 'hope is forgiveable? Praise God, though he deals in leather, 'and has a name which can be mis-spelt, one discerns to be the 'son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, understand- 'ing and weight—and even of considerable private capital.' A mystical apotheosis of the ill-used assembly then follows; and this 'fabulous Barebones parliament, is seen standing dim in the heart of extinct centuries, as a recognisable fact,' &c. His remedy for this great difficulty, is to make all unfavourable Puritanism, a fabulous creation, raised after the real Puritan age. He wonders to see how 'Earnest Puritanism, was already in one generation, hung on the gallows, or thrown out in St. Margaret's Church-yard, how the whole history of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow all manner of nonsense concerning it.' He supposes an 'accumulated *guano* of human stupor,' to have overwhelmed them; a mass of malignant and baseless prejudice, proceeding from boisterous cavaliers and the courtiers of the Restoration, to have supplanted the real account

of the party from the first, and palmed a hostile forgery of its own on the world: and he pleads for a true and original Puritanism, which has never been understood, and never been recorded, against this false and base historical aftergrowth. But we ask, what sterling character in any age would allow itself to be thus overwhelmed, and permit such an aftergrowth to supplant it? Should not such want of strength, on Mr. Carlyle's own theory, tell *ipso facto* against it? Why is he helping men, who cannot help themselves, and struggling with his own deity of fact? A really fine type of character, will not let itself be put down in such a way, as Mr. Carlyle supposes the Puritan to have been. It may be much slandered and misrepresented, and a school of history may rise up that will place it in a false light before the public eye, and keep it so for an indefinitely long time; but still it always will have some true descriptions and representations of itself to appeal to, when people choose to go to them; it never will lose its proper witnesses and evidences, however these may for a time be shoved out of sight. Take the character of Becket and the mediæval Churchmen, for example; it has been depreciated by a modern class of historians, and an entirely untrue picture of it put forward, and accepted by the world; but go a little farther back, and you have the true picture: you have it in documents and regular history, contemporary and immediately subsequent to them. It is only the difference between staying lower down, or going farther up the stream of history. But the heroic Puritanism which Mr. Carlyle refers to, as the real and genuine, in distinction to the fabulous and misrepresented one, exists in no history or documents contemporary or subsequent; it is nowhere. It exists only as an hypothetical contrast to all Puritanisms known and recorded. Let Mr. Carlyle bow to the fact. If the Puritan character has thus suffered itself to be overwhelmed, and allowed a derisive description of it to occupy the field; it follows that that character was of a nature to be laughed down. Has this been the case with other large types of character which have been in the world, with the chivalrous for example? The chivalrous character had its absurdities and extravagances in abundance; and its unreal and theatrical offshoots *were* laughed down. Cervantes put down quixotism: but the chivalrous type itself has maintained its place, and appeals, and always will, to our poetical feelings. Nobody laughs at the Crusaders. Nothing really high was ever laughed down in this world. And if the Puritans have been laughed down, is it not because they deserve to be? The Puritan type has exposed itself to the full aim of ridicule; and ridicule has shot it through. That is the explanation. A fine form of character can stand the test of

ridicule; a different form cannot. The former rebukes ridicule, deadens it, shames it, makes it *ipso facto* null, uncongenial, out of place altogether. Ridicule feels its power with such a character as the Puritan; it knows its vantage ground, and clutches its prey: it sees something below and above itself. Religion has sternly revenged herself on those who made her ridiculous; she has been made vile, and she has thrown into the mire her cheapeners. She had been made by human mediums to look horrible, malignant, sanguinary, insane before, but never ridiculous. Pagan sacrifices, and Mahometan sword, persecuting fanatic narrow minds had thrown their stamp upon her, but they had distorted rather than humiliated her. It was left for the Puritans to make religion laughable; and effectually has she turned the laugh upon them. It seems to be part of the mystery of religion, that in proportion as her reality is awful, the affectation of her is ludicrous. And the whole force of this ludicrous result, turns upon the affectors. The sublime retaliates on those who lower it, and in the act of being made ridiculous, renders those ridiculous who make it so. To the appetite for the γέλοιον the stimulants of the pseudo-religious department are just the most potent ones. And the Puritans have felt the consequence of a just law, and their treatment of religion has brought them under ridicule's very focus and quintessential sting.

We come now to the individual hero of these volumes. Cromwell was not an ordinary Puritan, and is not to be mixed up with his class. He is a man *sui generis*. He rises out of the Puritanical movement, and receives its mould, but he is a user of Puritanism full as much as, and rather more, than he is a believer in it. Mr. Carlyle has undoubtedly in Cromwell a great man to pourtray; and we will allow him, on his own ground, to exult in his favourite. Great as Cromwell undoubtedly was, however, he must be submitted to other tests besides that of power or success. Mr. Carlyle's explanation of his character is not a full and complete one, even though it may bring him out in one or other aspect successfully. His Cromwellian hypothesis is far too simple a one to meet the facts and difficulties of the case. And his fairness and candour, we must add, full as often fail him in his work, as his sagacity and discrimination. A rough outline of Cromwell, which, with the aid of the book before us, we will endeavour to draw, will explain what we mean.

The year 1643 saw Cromwell fairly started on his great military and political career. He was then forty-four years old, and the extravagances of a coarse and dissolute youth, had been superseded and forgotten in the labours of the farm at St. Ives, in the management of a strict puritanical household, amongst whom he had exercised the gift of preaching and expounding;

and lastly, in the public exertions of parliament, where he had spoken with energy and effect, had shown his talents and enthusiasm, and had made himself a man about whom politicians and long-headed men hinted, conjectured, and prophesied. Of his appearance in the house Sir Philip Warwick speaks:—

‘He had a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood on his little band. His hat was without a hat band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side: his countenance was swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour.’ Cromwell out of parliament was also beginning to be great, and some of his bold guerilla feats at the first outbreak of hostilities between the king and parliament, had done much to encourage and inspirit his side. The High Sheriff of Herts, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, was executing a commission of array in the market place of St. Albans, with his *posse comitatûs* about him, when Cromwell's troopers dashed suddenly upon him, laid him fast, not without difficulty. He was seized by six troopers, but rescued by a royalist multitude; then twenty troopers again seized him, barricadoed the inn yard, conveyed him off to London. The House sent him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several years.

A man like Cromwell, commencing a career; seeing a great struggle before him, a great shock begun, elements of terror and confusion all around, and forces at work which will either get under one man's control or another's, does one thing. He surrounds himself with a body of some sort or another. He forms some corps specifically to assist and reflect himself, to embody his own *animus*, and execute his own projects; a body of what politicians call tools, men made to do what is wanted to be done, to perform the hand and arm work under a leadership, and to represent and spread a chief's presence over the general field of action. A man like Cromwell creates an inner circle around him first, through which he hopes to control the mass at large; and by the formation of a nucleus, he consolidates strength, and prepares a position. Cromwell did this. He formed his celebrated corps of Ironsides. The Ironsides adhered to him like armour; they were animate weapons in his hand: they combined the two characters of a party nucleus, and a military corps.

Of the way in which this corps was formed, and the principle kept in view by the founder, we hear as follows: ‘Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, they never would get on with a set of poor tapsters, and town apprentice people fighting against

‘men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have ‘men of religion.’ ‘Mr. Hampden answered me (*loquitur* Cromwell himself); it was a good notion if it could be executed.’ This good notion, then, Cromwell started, and Cromwell executed. He put himself under the teaching of a Dutch officer, Colonel Dalbier; from whom he learned the mechanical part of soldiering; and who became drill Sergeant to the Ironsides. The ethical, and the general disciplinarian part he conducted himself. ‘Cromwell ‘used daily to look after them, feed and dress their horses; and ‘when it was needful, to lie together with them on the ground: ‘and besides, taught them to clean and keep their arms bright, and ‘have them ready for service. He would prove and try his ‘troopers, how they could endure a sudden terror . . . and such ‘whose hearts failed, he resolved to dismount them, and give their ‘horses to more courageous riders. This he did by stratagem ‘upon the first muster of his troop; when having privily placed ‘twelve resolute men in ambuscade, upon a signal, the said ‘ambush, with a trumpet sounding a charge, galloped furiously ‘to the body, out of which twenty instantly fled out of fear and ‘dismay, and were glad the forfeiture was so cheap and easy; ‘and had not the confidence to request their continuance in his ‘service, or scruple the rendering their horses to them, who ‘should fight the Lord’s battle in their stead.’ Cromwell was quite as powerful on the spiritual ground, moulding them into a deep rigid iron religionism, which combined the spiritual strictnesses of the camp with the remorseless cruelties of the field. ‘Not a man swore but he paid his twelve pence—no plundering, no drinking, no disorder allowed.’ An awe was thrown around his own person in the execution of this work, and something of the prophet got attached to him. ‘All Cromwell’s men,’ says a writer hostile to him, but who recognises the enthusiastic element in his character along with the other, ‘had either naturally the fanatic humour, or soon imbibed it. ‘Like Mahomet, having transports of fancy, and withal a crafty ‘understanding . . . he made use of the zeal and credulity of ‘these persons, teaching them that they fought for God. This ‘made them the bolder, too often the crueller; for it was such sort ‘of men as killed brave young Cavendish and many others, after ‘quarter given, in cold blood. Habituated more to spiritual ‘pride than to carnal riot, having been industrious and active in ‘their former callings and professions, where natural courage ‘wanted, zeal supplied its place: and from the first they chose ‘rather to die than fly; and custom removed fear of danger.’ Cromwell’s soldiers have the testimony of all parties to their religious strictness in a certain line, their immoveable intrepidity, their iron ferocity, and their love of gain.

Such were Cromwell's Ironsides. They were his body guard, his club-bearers, his satellites. They were ramifications of himself. By them he got possession of the army, and became military centre and head. By them he won his battles, by them he extended his connexions. They were his engines, and they were his disciples. 'Truly,' he says, 'they were never beaten at all:' they won him Marston Moor, and Naseby: they took Bristol, and Winchester. By the end of two years, from the commencement of the Rebellion, the war had gathered about Cromwell; and he was the great soldier of the day—the man to whom the Parliamentary cause was certainly most indebted, and on whom its future success seemed most probably to depend. He had mastered its great difficulty, and provided an antagonist to the Cavalier.

The nominally supreme power in the nation meantime did nothing, and could do nothing. It could only debate, and could not fight. And to Cromwell's portentously effective soldiery, and mass of intensified and extreme puritanism, to his vigorous and fresh 'Army Independency,' which was working and fighting, was contrasted a formal, stiff, and moderate Presbyterian Parliament of talkers.

Cromwell was not a man to let this fact go on unattended to; to have power, and not let it be felt, to do things and get nothing for them, and allow his army leadership to run to waste. Parliament was given to understand most significantly, on every fitting occasion, who it was that was doing them service, and to whom they were indebted. After every victory on the field, after every capture of important city or garrison, the despatch of the general called their attention to that poor and insignificant part of the matter. The Lord's hand had indeed done it all: there was no praise due to man: indeed the agency of man had been manifestly all but superseded. Still, as the thing had been done, and as the field had been won, it seemed on the whole his duty to call attention, to that poor instrumentality, by which the effect had been produced; and the jealous and suspicious Presbyterian assembly had the formidable army Independency gradually introduced to them. The details of the engagement are given in a dry, matter of fact way, and then the note is struck; 'Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, 'they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them.'—'It may be thought,' he says, after the storming of Bristol, 'it may be thought that some praises are due to those 'gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their 'humble suit to you, and all that have an interest in this blessing 'is, that in the remembrance of God's praises, they be forgot- 'ten.' The same fact is sometimes impressed upon them in the

form of a religious lecture at the end of the despatch, given in the perfectly self-possessed, though most humbly worded, tone of calm dictatorship, which the victory gave him a right to assume. A victorious general was in a position to lecture: that position was duly inflicted on the honourable Speaker Lenthall, and the Parliament. 'Surely, Sir, [after one of his 'battles,]—this is nothing but the hand of God; and whenever 'anything in the world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull 'it down. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say what 'use you should make of this, more than to pray you, and all 'that acknowledge God, that they would exalt Him, and not 'hate His people, who are the apple of His eye;'—especially not hate Cromwell's Independents, whom a Presbyterian parliament eyed not amicably. The lecture then enters into the general duties of parliament, and he hopes they will be a righteous discreet assembly, and behave themselves well. After all his successes, under one form or another, with much observance and humility he inflicted very pointedly upon parliament the fact of the person who had achieved them. Bear in mind this extraordinary victory, and also remember who have won it, is the one note he strikes: 'Honest men have served you faithfully in this matter!' remember that: remember me and my Ironsides.

The special and marked reference of every success to the Divine agency; the large, powerful, muddy stream of supernaturalism, which runs through all his speeches and despatches, did not much tend to interfere with this result. 'The Lord is wonderful in these things;' wonderful, wonderful, he repeats. 'The gloriousness of God's work,' 'God's strange work,' and the 'seals of God's approbation,' 'His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester;' what God wrought at one place and the other;—all this Parliament must see, and must acknowledge. 'Glory to God alone; as for instruments, they were very inconsiderable throughout.' With the 'mercies,' the 'dispensations,' the 'deliverances,' the 'births of Providence,' which his victories always were, Cromwell and his Ironsides had comparatively little to do; 'indeed, your instruments (addressing the Honourable House) are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing.' Such was Cromwell's explanation of his successes. The fact, however, of a series of events being exceedingly wonderful, marvellous, mysterious, grand, providential, and supernatural, does not exactly tend to destroy the importance of the chief mover in them, and external author of them. The 'poor instrument' had something reflected upon it; and Speaker Lenthall and the Honourable House would not entirely separate the agent from the work. The visible producer of effects, the excessive greatness of which was the very cause of his referring them,

in so marked a way, to a higher source than himself, was, undoubtedly, somebody that Parliament would do well to respect. For it is to be noticed that Cromwell gives his reasons *why* he thinks a success so supernatural and so little referable to himself; and the reason is that he achieved it against such overwhelming difficulties, and manifested such immeasurable superiority, by obtaining it. 'Only give me leave to add one word, 'showing the disparity of forces on both sides: that so you may 'see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in 'this business. The Scots army could not be less than twelve 'thousand effective foot, well armed, and five thousand horse; 'Langdale not less than two thousand five hundred foot, and 'fifteen hundred horse: in all twenty-one thousand;—and truly 'very few of their foot but were as well armed, if not better, 'than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours 'before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two 'thousand five hundred horse and dragoons of your old army; 'about four thousand foot of your old army; also about sixteen 'hundred Lancashire foot, and about five hundred Lancashire 'horse: in all, about eight thousand, six hundred. . . . Surely, 'Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God.'

These, and a whole class of similar expressions, were, indeed, the genuine produce of a particular part of Cromwell's mind. Cromwell had a great mastery over the feelings of humility. He not only adopted its language, but threw himself into its sensations. He carried about with him a large protective machinery of sentiment, under which his strength acted with greater freedom and security; and he opposed a seven-fold shield of spiritual modesty to a jealous and ostracising public eye.

The humility of great men is a not unfrequent phenomenon in the world of character; making, like other phenomena, prior to inspection and analysis, a legitimate impression upon the eye. Upon a nearer view, however, it discloses heterogeneous features; and shows a safe and unsafe side. It is seen attached to a class of minds who do not appear to have a strict right to it, as well as to those who do; and the view of the man's whole character sometimes ratifies the antecedent appearance, and sometimes undoes it. A distinction appears, which is applicable, perhaps, to the case of other virtues as well. There appears to be, in some minds, what we may term the talent of humility, as distinguished from the virtue. The talent of humility does much more than simply use expressions, and put on an outside: it assumes the real feeling, so far as it can be assumed, without being intrinsic; it creates its sensations, and throws itself into its spirit. The distinction between the superinduced and the moral and genuine feeling, is, indeed, most subtle often, and

difficult of detection. The one seems to be able to do all that the other can. It is felt at the proper times, and it comes out with natural ease, exuberance, and pliancy. A general consciousness inhabits the mind of the claims of humility; the sentiment is kept in view; a vicinity to it is maintained; and the will, by an easy process, is always ready to slide into the feeling, when a situation suggests. A taste, a perception of propriety, a sense of what is expected by others, in some cases; a deeper and more fanatical faculty in others; the subjective species of humility most intimately mingles and intertwines itself with the whole mind of the person who possesses and uses it. It is this internal character of the faculty, which gives it its power, promptness, facility, and influence upon others. A mere case of words would neither satisfy those to whom it appealed, or the person himself; and feeling and reality of a sort must be had, even they must be made first. This is the talent of humility. It aided Luther not a little; while, mingling with the movements of that determined will which was casting off the whole Church as a rotten outside, it made him think himself 'a poor, miserable, contemptible brother, more like a corpse than a man;' look up to the cardinals 'as the mouthpieces of the Holy Ghost;' and 'expect the breathings of the Spirit from the bishops, theologians, canonists, and monks of Rome.' It seems to be almost true, that a very strong, aspirant self-will creates a humility in the very process of self-exaltation: the comparison of what it wants to be with what it is, suggests the idea of inferiority; it feels weak, from the intensity of its desire to be strong; it is humble, sentimental, and infantine, by the force of antagonism: it thinks itself humility, as haste thinks itself delay, and avarice thinks itself prodigality.

Cromwell exhibits this talent in a remarkable and highly-developed form. He luxuriates in it; he wields it with an almost wanton freedom and licentious boldness; he throws himself, with warmth, into all the sensations which belong to poor, humiliated, persecuted, despised man. His humility rises with his determination. At the time that he was literally riding roughshod, with his Ironsides, over the country, and pushing it, by main force and simple steel, into extremities from which it shrunk; he and his followers were 'the poor, despised, jeered saints; poor weak saints, yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs.' 'Oh His mercy,' he says, 'to the whole society of saints: let them mock on!' They were 'the poor people of God;' 'poor despised things;' 'poor instruments;' 'weak hands.' He himself was, in his strongest days, but a 'poor looker-on,' a 'poor unworthy creature,' a 'servant to you.' He 'did not grasp at power;' and he 'would rather have kept a flock of sheep than held the

Protectorate.' Such were Cromwell and his Ironsides, according to his own account. The proud world was trampling, in its strength, upon these innocent and helpless babes—as grim, fierce, and deadly men of steel as ever won a political cause, or raised a victorious general to power.

To proceed:—with his solid nucleus of military independency, and staff of iron, able, enthusiastic officers formed around him, Cromwell from this time forward moulded the Great Rebellion. He created, as he went along, the ground that he wanted. He had to make it, and he did make it. The power of Cromwell's mind is in nothing more clearly seen, than in the imperious, determined, and successfully audacious strength of mere will, by which he pushed the nation on to a greater rebellion than it ever intended, and made it proceed, when it wished to stop. If any fact is clear in the history of these times, it is this; that the nation as a whole was getting tired of rebelling now: that the disaffected spirit, having never really penetrated it, was, after two or three years of disorder and bloodshed, receding; and that the country at large was thinking of peace again, and would have been willing to make a compromise. The strong inert love of order, and old established order—as the more sure sort, was thick-spread over the nation as such: it had no desire for 'heroic Puritanism;' it wanted rest, and the mass even of the very party which had brought on the rebellion, retained conservative feelings; and even, in spite of themselves, a respect for the old family. The nation had had more than it bargained for; and now wanted to go on much in its old way. But Cromwell would not let it. He pointed his sword, and blocked up the avenue of retreat. He had to force it, and he did force it into consistency; his long file of soldiery, moved at its heels, not letting it turn back; and he made the country, in spite of itself, follow out its course. The inevitable tendency of all power to centralize, committed the nation to a despotism it never reckoned on. The army nucleus absorbed the national power: and out of the dark chamber of Cromwell's mind issued the train of events which completed the Great Rebellion.

He had first to deal with the parliamentary generals. The parliamentary generals themselves began to show signs of reluctance and tardiness. Essex and Manchester were peers. Cromwell observed these signs, and kept his eye on the peers.

'In the House of Commons, on Monday, 25th November, 1644, Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manchester, to this effect:

'That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword; and

'always for such a peace as a thorough victory would be a disadvantage to;—and hath declared this by principles express 'to that purpose, and by a continued series of carriage and 'actions answerable.

'That since the taking of York, as if the parliament had 'now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever 'tended to farther advantage upon the enemy; hath neglected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, 'as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too 'high,—especially at Dennington Castle.' Contemporaneously with these charges, Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, 'There never would be good time in England till we had done with Lords.' Essex and Manchester were accordingly, in Cromwell's best style, with compliments and good pensions, ousted out of their places.

A graver difficulty still stood in his way. The people had not got over their loyalty. It remained as an instinct in them, when they thought they had quite parted with it: the habit of thinking a certain family to be the royal one, the natural occupier of the throne, was a deeply ingrained one in the nation. Charles was personally a formidable possessor of this prestige. The genuine hereditary king was seen in him. The king by nature, a personage we have heard much of lately, had doubtless his own magnificence: but unfortunately by the side of the king hereditary he looked awkward and grotesque. Charles undoubtedly stood in Cromwell's way; and the model of calm grace, dignity, refinement, lofty regal bearing, had a power, as an image before the national mind, which the rough work of rebellion could not efface. It arrested people's eyes; they carried his face about with them; he was a fact in his way, as Cromwell was in his: the power of the beautiful met that of the strong. 'Every inch a king,' says Mr. Carlyle of him 'he comforts himself (at his trial) with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right, smiles contemptuously, looks with an austere countenance.' It is impossible to watch the policy and temper of Cromwell's whole movements, without a very strong impression arising with respect to his state of mind toward the unfortunate Charles. There is a deliberate, deep, subterranean resolution forming. Knowing the event before hand, we yet seem to prophesy it afresh from the signs that we encounter in our way, and prepare ourselves anew for the fatal close. There is something ominous in the way, in which he alludes to 'that person' in his letters. When persons talk under their breath, as it were, we think something is going to happen, and the mysterious whisper seems to imply the fearfulness of what it does not like to pronounce aloud. Cromwell knew what Charles was: he knew he

was unmanageable: he saw underneath the passive yielding outside, a very fixed temper and mould of mind, which, when it once understood its ground, and decided what was principle and to be stood by, would not give in. A lofty passive will is an awkward antagonist after all to ever so powerful an aggressive one. Signs are not wanting that Cromwell did Charles justice, and appreciated him intellectually, better a good deal than the mass beneath him. He saw in him a man who never would be his tool, and who therefore always would be his rival and overshadower. He and Charles could not fulfil their two courses together. His greatness could not develop while 'that person' was by. The deep jealousy of a conscious, prophetic mind, aspiring to greatness, operated. 'That person' stood in his way: 'that person' was to be got rid of. There was no other way of reaching his destination. But he saw the nation's reluctance. He saw that, by a tacit reverence, people persisted in putting the king in the background, reluctant to confront the fact that they were fighting against him: and he would not tolerate rebellion's weaknesses, and reserves. He took the child up to the crowned image, and made him strike it; he accustomed people to the idea of royal bloodshed, he made bold speeches in that direction. 'The appalling report circulates' (as he doubtless meant it to do,) of his saying, 'that if he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol at the king as at another.' He screwed the nation violently up to the mark, and forced audacity upon it.

The army nucleus was thus all-powerful, and the camp dragged the country along. But the army was only one field in which Cromwell acted. While he had one foot there, he had another in parliament; and an instinctive presence seemed to make him keep in view, in the very thick of the military life, those parliamentary relations which a future stage of his course would require. There is a great difference on this head between two classes of statesmen. One goes off ably, vigorously, effectually on one tack; it allies itself with one party, and brings out and avails itself thoroughly of that one party's resources. This is what a great party statesman does. A statesman of another type, does not thus localize himself, but plants his influence in different, and even opposing quarters; lives in two or more political spheres at once, and aims at inclusiveness and ubiquity. Had Cromwell committed himself wholly to a military swing, and assumed the open attitude of a conqueror; his army would doubtless have borne him along, and he might have ridden over parliament and country much sooner perhaps than he did: but his ground would have been narrower. This was not what he wanted. He wanted, on the contrary, width and extent of position. He was bent on enlarging, on including, on getting hold of all sides;

on grasping all the political ground there was in the nation. He did not want to belong to the army only, or to parliament only; but from a deeper position than that of either, to manage both. He kept aloof from, he attached himself to, both as he pleased: he allowed neither one nor the other to carry him away, or appropriate his name; he would have the resources of both, and be dependent on neither; and from a subtle middle ground, which none but himself could maintain, he would play off one against the other, and enjoy the strength of each's confidence in him, and jealousy of the other.

Cromwell throughout these military successes, was in parliament quite the 'member of parliament,' uttering proper, constitutional dicta, and taking the part that a parliamentary position would require. He stood there as the civilian, not the soldier, and the natural jealousy which the civil body contracts towards the military, in a revolutionary struggle, was disarmed by the moderate and humble tone of the representative for Cambridge. With that peculiar instinct, more powerful than deliberate purpose, which leads statesmen of his mould, when occasion requires, invariably to make their language the exact cloak to the fact, he informed the collection of lawyers, burgesses, and country squires in that assembly, that an army blindly devoted to them, hardly cast an eye upon their general. 'I can speak 'this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but 'upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in 'your cause. They do not idolize me, but look upon the cause 'they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you 'please, they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for.' Here, dropping the manners of the camp, he could quietly submit to the 'high carriages' of Holles and his set, content with whispering, unheard, into his friend Ludlow's ear, who sat by him, 'These men will never leave, till the army pull them out by the ears!' He saw in the English public mind a stiff constitutional element, that required very skilful dragooning, if it was to be dragooned successfully, and he took care to meet it. He went along with, and sympathized with Parliament. He made his parliamentary basis go on side by side with his military one; and formed just that modification of the soldier which was calculated to calm apprehensions, and to have weight with the mass.

The consequence was, that as the jealousies between the Parliament and army rose up, each side appealed to him as its especial friend, and the parliamentary Cromwell was arbitrating on the very dissatisfactions in the army, which the military Cromwell had been fostering. For example, he goes down as Commissioner from the Commons, to examine the

declaration of grievances issued by the army at Saffron Walden, in 1647. On his return, 'Lieutenant General Cromwell receives the thanks of the House.' Strange to say, however, in spite of the mediatorial labours of the Commissioner, the cry in the army grows stronger and fiercer: the offer of eight weeks' pay, is disdained: and the Army wants eight times as much. The Parliamentary Commissioner now appears in his other character. In the course of a few days the Army was seen moving on with solemn steps to St. Albans, and getting alarmingly near London. A letter appeared addressed to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, a body to whom it was convenient to address a document which could not respectfully have been sent to the House. This letter came from the army, and bore Cromwell's name among others appended to it. It was read in the House of Commons. It asserted the moderation and sobriety of the party from whom it came; the constitutional temper of the Army; their earnest wish to let every body alone; and their simple-minded desire for necessary justice. It concluded, 'And although you may suppose that a rich city may seem an enticing bait to poor hungry soldiers to venture for to gain the wealth thereof,—yet, if not provoked by you, we do profess, rather than any such evil should fall out, the soldiers shall make their way through our blood to effect it.' Thus mild and loving, 'if not provoked,' the generals allowed the letter proper time to sink into the House; and another step followed. The Army at St. Albans accused of treason eleven members of the House of Commons by name. The members were those 'whose high carriages,' had attracted Cromwell's attention, and had been the subject of that gentle whisper to Ludlow; viz. Holles and his set. The eleven in consequence, asked the leave of the House to retire for six months from their Parliamentary duties. It was given them; and they retired, some fortunate ones to France, and elsewhere; some unfortunate ones to the Tower.

From this subtle middle ground Cromwell worked upon the different parties in the country. He had all shades of opinion, all mixtures of feeling to meet: he had to confirm political irresolution, to deal tenderly with old prejudices, to modify, to put aspects on things; to persuade, to manage. The respectable constitutionalist, who merely wanted a check to arbitrary power, did not like revolution, and was ready to meet the King half way; the Presbyterian aristocrat who dreaded mob and army law; the man of tender heart who pitied the King, the man of scrupulous conscience who shrunk from extremities, had all to be met, argued with, agreed with, sympathized with; had all to be

treated tenderly, cautiously, and shrewdly. He had to show that he understood them, and respected their opinions and scruples; to prove by his sympathy his right to advise, and then gently to turn, persuade, mollify, and impress. If persons continued obstinate in spite of all this trouble, he took care they were removed from place, and more manageable ones put in.

Colonel Robert Hammond, nephew of the great Divine, was the king's keeper in the Isle of Wight. He was a man who felt scruples, and did not at all like the aspect of things. It was the month of November, 1648, and a crisis was coming on. He felt the guardianship of the king 'a sad and heavy burden,' and could not be quite easy as to the fate for which he was keeping his prisoner. He did not like the army nucleus at all. He saw the country at large peaceably and constitutionally disposed, and simply dragged along by this knot: he began to talk of the right of the 'majority,' and the unlawfulness of a smaller number forcing a larger into a policy odious to it. Made melancholy by such speculations, he receives a letter from Cromwell:—"Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of 'this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight? Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this.—And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings. . . . Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it.'

He then meets Hammond's difficulties—"You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament." To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations: *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position? *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand, really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the war is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? *Thirdly*, Whether this army

'be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified in *foro humano*.—But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.' . . . After meeting Hammond's actual 'difficulties,' he undermines the whole structure by a deeper argument still: After all, he asks, are difficulties a difficulty, and not rather a simple stimulus to our faith? 'If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith.'

He then tries to engage Hammond's principle of resignation, and sympathy with the oppressed, on the side for which he argues:

'My dear friend, *let us look into providences*; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, sworn malice, against God's people, now called "Saints," to root out their name;—and yet they, "these poor Saints," getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more! I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering would not too much slight this.' He concludes, 'Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits? And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit "which believes that God doth so teach us," and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others. This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine, 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

It is worth observing that 'Dear Robin' received this letter as the ex-governor of the Isle of Wight. 'Colonel Hammond,' we quote from Mr. Carlyle, 'the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this letter at the Isle of Wight,

‘whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond’s, will not suit in that Isle at present.’

We have quoted this letter as a specimen of Cromwell’s mode of arguing. To comment upon the argument itself, and assert that his mode of treating difficulties of conscience, as if they were simply to be got over and resisted, goes far to destroy all morality, would be out of our line. The mode of arguing is what we remark on. Its cautious obscurity, shadowy significance; its suavity, tenderness, subtlety, the way in which he alludes to more than he mentions, suggests more than pronounces, disclaims his own argumentative intention, and opens an indefinite view, all the hard features of which he softly puts aside; are highly characteristic. Cromwell argues, and he does not argue: he is not hurt, if he is disagreed with, for he did not assert, he only proposed a question. He is invulnerable: he has said nothing; he has only raised an hypothetical cloud. He has only offered reasonings ‘which it is good to try.’ The rest of the letter is religious. ‘My dear friend, let us look to providences.’ ‘Dear Robin, beware of men.’ ‘Call not your burden sad and heavy, dear Robin, if your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither.’ ‘The Lord teach us.’ ‘Look to the Lord.’ The least hint at a definite argument forthwith evaporates in a mist of spiritual generality. He avoids every thing that will startle: he raises no image: he unsettles, sets afloat, he does not clutch his correspondent.

A short military note, written in his character as commanding officer to a man whom he suspected, shows off his hinting style in its stern and rough aspect:—

‘Mr. Barnard,—It’s most true my Lieutenant, with some other soldiers of my troop were at your House. I dealt so freely as to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and for those that disturb the peace of this Country and the Kingdom,—with those of this Country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too too full of suspect.

‘It’s true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not

'to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me
'no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to
'the public calls for.'

The peculiar kind of shrewdness, we see in this note, runs through a great part of Cromwell's diplomatic correspondence. We might give many such specimens. The revolutionary dragon in the centre perforated with his eye the whole scene of confusion. There was a watch kept over events; men were everywhere seen into, seen through. A commanding subtlety unearthed the inferior or more simple subtlety of all other minds. All thoughts were reflected in the black mirror of Cromwell's mind. He saw his way through the national movement, and went steadily to his object, not so much introducing events, as making them introduce themselves; and acting as a *principium motus*, upon secondary movers. Controlled and moulded by this Argus eye, and with its various and discordant elements reconciled, or stilled, by this ubiquitous head, the Great Rebellion arrived at its climax: all the while the revolutionary machine working as if by itself, and hiding its mover behind it.

The time arrived when the King must die. In the beginning of 1648 Cromwell held a meeting of Army leaders at Windsor, the proceedings of which are reported by Adjutant-General Allen, whom Mr. Carlyle calls 'an authentic earnest man.' Adjutant-General Allen first describes the 'low, weak, divided, perplexed condition' of the Army, which he attributes to God's wrath upon them, for their 'backsliding hearts,' and for 'having fallen in the past year, into treaties with the King and his party, which had proved a snare unto them, and led them into labyrinths.' This means that they had wanted the King to give way to them; and found that he would not. He then proceeds, 'Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about the beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day together in prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation, coming to no farther result that day; but that it was still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning; where many spake from the Word, and prayed; and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell did press very earnestly on all there present, to a thorough consideration of our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians: to see if any iniquity could be found in them; and what it was; that if possible we might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us (by reason of our iniquities, as we judged) at that time.'

Cromwell having contrived this meeting, and set it going in one direction, left it to itself, and the officers continued their religious exercises. 'Major Goffe preached upon the text, *Pro-*

'verbs First and Twenty-third; Turn you at My reproof: behold I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My words unto you. Which, we having found out our sin, he urged as our duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon most of our hearts that were then present; which begat in us a great sense, a shame and loathing of ourselves for our iniquities, and a justifying of the Lord as righteous in His proceedings against us. And in this path the Lord led us, not only to see our sin, but also our duty; and this so unanimously set with weight upon each heart, that none was able hardly to speak a word to each other for bitter weeping.' The meeting, after this solemn preparation, wound up with the resolution,—'that it was their duty to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for the blood he had shed.' We must add, that some months after this resolution had been thus come to by a meeting, which Cromwell had himself contrived, and by heads which he had himself set going, on the 9th of January preceding the fatal 30th, he rose up in his place in Parliament, and addressed this sentence to the Speaker—'Sir, If any man whatsoever have carried on this design of deposing the King, and disinheriting his posterity; or if any man have still such a design, he must be the greatest traitor and rebel in the world.'

The Army had come to its resolution before the mind of Parliament was known. The question of the acceptance or rejection of the treaty of Newport, in which the fate of Charles was involved, was coming on; and Parliament had yet to declare what side it would take. To London therefore went the Army, determined to be at hand, *utrinque paratus*, either to obey or force the House, according as the House was inclined to go with or against the Windsor resolution. The latter of these two lines was found necessary: and the result of the Army's move was the famous 'Pride's purge,' which, without a finger of Cromwell's being seen, forcibly cleared all obnoxious remains of loyalty and peace from the walls of Parliament. We give the proceedings in Mr. Carlyle's colours.

'The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives, accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; "and other great vacant houses in the skirts of the city and villages about, no offence being given anywhere." In the drama of modern history one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very death and judgment. They have decided to have justice, these men; to see God's justice done, and His judgments executed on this earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare: and black madness lying close to the wisdom which is brightest and highest;—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic

dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! "Shedders of blood?" Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing surgeon, the sacrificial priest, the august judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious murderer are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these!—Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our chronology and swift course of events.

'On *Monday, 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes "into farther debate" the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, "till five o'clock next morning;" at five o'clock next morning, decides it, yea. By a majority of Forty-six, One hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army chiefs and the minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through the night; not, I suppose, without prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

'*Wednesday, 6th December, 1648*, "Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and the city trainbands were discharged" from that employment. Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them; he cannot enter!" And Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what law? and ever again, By what law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the law; confesses, "It is by the law of necessity; truly, by the power of the sword."

'It must be owned the constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the power of the sword, and a law not to be found in any of the Books. At night the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's tavern hard-by, a "tavern called Hell;" and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and others of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker "in his gray suit with his little stick,"—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what law? I ask again, by what law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand "the Members of this House" from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not for the moment comply with the desires of the honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all; who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The minority has now become majority; there is now clear

course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, "an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the nations," and of God who made the nations, we know, and the whole world knows!"—Vol. i. pp. 398—400.

The action Mr. Carlyle means is the trial and execution of Charles.

We must turn an instant from Cromwell here, to Mr. Carlyle. He despatches Charles's trial and death in half a page; and apparently glad to get out of the region of guilty fact, into that of bacchanalian comment, breaks into these remarks upon the act of the regicides:—

"*Ipsis molossis ferociores*, More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to "the crucifixion of Christ." Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! the phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

'This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.'—Vol. i. pp. 401—403.

We are here told that the death of Charles 'struck a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world;' and that 'flunkeyism, cant, and cloth-worship, have gone about incurably sick ever since.' Mr. Carlyle is not a writer who studies consistency, and we do not particularly expect it from him. But we must notice this instance of departure from it. If there is one conviction more than another of which he is full, it is the conviction that the whole world is now, and has been ever since this particular era now before us, composed of 'flunkeys;' and that 'flunkeyism and cant' are the flourishing, salient, vivacious, and dominant features of our modern system. Then, upon his own showing, how has the death of Charles either killed flunkeyism or made it sick? What heroism can he point to, as the offspring of this great

blow? He himself gives the answer—None. For whereas the established system, in Charles's time, was an old heroism decayed, there has been, according to Mr. Carlyle, no heroism, ever since, to decay. Is it, then, that we have got constitutional rights, and liberty of taxation? He despises these results: he laughs unmercifully at the Pym, Hampdens, and Eliots, with their constitutional theories. Then, if unheroic results are despised, and no heroic ones are apparent; will he explain what the advantages are which have accrued from this event? His defence of the morality of the act is no more successful. It really amounts to no more than this, that bloodshed is grand and tragic, and colours the page of history warmly. In no one place has he even attempted to prove that Charles had done what deserved that punishment; and, therefore, we must suppose that the merit of the regicides is entirely independent of that question, in his view. A view which thus puts aside the charge of murder, not as untrue, but as irrelevant, cannot be answered; but there is, at the same time, the satisfaction of thinking that it need not be.

Cromwell, after the execution of Charles, put himself again into full swing. He had committed the great and turning act of his life, and was obliged to defend it and carry it out. He had violated a deep, ingrained, national reverence; he had armed a vast body of moderate Presbyterian sentiment against him. He had to put down opposition, or it would extinguish him; and the necessary effect of his situation was, to nerve and unfold him. He stood, now, either a criminal or conqueror, before the nation; either at her bar, or at her head. He showed her, accordingly, now, that he could carry on the course he had begun; he proved himself, as Mr. Carlyle says, a 'strong' man; he made the nation feel what he was, and silenced and overwhelmed her sensitiveness, scruples, doubts, and retrograde longings, by a brilliant manifestation of strength, and career of victory.

Ireland was the first field he entered on. The Irish war called for his services. He went over. We have no space for details, and must content ourselves with being general. Cromwell was a match for the Irish. He could shed blood quite as extensively, quite as indiscriminately, quite as remorselessly, as they could; and with much more deliberateness and system. To a person with his objects, and in his situation, that was the one way of meeting them: and he adopted it without a misgiving. He became a butcher. Without any love of bloodshed for its own sake, or any positive element of cruelty in his nature, he looked upon blood as so much liquid, which was to be poured out before a strife was ended, and an object gained. He looked on the scene with a hard, political eye; and slaughter

was conducted on the mechanical principle that there must be means before an end, a process before an issue. 'I forbade 'them,' he says, quietly, in his despatch after the storming of Drogheda, 'I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in 'the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 'two thousand men.' This was the order of the day in the Irish campaign; and the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, and Kilkenny were reduced by a series of slaughters. The Irish massacre had a cool and deliberate counterpart; and the savage native spirit, shocking as a specimen of ruthless barbarianism, was encountered by an antagonist of iron, and the still more effective cruelty of merciless policy. Mr. Carlyle takes his own view of this campaign.

'But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing capital punishment," of Jean-Jacques philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's laws, they considered, had not yet got the punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between good and evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between heaven and hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of good and evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau sentimentalism, universal pardon and benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

'The reader of these letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed soldier, terrible as death, relentless as doom! doing God's judgments on the enemies of God! It is a phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.'—Vol. i. pp. 453, 454.

Mr. Carlyle here puts himself and his hero under the shelter of a vague grandeur and sublimity. Cromwell thought he was fighting for God; that, whether he really was, or was not, was a grand sentiment; therefore his cause was a grand one: there-

fore he had a right to slaughter people for it. Such is Mr. Carlyle's reasoning; he then introduces his thunder and lightning, and supposes he has settled the question. Now, what was the state of the case? All religions have, indeed, persecuted in their day. But Cromwell was the head of a party which had been, ever since its rise, demanding religious liberty, and protesting against persecution. The Puritans were full as touchy and thin-skinned, as they had a natural right to be; and rather more. They go over to Ireland; and their idea immediately is, to suppress the Roman Catholic religion by force; to confiscate, and transplant, hunt and kill, whip and cut off ears: and puritanize the country by arms and legislation. Now, Mr. Carlyle may say what he pleases about Cromwell's persecutions for conscience's sake; but a party which has protested against persecution, as such, from others, has a difficult ground on which to maintain its own right to persecute. Common sense condemns such inconsistency, and condemns the act itself the more for the inconsistency. For example, it has been said, and we think justly, that bribery at elections was worse in Whigs than in Tories; because, while the latter professed to carry out an old system with its abuses; if the former bribed, they acted against peculiar professions of purity. Hypocrisy is not a mere numerical addition to, but an ingredient affecting the very body of, an act. It is revolting, to see a party like the Puritan, after maintaining the tone of an injured dove for a century, throw over at once, as soon as ever a movement lifts them up, all their old language, with a sardonic laugh, as if they only meant to take the world in, and become undisguised wolves and dragons.

The Scotch war (1650) succeeded. It was entered on by Cromwell with a truly characteristic preface. According to Ludlow, Cromwell, on the preliminary question, who was to go to Scotland to conduct the war, 'acted his part to the life.' 'I really thought,' says Ludlow, 'that he wished Fairfax to go.' He made Fairfax pray with him on the subject. The issue of these religious exercises, however, was, that Fairfax did not go, and that Cromwell did. And, after a long conversation with Ludlow, in which he spake of the great providence of God now upon the earth; 'in particular, talked for about an hour on the 110th Psalm;' the latter announced his commission as Captain-General of the forces for the Scotch war.

His treatment of the Presbyterians was conducted with the characteristic mixture of genuine party unction and diplomatic skill. He had his old augmentative whole-length appeal to the 'deliverances,' and 'providences,' and 'miracles,' which he wielded forcibly against the mixed, retrograding ground of the Scotch, who upheld the Covenant on the one side, and would

not give up Charles Stuart on the other. He had the vantage-ground, as a lecturer, over the Assembly here; and he used it powerfully. He hoped they are not going back to the world again, and to the flesh-pots of Egypt; or yielding to the snares of a carnal policy. 'There may be a *Covenant* made with death and hell! I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: to avoid the overflowing scourge; or, to accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we, (like you) have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise have drawn them in to associate with us, whether this be a *Covenant* of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do. . . . I pray you read the twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse The Lord give you and us understanding.' The Assembly in vain tried to lecture him in return: he was quite out of their reach; and he retaliated immediately, by a still greater and more crushing demonstration of spirituality than the one before. The Assembly was as fairly out-preached, as their leader at Dunbar was out-generalled. The Scotch looked on, while the spiritual combat proceeded; and the easy assurance of the Captain-General had its effect with a people accustomed to think much of preaching, as a test of greatness, and who saw in Cromwell a match, in this department, for the collective Presbyterianism of the Kirk.

Cromwell returned home from the wars, like a victorious general in the days of the Roman republic; and had now to consider what use to make of his victories; and how he was to erect a political ascendancy upon the success of his military career.

The Long Parliament had been suffered to go on, while he was gaining his victories. It did no harm; it served as a Commissariat for him, and supplied money. But it was a different thing when the victories were gained. That Assembly denominated the Rump, had long ceased to be either a popular or an able one. The paring and purging it had undergone, had reduced it to some hundred members, who sat on and on, representing the country theoretically, but constituting no more really a Parliament, than the benchers of the Temple, or the London Corporation did. The perpetuity and oligarchical snugness which made it feel very comfortable within doors, excited jealousy without; and the Long Parliament prosed and debated, with much satisfaction to itself, while to the eye of the nation it was becoming more feeble and ridiculous every day. Mr. Carlyle describes it well. We will do him the justice to say, that whenever he *can*, that is, whenever his argument allows him to ridicule Puritans, he does it vigorously.

'And now if we practically ask ourselves, what is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a hundred in all, hardly above half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by continuance of the like. They cannot sit there for ever. They are not kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable king by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in "decided avarice" at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-hearted, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of cant in all its figures; an indomitable little Roman pagan if no better: but Harry is not quite one's king either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful, too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or where? Vane was the friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the abstract, or temporary-theoretic, is irresistible; whose hold of the concrete, in which lies always the perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born practical king;—whose "astonishing subtlety of intellect" conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever-new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air;—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms; become irrecongnisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee! I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice; not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!"—Vol. ii. pp. 157—159.

Cromwell from his middle ground, as Lord-General with his Army on the one hand, and a sitting member of Parliament on the other, allowed this state of things, with a gentle guidance, to work its own result. He did not immediately dissolve the weak, rickety conclave, and act simply upon his military power. A less subtle head would have done this; but Cromwell, who saw, as we said above, a respect for Parliaments, and a love of constitution and law in the English public mind, continued the mixed line, civil and military, he had begun; and did not, even with the

splendid addition of the Irish and Scotch victories to support him, profess military despotism, and flourish the naked sword. He saw, in the distance, a time when Parliament would be useful to him, just as the Army *had* been; and when its constitutional conservatism would have to counterbalance the discontents of an army democracy. A crown hung before his eye. A Protectorship would naturally lead to a throne. Parliament, now against him, would then be for him: the Army, now for him, would then be against him. He could not disguise that Parliamentary feeling in the country, whose support he might afterwards need; or rest his whole strength in an Army, whose religious and democratical jealousy he would afterwards have to oppose.

The Long Parliament he allowed to go on nearly three whole years after his return. By that time its dissolution was obviously necessary. The Army threatened and petitioned: the House appealed to Cromwell. Cromwell, 'seemingly anxious to repress the Army, could not do it.' The movement would proceed, in spite of his anxious wish to put it down; and the result was, that a bill for a new representation was at last seen on its road through Parliament. But the bill lingered, amid division and struggle. The Army wanted one bill, the House wanted another; and each side was bent on cutting its prospective channel to the representation of the country. Amendments alternated: the House went on debating: it seemed as if the Long Parliament never would end. At last word came that the House was carrying its own bill by a *ruse*:—

'Hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord-General, at first incredulous, does also now hasten off,—nay, orders that a Company of musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"'—Vol. ii. p. 178.

Cromwell was an awkward subject for a *ruse*: as the event showed:—

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!"—and so "rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style,

told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,"—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"Come, come!" exclaims my Lord General, in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact, my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!" You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!' adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General, in clear blaze of conflagration: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards," and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "some of you are —" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the devil's commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced "at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:" "Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel: how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

'The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than any thing else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "It's you that have forced me to this," exclaims my Lord General: "I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." "At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That he might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty." "O Sir Harry Vane, thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" "All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley;" and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come, and remains.—Vol. ii. pp. 179—181.

'We did not hear a dog bark at their going,' was Cromwell's remark upon the event afterwards. It is a significant one. He had chosen exactly the proper moment for the act of force, when parliament had at last tired the people out, and force introduced itself like nature.

In December 1653, eight months from this time, we see Cromwell, Lord Protector; elected by a council of officers 'after much seeking of God by prayer;' and furnished with 'an instrument of Government,' and a 'Council.' He was inaugurated with due ceremony in the 'Chancery Court in Westminster Hall in a chair of State;' and 'Judges in their robes, Lord Mayors with caps of maintenance, state coaches, outriders, out-runners, and great shoutings of the people,' accompanied him from and to Whitehall. 'His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with a cloak of the same, about his hat a broad band of gold.' Cromwell now appears in a new character. He assumes 'somewhat of the state of a king,' has life-guards, ushers, and gentlemen-in waiting. He rides in state to open his parliaments with gentlemen and officers, and pages and lacqueys richly clothed, preceding him bareheaded. His captain of the guard, his master of the ceremonies, his master of the horse, the 'Commissioners of the Great Seal,' the 'Commissioners of Treasury, the purse bearer, the sword bearer, the four maces,' attend him. On these occasions he sits in 'a chair of state set upon steps, with a canopy over it, in the painted chamber; his Highness sits covered, and the members upon benches round about sit all bare.' He receives congratulatory addresses from foreign parts. In 'the banquetting house of Whitehall hung with arras,' galleries full of ladies, and 'life guards in grey frock coats with velvet welts,' welcomed the Swedish ambassador. The Protector stood on a foot-pace and carpet 'with a chair of state behind him: and the ambassador thrice lifting up his noble hat and feathers saluted him thrice, as he advanced.' Cromwell now no longer an adventurer, but Supreme Magistrate, adopted the tone now termed 'conservative.' He scolded levellers; praised order; advocated the established distinctions of 'noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen;' defended the nation's 'natural magistracy,' with a stiffness and relish which the most rigid legitimatist could not complain of. 'Liberty of conscience, and liberty of the subject,' he exclaims in his opening speech to his first Protectorate Parliament, 'two as glorious things to be contended for, as any that God hath given us; yet, both these abused for the patronizing of villanies!' A disapprobation of dreaminess, fancifulness, and eccentricity, appeared in the Lord Protector. He disliked utopian schemes. He lectured the democratic 'army independency,' who had raised him; and he

opposed to the arguments of the Fifth Monarchy men, the same kind of strong common sense, that a man of ten thousand a year now would to a chartist theorizer. 'Judaical law, instead of our known laws settled amongst us,' would never do, he declared. And as to Christ's reign upon earth, he hoped that 'Jesus Christ would have a time to set up His reign in our *hearts* by subduing corruption and lust;' but as to any visible reign, he thought it far enough off. He abounded in sensible interpretations, judicious parryings, quieting appeals; and he threw himself into the English prudential mould and point of view. Cromwell was not insensible to the substantial charms of station, and the Lord Protector, and occupier of Windsor Castle, felt his new position, and saw with altered eyes.

Cromwell fairly lodged in the Protectorate, and living at Windsor and Whitehall, encountered cold looks from old brother officers, with whose rigid ideas this new magnificence did not agree, and who began shrewdly to suspect that their Lord General had deceived them. These old officers were scrupulous, hard, severe men; Cromwell tried to soothe and coax them in vain; they would not be coaxed: he spoke affectionately, and winningly to them; they would not be deprecated. They and their republicanism were down; he was up: they knew words could not alter the fact: they also knew that it was because they could not, that Cromwell used them. Mr. Carlyle describes one of these interviews with his peculiar bias and tenderness. 'One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is 'incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid upon him. 'Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutcheson, 'as his wife relates it, Hutcheson his old battle-mate, coming to 'see him on some indispensable business, much against his will '—Cromwell "follows him to the door" in a most fraternal domestic conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to 'him, his old brother in arms: says how much it grieves him to 'be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow soldiers, dear to him 'of old; the rigorous Hutcheson, cased in his Presbyterian formula, sullenly goes his way.'

So deeply does Mr. Carlyle sympathize with his afflicted hero. Now what was the real state of the case in this interview? Cromwell had got entirely what he wanted: had raised himself on the back of Colonel Hutcheson and such men, to his present position, and having used their republicanism while it served his turn, cast it off when it had served it. The act being done, he was quite willing to pour all the consolation that the tongue could supply, into the Colonel's ears; his grief and his regret at the Colonel's state of feeling were deep. Having thoroughly, effectually, and for good circumvented the old republicans; he

said—let us be brothers; let us love one another, let us embrace; this misunderstanding is all of your raising. I am willing, nay anxious to be friends with you. But you refuse. Colonel Hutcheson, who perfectly understood the meaning of this remonstrance, determined to enjoy the only consolation which was left him, that of showing that he understood it; and answered by a stern Ajacian movement to the door.

Cromwell had not a nature at all disinclined to the sphere of state, which now surrounded him. He exhibits in the course of these volumes, considerable traces of the Puritan country gentleman. He keenly appreciates the *terra firma* of landed property. He conducts a 'jointure' transaction with skill. The bargaining which takes place between himself and another Puritan country gentleman, in an affair of the latter class, running through fourteen or fifteen letters in this collection, is characteristic. The gentleman on the other side is sharp, as well as Cromwell; and the two Puritan grandees have a great difficulty to surmount in their mutual penetration and vigilance. The manor of Hursley, in Hampshire, now more fortunate in its lord, was then owned by a Puritan country gentleman, of the name of Mayor. Between him and Cromwell a treaty is opened, which has for its object the marriage of Richard Cromwell to Miss Dorothy Mayor, the heiress of Hursley. The affair begins with a confidential letter of Cromwell to Colonel Richard Norton, familiarly called Dic Norton, a useful friend of his, who is pressed into the service on the occasion. He says there, that in consequence of what he hears of the 'godliness' and 'estate' of the Mayor family, he is inclined to the match: though 'concerning it,' he still 'desires to wait upon God.' The details of the transaction then begin, and each side enumerates its terms. Among the rest, Mr. Mayor demands a settlement of land to the amount of 400*l.* *per annum*, on the future pair: and is also particularly anxious that that settlement should be made out of the 'old land,' and not out of the land given to the Lord General by parliament. The Lord General's parliamentary acres did not offer so safe or comfortable a tenure, in Mr. Mayor's opinion, as the family ones. Cromwell has also the same predilection for the 'old land.' He therefore wants Mayor to take the parliamentary land. But Mayor is obstinate; and Cromwell is obliged to compromise, not without complaint: 'what you demand of me is very high in all points,' he says to Mayor. In his first letter he is ready to give up the point of the old land, if the 400*l.* is reduced to 300*l.*, and if his wife has the old land for her life. The next letter reduces this offer by a half; and bargains for the 150*l.* of the 300*l.* being from the old land; and the other 150*l.* from the new. While Mr. Mayor thus keeps sharp watch over

Cromwell, Cromwell on the other hand keeps sharp watch over Mr. Mayor. The concession on the latter's part that the Hursley estate is to be settled in fee simple on Miss Dorothy Mayor, Richard Cromwell's intended wife, is not so clearly expressed in the legal document, but that a Mr. Barton, a kinsman, who acts as Mayor's agent in the matter, is unable to see such distinct meaning in the document's language. Mr. Barton, without committing the absent Mr. Mayor to an uncertainty, throws a rather disagreeable one of his own over this important point. Cromwell, who has no idea of being thus saddled with an uncertainty, and dropped between a principal and his agent, writes a letter to Mr. Mayor himself, repeating very determinately his original demand of the estate in fee simple. 'I have appealed, he says, to yours and to any counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon;' and he requests an explanation of the clauses' uncertainty, hinting delicately that he is not quite so sure that Mr. Mayor himself has not had some share in creating it, though the kinsman has been the outward suggester: as an evidence of which suspicion, he observes drily, that he is expected to agree with all the kinsman's interpretations. 'This misunderstanding'—he adds parenthetically, (and Cromwell often gives his chief meaning in a parenthesis) '*if it be yours as it is your kinsman's*' put a stop to the business; so that our counsel could 'not proceed, until your pleasure herein was known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to 'you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to 'understand that expression so, but the contrary; which was 'thought not a little strange, even by your own counsel. . . . I 'may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from 'me, but I agree to your kinsman's sense to a tittle.'

So much for a jointure correspondence. We are aware that the introductory arrangements, in forming these alliances, are apt to create mutual suspicion and vigilance, in gentlemen of property; and that money is a contentious material. Many respectable gentlemen both before and since the age of Cromwell and Mr. Mayor have done what they did. The spectacle, however, of two Puritan heads conducting a family transaction, in the way just presented, is not without its point; and in the union of deep spiritual, and keen pecuniary sentiments, sustained throughout a long correspondence, we have a mixture not a little characteristic of the system and of the times.

Cromwell had no easy seat in his new chair of state. He was perpetually watched by the restless offshoots of that fierce party which he had himself organized, and on whose shoulders he had risen. The 'Army Independency' gave birth to a variety of furious mad and murderous sects and knots; each fired with its

own dream, and looking on the Lord Protector as a traitor and deserter; a man who had gone back to the world, and was bringing down a carnal despotism upon the backs of his old friends and followers. His life was attempted; plots were laid. 'Anabaptism Sansculottism' was venomous; and from holes and corners, the grim Fifth-Monarchy corporal came out, with desperate look, and steel in his hand. The old army preacher held forth in rooms at taverns, or in his own conventicle, if he had one, and inflamed the passions of a disappointed and unemployed soldiery. One specimen will do for many.

'*Sunday, 18th December, 1653.* A certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist-Leveller persuasion, with a colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powell, have a preaching-establishment, this good while past, in Blackfriars; a preaching-establishment every Sunday, which on Monday evening becomes a National-Charter Convention as we should now call it: there Feak, Powell and Company are in the habit of vomiting forth from their own inner-man, into other inner-men greedy of such pabulum, a very flamy, fuliginous set of doctrines,—such as the human mind, superadding Anabaptistry to Sansculottism, can make some attempt to conceive. Sunday the 18th, which is two days after the Lord Protector's installation, this Feak-Powell meeting was unusually large; the Feak-Powell inner-man unusually charged. Elements of soot and fire really copious; fuliginous-flamy in a very high degree! At a time, too, when all doctrine does not satisfy itself with spouting, but longs to become instant action. "Go and tell your Protector," said the Anabaptist Prophet, "that he has deceived the Lord's people; that he is a perjured villain,"—"will not reign long," or I am deceived; "will end worse than the last Protector did," the tyrant Crooked Richard! Say, I said it!—A very foul chimney, indeed, here got on fire. And "Major-General Harrison, the most eminent man of the Anabaptist party, being consulted whether he would own the new Protectoral Government, answered frankly, No;"—was thereupon ordered to retire home to Staffordshire, and keep quiet.'—Vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

But Cromwell's great difficulty lay in the obstinacy of the nation at large. A few fiery fanatics would not hurt him much, if they did not kill him; if their shot missed, their power was gone. But the nation at large in one way, and Parliament in another, opposed an obstinate material to Cromwell, which all his policy could not reduce to submission. His military swing over, and the civil scene begun, Cromwell's chariot wheels were taken off, and he drave heavily. The English are not governed by individuals. It is not their nature to be. Law, custom, progress control them. Their governor must act under the shield of old prestige, or in the groove of a constitution. The man who leads them must be as much as possible an instrument: and a great impersonal power in the back-ground must outweigh and absorb the figure of the individual ruler. Genius has not what some will call, its due triumph and success, amongst us as a nation. It has not a clear course. That strongest offspring of invisible nature meets its match; it is taught along with all other powers in this world, a lesson: it too has to bow down. Deep subtle

strength, and deep piercing strength, encounter deep inert strength. Genius meets a stone wall. The consequence is that she can go no further. And an awkward and uneasy stationariness, which keeps her seesawing and balancing herself upon one spot, succeeds the bold onward progress. Nor in the contest of mere power, is this less just an issue, than the contrary one. Genius as an ethical gift, appeals to our poetry and reverence: as simple power it appeals to neither. If it be the latter, let it take its chance. Let matter bruise, crush, and trample upon it, if matter can: matter is power as well as it: let the two powers fight it out together. Let the great earthborn power, the subtle and versatile, or the penetrating and impetuous force of intellectual nature, if genius is such, be chained and fastened, and weighted by dull material minds. If dulness can do this, dulness is the stronger, and enjoys its right. We have no sympathy with the view which claims refined pity for 'magnificent minds,' who have been disappointed in the expectation that they would have it all their own way in the world; which weeps, when impetus is stopped by weight, and brilliant is clogged by stupid power. Let genius ride over vulgar strength; and vulgar strength press upon genius again, on the world's arena. For thus it is that all the 'principalities and powers,' spiritual and material of this world, are in their turn brought to shame; 'that the loftiness of man is bowed down, and the haughtiness of men is laid low.' Power humbles power: man grinds man; and the world is made its own executioner and judge. Cromwell's government was the government of a single genius. England had no fancy for being governed by a genius: she struggled, and would not go on under him. Compare France under Napoleon, blindly fond of, adoring and idolizing, her master; proud of her chains, and absorbed in her hero; with puritan England under Cromwell.

Cromwell's parliaments presented, for management, an obstinate incurable mixture of pedantic constitutionalism, and prosing fanaticism. He could do nothing with them. They would talk: they would do nothing else but talk: they were magnanimously insensible to all wishes, all hints from high quarters; and only felt the physical force which stopped their mouths. Instead of voting money, they discussed constitutional law; and, in particular, the grounds of Cromwell's own position. The Protectorship did not approve itself to them. The lawyers disliked it, because it rested on no statute; the stiff republicans for a broader reason. These constitutionalists, complains Mr. Carlyle, would go on.

'Check, check,—like maladroit ship-carpenters hammering, adzing, sawing at the ship of the State, instead of diligently caulking and paying it;

idly gauging and computing, nay recklessly tearing up and re-modelling;—when the poor ship could hardly keep the water as yet, and the pirates and sea-krakens were gathering round!—Vol. ii. p. 317.

'This first Protectorate Parliament, we said, was not successful. It chose, judiciously enough, old Lenthall for Speaker; appointed, judiciously enough, a day of general fasting:—but took, directly after that, into constitutional debate about sanctioning the form of Government (which nobody was specially asking it to "sanction"); about Parliament and single person; powers of single person and of parliament; coördination, subordination; and other bottomless subjects;—in which getting always the deeper the more it puddled in them, inquiry or intimation of inquiry rose not obscurely in the distance, whether this government should be by a parliament and single person? These things the honourable gentlemen, with true industry, debated in grand committee, "from eight in the morning till eight at night, with an hour for refreshment about noon," debates waxing ever hotter, question ever more abstruse,—through Friday, Saturday, Monday; ready, if Heaven spared them, to debate it farther for unlimited days. Constitutional presbyterian persons, use-and-wont neuters; not without a spicing of sour republicans, as Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott, to keep the batch in leaven."—Vol. ii. p. 277.

The long-winded fanaticism of these Parliaments was a no less striking feature in them. One of them, the second in the Protectorate, Mr. Carlyle calls the James Nayler Parliament. Nayler was a poor mad Quaker, who had ridden in procession through the streets of Bristol, attended by some female disciples.

'Its next grand feat was that of James Nayler and his procession which we saw at Bristol lately. Interminable debates about James Nayler,—excelling in stupor all the human speech, even in English parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to. Nayler, in fact, is almost all that survives with one, from *Burton*, as the sum of what this parliament did. If they did aught else, the human mind, eager enough to carry off news of them, has mostly dropt it on the way hither. To posterity they sit there as the James Nayler parliament. Four hundred gentlemen of England, and I think a sprinkling of lords among them, assembled from all counties and boroughs of the three nations, to sit in solemn debate on this terrific phenomenon: a mad Quaker fancying or seeming to fancy himself, what is not uncommon since, a new incarnation of Christ. Shall we hang him, shall we whip him, bore the tongue of him with hot iron; shall we imprison him, set him to oakum; shall we roast, or boil, or stew him;—shall we put the question whether this question shall be put; debate whether this shall be debated; in Heaven's name, what shall we do with him, the terrific phenomenon of Nayler? This is the history of Oliver's second parliament for three long months and odd. Nowhere does the unfathomable deep of dulness which our English character has in it, more stupendously disclose itself. Something almost grand in it; nay, something really grand, though in our impatience we call it "dull." They hold by use and wont, these honourable gentlemen, almost as by laws of nature,—by second nature almost as by first nature. Pious too; and would fain know rightly the way to new objects by the old roads, without trespass. Not insignificant this English character, which can placidly debate such matters, and even feel a certain smack of delight in them! A massiveness of euphetic vigour speaks itself there, which perhaps the liveliest wit might envy. Who is there that has the strength of ten oxen, that is able to support these things? Couldst thou

debate on Nayler, day after day, for a whole winter? Thou, if the sky were threatening to fall on account of it, would sink under such labour, appointed only for the oxen of the gods!—The honourable gentlemen set Nayler to ride with his face to the tail, through various streets and cities, to be whipt (poor Nayler), to be branded, to be bored through the tongue, and then to do oakum *ad libitum* upon bread and water; after which he repented, confessed himself mad, and this world-great phenomenon, visible to posterity and the West of England, was got winded up.—Vol.ii. pp. 487,488.

Such were Cromwell's Parliaments. He met their obstinacy by simple absolutism. He treated them like nine-pins. He excluded, he admitted what members he liked, while they sat; and when those expedients proved ineffective, he dissolved them. The definition of a parliament, under Cromwell, made it a very flexible assembly. A parliament there must be for the sake of the constitutional show, and the satisfaction of the nation at large. But a parliament only meant in reality, that company of gentlemen whom the Protector allowed to meet in a room at Westminster. A hundred members in a body, were shut out, at a parliament's opening: dozens at a time were seized and packed off into the country during a session. The Lord Protector's certificates admitted to the House; and those members who were without them, looked, on their arrival, on shut doors and impenetrable officials. A guard of musqueteers attended, after unpleasant debates, for the purgation of the assembly; and the circulation of a paper for the subscription of the members, was a sign for scrupulous consciences to withdraw. 'You are here met this day a free Parliament,' he tells them, 'God be blessed: I say a free Parliament.' But eight days after the delivery of this speech, the members of this free assembly saw the doors of the House closed, and a document awaiting their signature previous to re-admittance; at the sight of which the republicans retired sullenly to their country seats: 'My Lord Protector 'molesting no man for his recusancy, indeed taking their absence 'as a comparative favour of the parties.'

Cromwell's speeches form another portion of his parliamentary tactics, and deserve consideration. Cromwell's speeches are significant reflections of himself. We hear that the Lord Protector on such a day made 'a large and subtle speech.' Large and subtle they certainly are, rather than intelligible. Such a rolling, slippery colluvies of words never came from the mouth of mortal, as one of Cromwell's speeches. It is a torture to read one. The principle he goes upon is never to say anything out. He *says* nothing. He hints at, alludes to, overshadows, hovers over a variety of subjects. We have only a dark presentiment of some approaching subject matter; a vague impression that there is somewhere or other, in the metaphysical universe, the thing to which his words have their reference. A sulphureous cloud

broods over the ground; fuliginous vapours float; the air curls round and round, in dizzying waves; wreaths of smoke entwine us; we hardly know where we are, and feel ourselves intellectually sea-sick and reeling. Cromwell allowed his politic fear of straightforwardness to become a real mental disease. He could not get himself to say anything openly: the constant habit of hinting and alluding, of being vague, and hitting sideways, grew into a second nature; and he seems, from the physical constitution of his mind, unable to confront or look in the face as a speaker. In acts straightforward, when he pleased, he sets himself afloat in the element of language, as if it were a native medium of obliquity. Vanishing sentences, buried constructions, beginnings unended, endings unbegun, parentheses within parentheses, allusions to generalizations, and a dissolving series of unseen back-grounds, comprise a speech of the Protector's. We wander over a morass, and there is nothing to catch the eye: we are slipping and sliding, and there is nothing to lay hold of. Cromwell's mind, like a dark whirlpool, with back-stream, and under-currents, mixed, takes in the subject matter of a speech, and rolls it beneath the surface. It may rise for a moment, but the stream immediately carries it under again. Has any one of our readers ever had the curiosity at a wild beast show, to give a pebble to a rhinoceros? His large fleshy jaws take it in, and work it from side to side with a heavy seesaw motion; the stone just makes its appearance near the lip, and then an immediate sweep of the large tongue, engulphs it in the recesses of a cavernous mouth. The subject of one of Cromwell's speeches fares much in the same way. He rolls it, buried underneath his tongue, from side to side, sometimes just showing a corner of it, and then covering it again. An interminable rolling motion goes on; and the wide jaws move before the solemn assembly for their appointed time. With large quotation of Scripture, and reference to chapter and verse; with endless allusion to 'Providences,' 'Mercies,' 'Deliverances,' 'Dispensations,' 'Witnessings;' with proofs from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles; with sentimental allusions to his own grief at being compelled to bear the burden of power; with long parentheses about no ascertainable subject matter; with the heaving, swaying movements and the inarticulate rumbling noises of a bituminous, volcanic lake; he comes at last to a conclusion, quite clear, and level to the plainest capacities,—'Mr. Speaker, I do dissolve this Parliament.'

Mr. Carlyle, who attends the Protector faithfully throughout his speeches, with bracketed explanatory interjections, applauding and encouraging him; does not disguise the disgust and weariness which he has had in the task of editing them. Out of the original 'coagulated nonsense, and buckwashing,' however,

he flatters himself, he has educed something readable and clear. We cannot congratulate him on the issue of his labours. Indeed his own view is not sanguine at times. He gives us hopes that 'if we search well, we may, after ten or twenty perusals,' find a meaning. And he adds, 'My reader must be patient, thankful for mere dulness; thankful that it is not madness over and above.' We do not quite see the claim on our gratitude. At least we have a large debt to pay to many other remains of oratory, before we can be grateful to a speaker, on such very negative grounds. Mr. Carlyle attributes the intricacy of Cromwell's speeches to bad editorship: but he must see that is a weak explanation. How could simple bad editorship ever have created such an original and grotesque world of confusion as they present? And why are not the other speeches of the day as badly edited as Cromwell's?

Thus dragooning his parliaments, and tired and vexed by them, Cromwell nevertheless enjoyed their solid support against the religious democracy of the army and its offshoots; and their constitutionalism supplied a conservative basis, of which he had the advantage. Parliament only wanted to bring his power into constitutional form and shape, and deprive it of that formidable indefiniteness which at present attached to it. But it was favourable to Cromwell's continuance in power. This divided feeling in parliament on the one side, aided by Cromwell's own coquetries and secret wishes on the other, issued at length in an important act. After four years of collision with him as Protector, in March 1657, the House changed its tactics, and made the formal offer of the English Crown to Cromwell.

Cromwell had now a difficult game to play, and for the first time in his life did not see his way clearly. He saw arguments *pro* and *con.*, and felt inclination struggling with policy. He liked the offer. That is quite certain. He had had his eye on the crown for a long time. Mr. Carlyle throws a doubt indeed over this latter fact, but it is a wholly gratuitous one. A wish, with Mr. Carlyle, has very creative, and very annihilating functions. It not seldom makes a fact: it not seldom undoes one. In the case of an unfavourable fact there is no amount of evidence, be it ever so clear, substantial, and unsuspecting, which he does not think himself justified in totally contradicting, because he simply wishes to do so. If an author dares to record it, he calls him a nickname, and dismisses him. He does this on the present occasion. Whitlocke records the fact that on or about the 7th of November, 1652, that is, five years before the present time, and immediately after Cromwell's return from the Scotch war, he had a conversation with Cromwell, in the course of which this subject came up; and he records it in conversational form. We

will dip into the middle of it. '*Cromwell*. What if a man should take upon him to be a king? '*Whitlocke*. I think that remedy would be worse than the disease. '*Cromwell*. Why do you think so? '*Whitlocke*. As to your own person the title of king would be of no advantage, because you have the full kingly power in you already, concerning the militia as you are General: as to nomination of civil officers, because those men you think fittest are seldom refused. '*Cromwell*. I have heard some of your profession observe that he who is actually a king, whether by election or descent, yet being once a king, all acts done by him are lawful and justifiable, as by any king who hath the crown by inheritance from his forefathers: and that by an Act of Parliament in Henry VIIth's time, it is safer for those who act under a king (be his title what it will) than for those who act under any other power.' And so the conversation goes on, Whitlocke taking the dissuasive throughout. Mr. Carlyle dismisses this plain testimony thus—'Learned Bulstrode's, (Bulstrode Whitlocke's) dramaturgy shall not be excerpted by us here.' Now we can discover no appearance of dramaturgy in Whitlocke's report. He gives it in legal, accurate language, as a lawyer would report a conversation, but there is no more colour thrown over it than what the stiff medium of such a legal mind would give. The report is dry, solemn, and methodical, but entirely without scenic effort or display. Whitlocke has an established position as an historical authority, and Mr. Carlyle himself constantly uses him. On this particular occasion, however, 'Bulstrode is dramaturgic;' and he will not 'excerpt' his testimony. The only remark we need make on such historical tactics is that, whether he excerpts it, or not, the passage is in Whitlocke.

Cromwell had had an indefinite eye to the crown all along; and now that it was brought near, he looked wistfully and longingly at it. But the offer had its suspicious side. It came from jealous constitutionalists, and carried with it its shackles as well as its pomp. The title of king was in fact a more limitable and manageable one than that of Protector; in so far as the former was within reach of English law, the latter was outside of it. A new name had no ties upon it: an old one had; and parliament could struggle to more advantage with a definite, than with an indefinite power. While Cromwell then adroitly used the constitutional jealousy of an English Parliament, to change his Protectorate into Royalty, he half suspected the result of his own skill, and kept guard upon his own strategics. The democratical feelings of the army however furnished the chief objection. The army hated the name of King, and deprived of their support, he would be at the mercy of parliament; and perhaps only revive a

name, to awaken the old feelings of the nation at large, and give an advantage to the Royalists. So stood the offer. Parliament with mellifluous complimentary speeches, but a latent wish to enfeeble the strong man, held out the glittering symbol: Cromwell liked the glitter, but not the risk; and power and office struggled in him. He would be stately as King: he is strong as Protector. He was fairly divided, and could not make up his mind. And the trembling balance, the wistful glance, and the alternations of political coquetry, were only steadied by the determined resolution, to make, whether he accepted the crown, or not, as much out of the fact of it being offered him, as it could possibly bear.

The 'large and subtle' tongue was now brought into egregious operation. Cromwell's speeches on this occasion exceed themselves. On the 31st of March, after a formal visit from the Commons with Speaker Widdrington at their head, at the Banqueting House Whitehall, to present their 'petition and advice, engrossed in vellum, with the title of King recommended in it,' a Committee of ninety-nine was appointed and a series of conferences commenced. The Committee of ninety-nine attended on him in three days' time, afterwards, in the Banqueting House; anxious to hear his determination. The mighty tongue performed its evolutions; licked deliberately all their solemn faces round, and dismissed them. A week afterwards they attended again, with the same result. The same scene and process were repeated after an interval of two days. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth time successively Speaker Widdrington and the Committee of ninety-nine attend in the Banqueting House with expectant looks. On each occasion the Committee retires well smeared and bedaubed with a dark ambiguous and utterly impenetrable speech. Cromwell oscillates from Crown to Protectorate, from Protectorate to Crown with such slipperiness and irresolution, that it is impossible to tell which of the two even his alternation is alternating to. His oscillations themselves oscillate; he intertwines his alternatives: he slides from one to another imperceptibly like subtle fluid, and seems to inhabit throughout both hypotheses at once.

The most solemn of these interviews is one, in which a formal dialogue takes place between the Protector and the legal grandees of the Committee. 'Who shall begin?' says Mr. Carlyle. 'His Highness wishes much they would begin; and in a delicate way urges, and again urges them to do so.' Cromwell *i. e.* wants to be pressed; and invites invitation. The affair is of the nature 'of a courtship; and the young lady cannot answer on the first blush of the business:' she waits to be asked again and again; and modestly evades till the pressure becomes

high enough. The Committee having been made properly urgent, Cromwell's replies roll in. He 'is never willing to deny those things that come from Parliament to the Supreme Magistrate.' He 'thinks it a very singular favour and honour done to him.' He 'cannot take upon himself to refel their grounds; they are so strong and rational.' 'The title of King, he confesses, is interwoven with the fundamental law of the realm.' But 'are these *necessary* grounds?' Kingship indeed, 'was more than a name:' yet a name it was: there might be the supreme power under another name. However 'he had rather have any name from this Parliament than any other name without it.' And though the name of King had been defiled with Stuart associations; and should therefore be hated as the garment spotted by the flesh; he adds, 'he besought them not to suppose that he brought that as an argument to prove any thing.' Underneath this coquetry with the throne, he took care to strengthen the Protectorship. He reminded them, of a certain 'argument of *experience*,' which amidst all the disadvantages of the name, the latter had. 'It is a short one, but it is a true one, under favour: 'and is known to all of you in the fact of it (under favour): that 'the supreme authority going under *another* name, hath been 'already twice complied with! Twice under the *Custodes* 'Libertatis Angliæ. And truly I may say that almost universal 'obedience hath been given by all ranks and sorts of men to it.' He duly impresses upon the Committee the fact, that their offer of the kingly name, commits them to the admission that he had already the reality; and that only a verbal difference was involved in the present dispute. Thus playing with the title, and grasping the substance more tight; eying the crown, and rivetting the Protectorate, he 'could give no other than this poor account of himself,' day after day, till the trembling balance at last decided against the title—for this time. 'The Protector,' says Whitlocke, 'was satisfied in his private judgment that it was 'fit for him to accept this title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto. But afterwards, by solicitation, representation, and even denunciation from the Commonwealth's 'men and many Officers of the Army, he decided to attend some 'better season and opportunity in the business, and refused at 'this time.'

We have to remark on Mr. Carlyle's mode of treating this transaction. He is obliged fairly to give up his hero in it, and laugh at him. But he will not say that he is laughing. His usual tone about Cromwell goes on: only he laughs too. And the biographer equally tender to himself and to his hero, endeavours to save his own credit for shrewdness, and his hero's greatness too, by a critical addition made but not acknowledged. A

most grotesque mixture is the result. He exposes Cromwell, and shields him at once; applauds and sneers; takes care to show that he sees through him, and worships him as if he were quite innocent of seeing anything all the time. This is not straightforward. When a biographer is obliged to alter his tone, he ought to do it avowedly, and give his reason. The laugh at and adoration of the same person at the same time, compose a hollow compound, the discordant ingredients in which must be detected immediately by a reader's taste. And transcendental admiration and sympathy have a palpably and obtrusively incongenial accompaniment in such a running comment as Mr. Carlyle's—a broken stream of slang which appears to be proceeding from a wild beast-show keeper, showing off the peculiarities and eccentricities of his favourite animal with more of hilarity than reverence: a comment which gives us at intervals, critical announcements, such as 'clearing his throat to get under way,' 'Sentence breaks down,' 'His Highness is plunging in deep brakes and imbroglios,' 'ironical laughter—' 'Draw me out,' 'I understood I was the young lady,' 'The young lady will and she will not,' 'Young lady now flings a little weight into the other scale,' adoration and encouragement going on all the while, 'ah!' 'well!' 'yes, your Highness!' 'Hear his Highness!' 'Poor Sovereign man!'

Such is the picture which Cromwell's Protectorate presents; a picture of a powerful and subtle mind at a stand still, unable to subdue the material it had to subdue. Cromwell could not bring the nation into order: it got the better of him; it would go on in its own way. That he would have been an efficient governor, if he could once have got the country with him, we do not doubt: but he could not do that. He was a successful governor prospectively, and hypothetically, not actually. Given the national position, he would carry it out; but he could not get the position. His administration, as it was, was successful as an executive, and as an executive only: where he had his own way he managed well; he mastered the mechanism of government, but he could not get possession of men's hearts or minds. The sphere of national sympathy was one above him. He had formed his own powerful army clique; he gained the executive of the country by means of that clique; and once in possession of the executive he ruled by its simple force. This was a wonderful exhibition of strength; but an exhibition of strength it was: he could force, he could not win men. His Protectorate thus presents a succession of acts of summary but impotent despotism. He could do nothing with his constitutionalizing parliaments but dissolve them: and that had no effect beyond the moment. He dissolved, he reassembled, he dissolved, he

reassembled again: all in vain. He had the physical power of amotion, and that was all: and he could transfer bodies out of the house, but could not control minds in it. The stiff republican of the army, which he half led, and half bowed to, was equally unmanageable. Old comrades could not bear him, and would not be coaxed. The fierce Fifth-Monarchy spirit was equally unmanageable. Cromwell benefited largely by his middle and comprehensive policy; and he suffered too. If he had got some hold over all parties, he had entire hold over none: and if he had forestalled antagonists, he had weakened friends. He was nobody's idol. He had committed himself to no party, and no party loved him: and the deference which each side payed to a power resulting from a connexion with all sides, was a cold and reluctant one. Moreover the loyalty of the nation at large had been only buried by late events, and not extinguished; the Royalist party was strong, though dormant, in the country; and the body of 'Neutrals and those who had deserted the cause,' as Cromwell calls those who had become tired of the rebellion and wanted the old family back again, was so great, that it was necessary by the enactment of stringent 'qualifications' to exclude them positively from all share in the representation of the country; and keep them down by literal act of parliament. A freely chosen parliament, one sent up by a constituency to which no excluding 'qualifications' were applied, the Protector boldly confesses in one of his speeches, 'would have delivered their cause into the hands of those who had deserted them, and were as neutrals;' would have set a royalist party 'in the saddle;' would have caused 'all the power to come into the hands of those who had very little affection' for him; and 'delivered the liberties of the nation into the hands of those who had never fought for them.' He confessed, *i. e.* that the nation at large, if it had been allowed to speak for itself, would have decided against the Revolutionists; that it had to be fairly coerced into its new liberties; and that if it could, it would have sent up a royalist parliament. The nation had to be coerced then, and it was coerced. An iron insulated executive kept the country down by its official machinery, and its standing army: it allowed neither parliament nor people to speak; and existed by pure force, amid a nation which it could not convert or reconcile. It had an artificial position which was sure to go when Cromwell went. So far from the restoration being an artificial movement, its postponement was artificial. The nation was ready and waiting: and slid into it naturally as soon as Cromwell had gone, but he stopped it now. The will which had forced a rebellious position upon the nation, sustained it against the nation; and by one huge continuous effort, kept off the inevitable reaction. But it

was an effort, and it was a struggle with the natural course of events. Cromwell's government was one working against the grain; a succession of jars, collisions, sudden checks, and dead locks; gagging all wills, gaining none; silencing opponents, and not establishing itself.

The reader has now a rough outline of Cromwell's career before him; it remains to draw the conclusion from it, and form a judgment of the man. We are aware, we have anticipated this judgment, in remarks that we have at times made. It is quite impossible indeed for any one who uses the recognised historical language about Cromwell not to judge him, in the act of describing him; for history has passed its sentence. Nevertheless we wish to regard the facts before us, as much as possible, as simple data and no more.

Mr. Carlyle has a very simple answer to the question, whether Cromwell was a hypocrite or not; one much more simple, in our opinion, than acute. He has the most unbounded, impetuous, jubilant confidence in him; he enjoys the undisturbed luxury of infantine security and primæval faith, with respect to his biographical subject matter. Whatever Cromwell does is great, pure, splendid; if Cromwell does it that is enough: it springs from the depths and the eternities: not a breath must be heard, not a look endured, against it. Whatever Cromwell has done, is doing, or may be about to do, must all be submissively swallowed; and the reader must have a positive belief in him, as if he were some divine principle out of which nothing but what was admirable could proceed. Whatever shape it assumes, the divine reality is the same; and all the issues of the ever involving problem simply present themselves to be admitted, upon a law of mathematical necessity. The biographer attends obsequiously on his hero, and changes as he changes. When Cromwell thought a thing, it was right; when he ceases to think it, it is not right. Mr. Carlyle has an unqualified contempt for ceremonial so long as Cromwell is a plain republican; but when Cromwell has state coaches, lifeguards, lacqueys, and pages, Mr. Carlyle has then a word to say for 'due ceremonial and decent observance.' A dirty shirt was heroic when Cromwell wore one: a gold hatband and velvet are not unheroic when Cromwell becomes a neat dresser. Revolutionism was exalted when Cromwell was empty; when Cromwell is satisfied, revolution has done enough. He is fierce and destructive with Cromwell: he talks very respectable conservatism with Cromwell too. The Calvinistic fury of army independency was heroic, while it was raising Cromwell; but when Cromwell has to turn from his elevation upon his elevators, and put his Calvinistic friends in jail, Mr. Carlyle performs the office of constable upon them. The religious enthusiasm of a

former stage, is the 'Anabaptist Sansculottism of a latter;' and the 'lightning and splendour' of the army preacher, becomes fuliginous, sooty, and smoky, as soon as it darts upon the Protector. He does not explain these variations: the one fact of Cromwell explains all. With an overbearing and somewhat childish exultation he brandishes his fact; he thrusts his idol on our captured worship; he glories in a bravo demonstration of force, and rides triumphantly in the wake of the great man to whom he has appended himself. He attaches himself to his hero, like an affectionate but unreasoning animal. And Cromwell's dog, if the Lord Protector kept such a companion, never looked in his face more wistfully or licked his hands more confidently, or gambolled about him more exuberantly, than his biographer, in mind, does. He will hear no inferences, believe no facts against his hero: he will not say, why he will not hear, and why he will not believe. He has no reason. He is contented, he rejoices, he is delighted at having none. He is proud of being unreasonable; and having the O. C. instinct pure and unalloyed within him. Such is Mr. Carlyle's treatment of the question of Cromwell's character.

Farther, he does this upon a principle. He has a theory on the subject of great men, the benefit of which he appears to allow to all who can claim that character. He says, we have no right to be suspicious. 'The Vulpine sharpness which considers itself to be knowledge, and detects, is mistaken.' Great men must be trusted. It is ungenerous to suppose that they act upon inferior motives. For example: Cromwell is generally thought to have been influenced by a love of power; and there are signs, about him, to common eyes positively demonstrative of that motive. Mr. Carlyle takes immediately the high ground with this suspicion, and asks, with lofty simplicity, how such a man as Cromwell *could* love power? Flunkies and valets love power indeed, but Cromwell had far too deep, too genuine a mind to care for so poor a thing. 'Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be noticed by noisy crowds of people? God, his maker, already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice could make him other than he already was. Till his hair was grown grey, and life from the down hill slope was all soon to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter how it went,—he had been content to plough the ground and read his Bible. He, in his old days, could not support it any longer, without selling himself to falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with gilt papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old was there not in his life a weight of

' meaning, a terror and a splendour, as of heaven itself? His existence there as a man, set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, judgment, and eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought, or did. All his life lay begirt, as in a sea of nameless thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the prurient windbag above described, seems to be the poorest solecism. Such a man will say, "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is too much life in me already." . . . 'Power? Love of Power?' he asks, in another place; 'does "power" mean the faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being waited on by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, escorted by the flunkeyisms and most sweet voices,—I assure thee, it is not the Heaven of all, but only of many! Some born kings I myself have known, of stout natural limbs, who, in shoes of moderately good fit, found quiet *walking* handier; and crowned themselves almost too sufficiently, by putting on their own private hat, with some spoken or speechless, "God enable me to be king of what lies under this! For eternities lie under it, and Infinitudes,—and Heaven also and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or be for ever conquered by it, now while it is called to day!"'

Mr. Carlyle seems, from the tenor of these passages, to suppose that great men like in the first instance governing themselves: that they derive their principal and most genial satisfaction from that employment; preferring it to the conquest of cities, and to the vulgar grasp of political or territorial power:—that, however, in great emergencies, and when the cries of distressed human nature are heard, imploring their interference, they are sometimes induced to exchange that edifying and delightful work, for a more ordinary and material one; and that then reluctantly tearing themselves from the concerns of their internal empire, they are seen heading armies, and presiding over administrations. Under this happy conviction, the desire to go beneath the surface of a great man's professions and language, is put down as 'vulpine.' The 'vulpine intellect' is requested to absent itself from this department of observation. Greatness is not allowed to be probed. And a large and generous admiring swallow, and confiding instinct, supersede the operation of caution, inquiry, and discernment.

A tendency to this view, though not carried so far as Mr. Carlyle carries it, is observable in a popular line of thought

among us. There is a reaction from a cold age, and cynical schools, to a more generous and enthusiastic philosophy. An admiration of greatness is, so to speak, fashionable. It is considered to give the proper point of view, from which to look at human nature and character; and a great man, who has an historical position, meets with a very liberal and sympathetic reception. Is he a great man? is the question asked; and, if he is, without positively negating other considerations, there is a disposition to stop short there, and be content with that aspect of him. And greatness of the powerful and bold stamp, particularly if its power and boldness have an enthusiastic look, has become an especial favourite. Much pleasure is felt in this admiration, and the mind of the admirer seems to itself to be enlarging and expanding in sympathy with its object. Though the fact does not necessarily follow, the sensation is produced; and it is a stimulating and grateful one. The disposition to deal on generous and unconfined terms with Genius, is thus naturally encouraged; and the heroic sympathy advances, on a principle of internal progress and development. The mind wishes to be in harmony with the grand and the lofty, the large and the able, the splendid and the terrible, in the world of character; and in this congenial spirit embraces the phenomena of majesty, power, and genius, on their broad and ocular ground. It likes all strong developments of character: it takes to all forms of enthusiasm. An idea in fashion becomes, by an intelligible process, more or less unconsciously pedantic, and a too simple affection for greatness parades its favourite; and becomes unsuspicious, confiding, jubilant, and rather wearisome, on a theory somewhat like Mr. Carlyle's.

With this theory, then, of our author's, we cannot agree. A man who enters upon the field of character, dispossessed of the element of suspicion, holds a very simple, indeed, but a somewhat hazardous philosophy. Nor unless great men are examined, do we see hope of attaining to much satisfactory knowledge of them; for their characters are not always of crystalline transparency. Does Mr. Carlyle know, or does he forget that he is addressing this appeal of his to a world endowed with conscience, perception, experience; and very familiarly acquainted with the material of which its great man's virtue is often made? Do the developments of human character offer in his opinion no field for suspicion, because they are wonderful? And is there no such thing as evil working underneath a veil, and embodying itself in perplexing and delusive as well as plain, in great as well as little, forms?

If common sense were not against such a view, Christianity would be. A Christian is bound by his very creed to suspect

evil, and cannot release himself. What is his situation? He belongs to a world in which everything is fair-spoken and goes on under a guise of purity, and he knows for a positive truth that it is rotten to the core and impregnated with evil every where. His religion has brought evil to light in a way in which it never was before; it has shown its depth, subtlety, ubiquity; and a revelation, full of mercy on the one hand, is terrible in its exposure of the world's real state on the other. The Gospel fastens the sense of evil upon the mind; a Christian is enlightened, hardened, sharpened, as to evil; he sees it where others do not; his instinct is divinely strengthened: his eye is supernaturally keen; he has a spiritual insight, and senses exercised to discern; he has been made partaker of the wisdom of Him 'who knew what was in man;' and has been tempered by that word which 'is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Evil would escape his eye, but it cannot; it lurks in its hole, and he pursues it; it rolls itself in its folds, and he uncovers it; he drags it out to light, and shames it in himself and in others before the sun. Talk to others about 'trusting in man,' and tell others to suspect nothing, and 'detect' nothing; he is not to be so persuaded. Let those be deceived who think it glorious to be: his Bible condemns a 'fool.' He discredits his name and his creed if evil imposes on him. He owns the doctrine of original sin. That doctrine puts him necessarily on his guard against appearances, sustains his apprehension under perplexity, and prepares him for recognizing anywhere what he knows to be everywhere. In contrast with that tasteless generosity which likes the mixture of good and evil, he consolidates, by a keen process of discernment and separation, ever dividing the real from the unreal, the hard from the soft, in moral nature, a true, pure, impenetrable, and immortal good. Mr. Carlyle's semi-paganism has not this keen perception of evil; he does not see it as Christianity has revealed it; and therefore he does not understand its ways. Pagan genius has richness and fertility; Christian common sense is acute. The clear hardness of the spiritual faculty cuts through the medium which stops the earthly one. The pagan mind exposes itself in the department of character. With all its rush and gushing strength, it has a soft and weak attitude towards evil; it is not shrewd, and allows itself to be imposed on and blinded by a veil of material sublimity and expansion.

When Mr. Carlyle, then, shelters such a career as Cromwell's under an indefinite irresponsible grandeur, and forbids all little men who have not subverted constitutions, the presumption of inspecting him; when he throws a colossal greatness in our teeth

to shame suspicion, and put inquiry out of countenance; the *argumentum ad verecundiam* speaks very ineffectually either to common-sense or Christianity. They are familiar with that veil of hypocrisy under which human nature covers itself. 'The 'history of all ages, and all countries,' says Bishop Butler, 'will 'show what has been really going forward over the face of the 'earth to have been very different from what has been always pretended.' Conventional form and usage politely attribute absolute disinterestedness to all members of the social body. At public meetings where speeches are made, and public dinners where toasts are drunk, an apotheosis of human nature goes on; large rooms are supposed to be crowded with virtue, and an unimpeachable magnanimity is assigned to persons in general. Society has current dicta about itself. There are standing allusions to virtue, which everybody supposes to be true, and everybody knows to be false. All political men, as such, suppose themselves to act from pure patriotism, generosity, and public spirit, in the career they pursue, and to regard as trifling the personal advantages of fame or station which accompany it. And these conventional illusions take an extravagant leap, and reach a climax of audacity in a revolutionary movement. There the successful man clutches a world as his prize, and claims transcendental generosity as his motive. He did not care for power or importance; he did not want station or dignity; the throne, the chair of state, came of themselves, and he had them because he could not help having them; but they were wholly external to his mind, and did not touch the simplicity of his motives. Thus the very largeness of the object protects the designer, and earth's pride, because it comes as one great whole, passes off as disinterestedness. Greatness does not care for itself, according to the world's conventional, and Mr. Carlyle's real sentimentalism. But everybody knows that it does, and it is absurd to deny it.

Nor will common-sense again yield for a moment to that puffy or that mawkish bombast which on the behalf of great men is always ready to come forward and despise 'baubles,' and 'trifles,' and 'glitter,' 'show,' and 'toys.' Genius does not value baubles, is the watch-word. But genius does value them. Genius relishes them extremely, and it does so on a natural and necessary principle. Let it be granted that a great worldly genius does at first pursue a greatness of a more ideal nature, and goes through fire and strife for an abstraction. An idea, however, may be just as selfish as a solidity. If his idea be so, it will embody itself, sooner or later, in an outward form suitable to its temper: and it will then have to betake itself to baubles. Baubles are the legitimate development and expression of that idea of greatness on which a worldly genius dwells; if power, as such, is relished,

its images please. The great man's mind is itself the vivifying principle and soul of the sphere of pomp and circumstance which it has gathered around it, and a whole world of state expresses the swell and expansion of the internal and imaginative self. Nice distinctions are irrelevant; if a certain greatness is relished, its soul and its body, essence and circumstance, power, baubles, and all, are swallowed;—all make one, and one highly-relished whole. We can raise a smile without a difficulty at the world's little great man, but are we quite sure that the reason why we cannot smile at the great one is, that he does not deserve it, and not rather that we are not high enough to do it? The burden of earth lies heavy upon us; this vast overshadowing system oppresses the clear spirit in our minds, clogs its vision, and chokes its liveliness. We let ourselves be overpowered, and sink underneath the vastness of space and the majesty of matter. The ambition that advances on a large scale is altered not in quantity only, but even in quality, to us, by the largeness of its field of action; intellectual power intimately mingles with and protects the moral weakness; and the latter is not despised on account of its companion. We see the weakness, however, still, the essential littleness, the look to self, going on underneath these great activities, and mixing with this subtle intellectual world. We see the earthly genius, soothed and titillated by the materialism of power, its sensualities and machinery of flattery; we see intellect mingling with flesh, loving the world's paint and varnish, and embracing its own kindred dust and rottenness.

Cromwell's wonderful shadowy mind was an ambitious one. He pursued power with a keen eye, through fields of blood and struggles of diplomacy; he 'slew a man' to get it, and he relished it when he got it. He had the deep excitement of the pursuit, and the superficial one of the enjoyment: and the cold, iron, and ascetic abstraction that led him on unwearied through his years of fighting and gloom, embodied itself, in the day of triumph and attainment, in the Protectorate. It then took to itself, naturally, a secular form of pomp and grandeur, and effloresced in ante-rooms and audiences, life-guards and gentlemen in waiting, lacqueys, pages, and state coaches. Guilty greatness became more respectable, but more vulgar, and fed upon solid terrene things; nor did the constant struggle necessary to keep up the position, negative the satisfaction of the position itself. Was it the aspiring wish of a religious enthusiast, or the respectable taste of the founder of a dynasty, that made him deliberately impose an entirely incapable son, only because he was his heir, as his successor, on the nation? Was there spiritual ardour, or secularity, there? Did he wish to establish the reign of justice, or to establish a family? What reason was there for leaving a son whom he knew was not fit to

govern as his successor, but the common secular wish which human nature has to create hereditary property and to build a house? Cromwell threw himself into the revolutionary temper when he had his way to make: he threw himself into the conservative temper when he had made it: he threw himself into the enthusiastic, he threw himself into the discreet, state of mind. Certainly, every day, as he went on, made him more conservative; and had he lived, and had entirely his way, we doubt not, in time he would have reconstructed the sober erection of legitimacy, of which he wanted to change the occupancy, rather than the basis. Judging from the tendencies he exhibited, he would have adopted, as indeed he actually did, much of the same policy which the present King of the French carries on. On the first decent and prudent opportunity, and as soon as the scruples of the army had abated, he would have got the crown. His sons would have been princes of the blood royal, with York and Kent dukedoms; his daughters princesses. He would have allied himself with those European houses who had no objection to the mesalliance, and he would have overlooked a little stain of popery, provided it discoloured some royal blood. He would have had no objection to a house of lords; none to an established church; none to a quiet and submissive episcopacy. He would have restored Church and King; only that the Church would have been Tillotson's and not Laud's, and the King would have been Cromwell and not Charles. These arrangements would have furnished much satisfaction in the management and the results; and, in due time, King Oliver I. would have left the crown to King Richard IV.

With respect to Mr. Carlyle's argument, that Cromwell could not have had an ambitious temper, because he was forty before he began his career; we do not see at all the force of it. Human character sometimes develops itself earlier and sometimes later: nor can any inference be drawn from the previous non-appearance of a symptom against its subsequent appearance. The affections of the human body are latent often for a considerable portion of a life; they then come out of their latent state, and appear in sensible form. It is the same with those of the mind. And it would be as absurd to argue that ambition could not operate at a later period, because it did not at an earlier, as it would be to assert that a man could not have a liver complaint at fifty, because he had not one at forty. The difficulty, moreover, if it is one, is not confined to instances alone, in which evil is the subject matter; but to cases good, bad, and indifferent, equally. All persons, of whatever character, who have pursued a great line, and done a great work, have begun them at some time or other of their lives; and this has been sometimes earlier,

and sometimes later. Sylla was forty before he entered on his ambitious career; till which time he had been little more than a literary loungeur, and a dissipated man of fashion in the Roman circles. Hildebrand's age was bordering on forty before he entered on his career, considered by many an ambitious one; till which time he had been a monk, fasting and praying, in the monastery of Clugni. Cromwell also was forty before he entered on his career; and had been till that time principally farming at St. Ives. On the other hand, Cæsar began his course early; Alexander was only thirty-two when he had finished his; Pompey was saluted *Imperator* at twenty-three; Charles V. was great at nineteen; and Mr. Pitt was prime minister at twenty-four. This difference sometimes can be accounted for by outward circumstances; and sometimes cannot. There is no reason to be given why Hildebrand, or why Sylla, could not have begun their great courses earlier; but we are not perplexed by the fact that they did not, and do not consider the late public appearance of their characters to negative them, when they do appear. And, after all, circumstances more or less explain the fact in Cromwell's case. Had he chosen to come forward irregularly and prematurely, he might doubtless have done so sooner. But he seems to have only followed the natural course of events in choosing his time; he seems, like many others, to have only delayed acting, because he waited for an opportunity, and not from any inherent disposition to quiet. He spoke, and created a sensation within the walls of parliament at the age of twenty-nine. He did not speak in parliament again for ten years, because there was no parliament to speak in. But he procured his return to the very next that was held; and the year 1640 saw him fairly embarked on his career.

Against such a view as this, the appearances of sincerity and reality which Cromwell shows may be appealed to; and it may be said, these evidently are not a mere outside: these feelings and emotions are really felt by the man: he was therefore in earnest, and could not have been interested or selfish.

Mr. Carlyle, on this subject, has one, and one only, very superficial argument, which he hacks to the end of the chapter. He says Cromwell was not a stage actor, a street impostor, therefore he was a sincere and disinterested man. But there is no occasion whatever to take this alternative. Will it be admitted that a deep mind can be hypocritical as well as a shallow one? If it is, it follows that more than one kind of hypocrisy will exist in the world. A deep mind must, by its own nature, live in deeper water than a shallow one. It cannot bear simple superficiality; its very machinery must be as native, and its very art as akin to instinct as it can be; its source of action must be as subterranean,

and its design as unconscious, as it is possible. Some minds can have real sensations, and consciously direct them, curb or spur being used, as occasion requires: the intellectual faculty in them, can use the material which pathetic nature supplies; and the man himself be half in, and half out of, his own feelings. There is a power of keeping the inward eye shut or open; of seeing and not seeing at once; of raising instinct upon purpose, and sustaining nature upon art. The brazen hypocrisy which simply falsifies, and says what it does not think, can hardly, *ipso facto*, be the hypocrisy of a deep mind. A coarse impudent outside tells its tale, and persuades nobody that is worth persuading. The secret of impressing, is being impressed; the power of feeling makes others feel; and what is assumed effectually must be assumed within. The old question of the compatibility of imposture with enthusiasm may now be considered settled. The world does not go on living for nothing; human nature gets to know itself better, as human nature is longer before its own eye. The laws of matter and of mind become more understood, as the world goes on; and what was a strange fragmentary phenomenon one day, is the chartered and systematized one of the next. A fact, very wonderful in its nature, has ceased to offer any difficulty, as a fact. The combination of enthusiasm and selfishness may have been strange once, but it is no longer so now; it is a thing seen, known, and counted on. It is an observed thing, and it has taken its place among the other facts belonging to the natural history of the human mind. The diseases of the human body are strange wild phenomena, when they first make their appearance in the world; but they become, in course of time, subjects of ordinary observation, and of scientific treatment and analysis. It is the same with the department of the human mind. Curious complex developments appear in it; they puzzle the world at first, and are not understood; but afterwards they become recognised classified facts, and come under scientific examination. The experience of the world, indeed, like that of legal courts, has attained such a formal certainty here, that, on that very account, its view is now considered obsolete by some; and promiscuous enthusiasm has become the idol of a new philosophy. But this will not do. The subtle combinations in human character, when once observed, keep their place as facts; just as the discoveries of astronomy and chemistry do. And therefore it may be considered certain, now, that hypocrisy may exist in a deep mind: that, if it does, it will be a deep kind of hypocrisy; and that a deep kind of hypocrisy will be original and versatile, and naturally combine with the feeling, sentiment, emotion, and whole pathetic nature of the man.

But Cromwell was not only an enthusiast, but a religious enthusiast. He had the religious sense strongly. Religious thoughts

ran through his mind; religious shadows and images haunted him; religious feelings mingled with his whole career. And what if they did? The religious sense, viewed as the simple apprehension of a spiritual world, is in itself no preservative whatever against moral obliquity. The term religion stands for two distinct things. It both stands for the ethical thing so called, *i. e.* a proper state of religious habits and affections; and also stands for the intellectual or metaphysical thing so called, *i. e.* the sense of, or belief in, the fact of a spiritual and invisible world. Spirituality and invisibility are not in themselves ethical, but metaphysical ideas; and the sense of a world spiritual is no more an ethical sense in itself, than the sight of a world visible is. As supplying then an ethical, and as supplying a simply spiritual, world to our minds, as making us act and feel in a particular way, and as impressing upon us with more or less intensity and liveliness the fact of the invisible, religion has a very different character and power. A spiritual world, over and above this visible one, is a most important addition to our idea of the universe, and enlarges our mental prospect; but it does not of itself touch our moral nature. It leaves us, on that head, where it finds us. The moral effect of a spiritual world upon us, depends entirely upon what we make that world to be: and what we make that world to be, depends upon our own ethical standard and perceptions. The Mahometan, the Scandinavian, the Indian paradises, were all invisible worlds to their believers, but they did not improve their morality, because they were themselves the creations of it. The world invisible is the enlargement of the internal world of our own minds; it carries out the feelings and wishes which our own moral nature has previously formed; and is appealed to as the partisan or patron of that cause, good or bad, to which our state of mind has committed us. The savage sees his own passion for revenge represented on the Almighty throne; revenge is his honour and duty, and the spiritual world sympathises with him in it. And the puritan had his invisible world too, fighting with him and around him; he had his deliverances, mercies, providences, and dispensations. He talked and thought much about invisible things. But that was neither one thing nor another in itself; he talked and he thought much about *his own* invisible. We must not confound the ever so lively cognizance of spirituality and simple invisibility with ethical religion, as if a man must be ethically religious, who has much of the notion of invisibility in his head. He may have a perpetual notion in his head of a world invisible; it may always be hovering over him, overshadowing him, running in his thoughts; without interference with his ethical standard, or any check to his will.

The invisible world which attended Cromwell on his course,

was not a world which interfered with his designs, or chastened or corrected his motives. It was a world which was the partisan of Puritanism, whatever Puritanism did: and therefore, as a Puritan, it necessarily never came into collision with him; it not only let him do what he liked, but urged him vehemently to do it, and covered him with praises for it, when it was done. Still less did he come into collision with it as a man of the world and statesman. In that region his subtlety could half believe, and half use its instigations; and keep him within it, and without it; sustaining it, and sustained by it. A deep political aim penetrated through this spiritual atmosphere; the mercurial world flattered the mind that controlled it; and his religion mingled Proteus-like with dark political plot, and selfish labyrinthal diplomacy. Cromwell had a natural turn for the invisible; he thought of the invisible till he died: but the cloudy arch only canopied a field of human aim and will. It is not every religion that can subdue earth: an inferior religion is led captive, and attaches herself to earth's train, continuing all the time a sort of religion. There is the high and the low spiritual. The low spiritual mixes very well with the earthly, and produces an ambitious, ominous, preaching and plotting, cloudily fanatic, and solidly terrene soul of a Lord-General and Protector.

To bring these remarks then to a head.—The hypocrites of the New Testament, says Bishop Butler, are sometimes called so 'not all upon account of any insincerity towards men, but 'merely upon account of their insincerity towards God, and 'their own consciences. For they were not men, he adds, 'who without any belief at all of religion, put on the appearance of it only in order to deceive the world: on the contrary, 'they believed their religion, and were zealous in it. But their 'religion which they believed and were zealous in, was in its 'nature hypocritical: for it was the form, not the reality: it 'allowed them in immoral practices, and indeed, was itself in 'some respects immoral. . . . By some *force*, some *energy* of 'delusion, they believed a lie.' Such is the example to which that great philosophic mind goes to illustrate the religion of the consummators of the great rebellion. He compares them with the Pharisees: and he applies to them with severe and considerate precision, the same name which the Bible gives to those enemies of our Lord, in the same sense in which the Bible applies it. He says of their consummating act—and let the sentence be attended to, for though a very short, it is a very weighty one—'No age can show an example of hypocrisy parallel to this.' Butler is not a person to judge of any events or any men, upon mere party feeling, or off-hand presumption. He is not a man who says strong or sharp things,

when they are not called for; who wishes to sting, and aims at point, and scatters censure heedlessly: he is no vulgar satirist, no hasty judge. If ever mortal mind enjoyed a freedom from the common hurries and confusions which attend human opinion, it was his: if ever man was truly great as a thinker, calm, considerate, imperturbable, sublimely dispassionate, it was he. And the sermon on the Great Rebellion, to which we are referring, exemplifies this temper. He does not take there the simple popular view of Puritanism: he enters esoterically into its character, comes into real solid mental contact with it, and turns it over as a form of religion, in his thoughts; before he speaks of its public acts. Moreover, he was not likely, as a man of general information, to be ignorant of its history: certainly the most unlikely man that ever lived, to be ignorant of it, if he wrote about it. He thus does justice and allows full weight to the religious professions of the Puritan leaders: he thinks them religious men in a sense. And upon a review of history, conducted in harmony with his own deep contemplative knowledge of the operations of man's mind and will, he decides, that their religion was in its nature hypocritical, and their zeal an immoral one. Begging therefore to confront Mr. Carlyle with Butler, we feel ourselves under the authority of so great a religious and philosophical name, simply performing an act of judicial morality, in applying to Cromwell the name of hypocrite.

The character of Cromwell is a vast and wonderful, but an uninteresting, unlovely one. He appeared first before us, in this sketch, as *the* regicide, the one man at whose door the murder of Charles lay. The eye, as it analyzed events, and disengaged realities from their cumbrous foreground, saw Charles and Cromwell standing alone in that scene. A mercurial subtlety then accompanied an audacious self-will; and Cromwell to the historical eye is one soluble whole; spreading everywhere like water in the political world, coming up everywhere; insinuating himself into all interests, all parties. With a perpetual flux and reflux he flows from, he absorbs into his own centre. He is the genius, the *anima mundi* of the Great Rebellion; he pervades its movements, shapes its course; he inhabits it: he is its god; and the ubiquity of a deep mind occupies and sways the vast tumultuous world of matter and will. But Cromwell exhibits this character without those fine additions and sets-off, which, though not redeeming it, (a thing impossible,) have sometimes thrown a pictorial and refining light upon it, in the case of other men. Subtlety and blood have not seldom contrived to be fascinating; and the great, though guilty mind, has won a tragic interest, and raised a morbid sympathy. Cromwell's does not.

He had subtlety without refinement: he was a coarse man. The inbred grace of humanity, which a mysterious providence sometimes allows in this mixed world, to adorn evil, was not granted to him. We see not the form divine, of either body or mind: that noble, outward cast of feeling, and shape of soul, which sometimes cover the evil man, are wanting. He does not attract, or tempt, or win us. He appeals to no forbidden human sympathies, which will often move and stir within us, even when we feel we should suppress them. We do not see our nature even externally represented in him: he does not look like man divine; he raises no regret that he was not what he was; or recall us to any fancied original, over whose stains and pollutions we are ready to weep. We have no weak sighs, no longings, no supposings over him. The powerful movements, the cavernous involutions of his vast mind, seem almost like the operations of some mighty bestial intellect, which appears upon earth to domineer over weaker humanity, and master a higher nature than its own. We see the huge, ponderous strength, as if of some prodigious and unearthly animal. We see a coarse, and not a high strength. We do not bow to it. The dragon of old romance is great in his way, but his scales repel us: we look in wonder at him, but we do not touch: he is mighty, but he is unseemly; he is tremendous, but he is vile. Human nature stands disarmed and weak before him; but still feels that after all she is lofty, and he is low; she is human, and he bestial. The intellectual developments of fallen manhood do not always raise it. Natural subtlety is often animal-like. Coarse intellect is akin to matter. Brute genius appeared very early in the world, and received its sentence;—‘on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.’ It has deceived and triumphed over man at times from the beginning, and will do so to the end. But it is essentially low, notwithstanding its successes; its mysterious powers do not exalt it; and it preserves its family relationship to the dust of the earth, and to the beasts of the field. True, high, and consoling thought it is, not strange, however elevating, but the familiar philosophy of every religious mind;—that the weakest, most helpless, most ignorant goodness has by the most absolute right of simple essence, by the mere fact that it is itself, a superiority royal, and fixed as fate over such greatness; that it looks down from the height ineffable of another nature, from the heaven, and the heaven of heavens upon it: that innocence, if really such, is the imperial quality, and must enjoy an ultimate dominion; that strength and majesty, eternal height, tranquillity, belong by nature to it; and that to it the prophecy is spoken, ‘Upon the lion and adder shalt thou go; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.’

- ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of HENRY ALFORD.* London: Burns.
2. *Poems by THOMAS HOOD.* London: Moxon.
3. *Bells and Pomegranates.* By ROBERT BROWNING, *Author of 'Paracelsus.'* London: Moxon.
4. *The Baron's Yule Feast.* By THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist. London: How.
5. *Ballad Romance.* By R. H. HORNE. Ollier.

EVERY one knows what is meant when a poet or composer is said to be popular. And yet the arts of popularity are proverbially special and varying; and its theory has less of admitted and settled principle than even the higher and more elementary doctrines of metaphysics. A poem does not live upon men's lips and mingle with their life because they approve of its principles; or, else 'Young's Night Thoughts' and 'Hayley's Triumphs of Temper,' might attain a predominance unknown to them. Nor is uniform and sustained excellence a guarantee for popularity. Grant that a poet is popular, and we rather thank him for falling, every now and then, below himself. Such intervals give us time to understand, and strength to follow him. Mere appeals again to our temporary and casual feelings can produce no more than a transient and fitful popularity. Partisanship gets cool before we know that its fuel is beginning to waste; and its fire and eagerness go in search of some other object of interest; leaving it, may be around its former idol, a kind of languid reminiscence of feeling. The work is still idolized, but by fewer votaries than before. Lastly, to write for a 'select few' is no unfailing warrant that our purpose will be answered. It is not safe to write truth down to the capacities of a prepared and willing sympathy. There remains but one conclusion. Beauty alone can be the power which stirs all hearts, without addressing itself to any medium of particular interest. Beauty, then, in its most refined and abstract generality, (and not mere pleasurable-ness,) is the most far reaching of all claims to the approval and sympathy of our kind.

A few instances may serve to show that this distinction is acknowledged, even by the very authors who would cry out against it as 'transcendental,' if it were nakedly put before them. A 'cheap bread' song, then, is not accounted beautiful, because it stirs all the pulses of a crowded city. Nor need the words of 'Rule Britannia' be so esteemed by a critical taste, on the ground that our English hearts have, one and all, a seaward aspect, like the seats in the Pnyx of old. A yet wider and more universal chord is struck by such poetry as the patriotic parts of

Mr. Macauley's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Yet the peculiar stirring pleasure which they afford us, is surely distinguishable from a sense of *beauty*. The flashing light of their indignant patriotism is not the 'useful brightness' which lights our hearths. For the interest begins and ends with the strong remedial feelings which are there set down so forcibly. But true poetry, on the other hand, must have more of ourselves in it, than even the most perennial of our outward relations. A last instance shall serve to generalize all those which have gone before. Though we had assurance then that all the human race should admire a certain page of Shakspeare or Shelley, yet this would not assure us of its beauty, if we likewise knew that they approved it because of some outward and accidental circumstance purposely made common to them all. Therefore the interest, whatever it is, must be merely *human*: founded that is upon no circumstances, no relations, no accidents of our own, but inward, elementary, and constitutive. We may love a thing for the good that it will do us; and this a love of expediency. Or for its good qualities which we see and appreciate, but goodness is not convertible with beauty. Our sense of beauty begins when our knowledge of things is completed, or at its point of failure; and it is a sense indeed, as direct and unreasoning as the skill of Aboliah. And if we have succeeded in disengaging its object from all association of interest, as well as from all notions of combined and ordered qualities, we shall be prepared to receive the truth, that our knowledge of it must be derived, not from examination of its crystalline fragments dispersed throughout the universe, but from contemplation of the unity, simplicity, and goodness of the Divine nature.

This, then, is familiar as well as solemn truth; and, like all such truths, the *στυλοὶ ποδῆραις* of our life and being here, it gains in manifold fertility of application from the very abstract character which would seem to make it unpractical. Nay, does not the very failure of empirical methods invite us to derive our rules for the production of beauty from the universal laws of mind? Who ever could work upon a large scale in any of the fine arts, by means of the fragmentary axioms which Burke lays down? Who can found any principle upon the multifarious physical, moral, and intellectual antecedents and associations which he ranges, side by side, with no sign of pre-eminence in any? The absence of angles and cross lights, smoothness and softness, proportion, unity, intermittence, colour, surprise, association, &c. &c., come one after another, and in an easy and uninterrupted flow; agreeing only in this, that they are held to be, more or less, beautiful. By such theorizing as this, the next step is clearly laid down beforehand for a system of speculation

more legitimate and consistent indeed, but quite as unlikely to guide us to the truth. Either the beautiful in all these various instances is resolved into a limited number of associations, each possessing its own independent interest; or else the word 'beautiful' is set down in the philosophical vocabulary as one of the many which have drifted over and over again from their moorings, retaining somewhat of each separate meaning which they have, from time to time, possessed. In either case we lose much of the perpetual stay to reason which imagination is ordained to furnish. If it be untrue that

'irrespective of all names of kind
Is heavenly Beauty—spread along the earth
In all created things one and the same,'—*Alford*, ii. p. 29;

then vainly and untruly is moral goodness represented to us by the name, and through the attribute of loveliness. A notion so fleeting and illusive can have little to do with genuine wisdom or true philosophy.

Taking warning by the failure of such speculations as these, we will keep to the course already proposed. We have confessed our utter ignorance of all the causes of beauty, and will seek for nothing but the precepts which must, of necessity, be common to all art. Beauty, if seen by the very eyes of men, would make strange stirrings in all their hearts. But she sits alone in heaven; and will not unveil herself to be openly understood by us. And outward nature, as we have seen, can give no answer proportioned to our wants. Shut out then from heaven and earth alike, we must turn to ourselves and to our reason.

That man, then, is popular, who can make his truth and beauty familiar to many men. Now, if this general appreciation were a gift and nothing more, we should have nothing to do but to frame our thoughts by discipline, and then wait till the sunshine from heaven should come upon them, softening their roughness like the mountain tops at sunset. This, however, is not the whole of the truth, though its most important part. For popularity is likewise a duty, and must be achieved. As a duty, it must fall under the common laws of our nature; admitting that is of systematic pursuit, and containing an intellectual element. In other words, however subtle and intangible the very reality of beauty may be, it is yet most certain that it is found in inseparable connexion with certain types of intellect; and these admit of analysis, and may form the basis of a system. That which is beyond our view and inexpressible will find measure and register in its seen and expressed conditions, and may be dimly viewed in their light. Indeed, unless these conditions were, in some sense, within the scope of our knowledge and power, we

could in no sense be *responsible* for the beauty of our thoughts. Even the theory of beauty which we have been indicating would be little else than a snare, if not rightly and duly moderated by the reason. We want a theory of popularity, rules for the translation of thought, measures of allowable unreason, limitations of discreet economy. Now theories, measures, rules, and limitations result, one and all of them, from operations of the reason. Simple beauty we have considered to be an attribute of simple existence, (if, indeed, the two be not interchangeable;) and the highest beauty which our powers can discern, must therefore be correlative with our own highest existence, that is, with our own highest, and purest, and best proportioned reason. And its clearest title to the approval of all mankind, will be its expression according to purely rational, and therefore universal, laws.

Yet Imagination is the faculty to which we are apt most readily to ascribe the invention of beauty. It is so plainly independent of circumstances, and so clearly connected with the highest pleasures of our existence here, that it claims, as of right, this important place and function. But when we look more closely into its nature, we shall see that its peculiar and characteristic excellence is *fertility*, and nothing more. Its conceptions get less and less connected by order, in proportion as the reason is lulled to sleep; and beauty ceases, in the same degree, to be their nurse and handmaid. The nightmare, or the dream of remorse, is as good an evidence of mere imagination, as the 'sweet dreams' of Archbishop Laud, or the visions in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Just in proportion then as it conforms itself even in its most ardent and uncontrollable flights to the best interests of the reason, are we disposed to acknowledge that it is truly popular and truly beautiful.

The poetical functions and virtues of the reason cannot be different, on the whole, from those which it discharges elsewhere. Yet the subject matter will modify their application. Of pure and direct argumentation, for instance, there can be but little in poetry. Possibilities, analogies, examples, associations, hints, will all find ready admission among the grounds of a poetical belief. We do not quarrel, for instance, with the poet when he advocates our present laws in respect of bloodshedding on the ground of the

'beliefs, coiled serpent-like about
The adage on each tongue,'

rather than on any marshalled array of reasons. Only be it remarked that no shadow of persuasiveness even would attach to such reasoning unless its ground, though inconclusive, were true in itself. All poetical statements, then, must be ideally or actually true; and from this law poetry can claim no exemption

any more than history or mathematics. Poetry, then, is one vehicle of truth among many; and neither superior nor inferior to its fellows. In reasoning properly, so called, it is defective. Its peculiar resource and excellence must, therefore, be traced to its unrivalled power of *distinct* representation.

This is plain from one obvious reason, at least; namely, that distinctness saves the general reader a vast deal of trouble. But this is not the whole secret of its popularity. The philosopher, who wishes to classify, is content with some one great feature or property in each single object. Not so, the poet who has to touch the affections of mankind at large. The well-known property of affection is to circumscribe, and realize, and picture its objects. It delights, as metaphysicians would say, in intuitions rather than conceptions. This universal inclination is gratified by different writers in very different degrees; and mainly, by one of two intellectual methods. Either the whole idea is exhausted by an imaginative enumeration of particulars, as if one should light up the heavens by kindling stars one by one; so that

‘from a myriad stones costly, though small,
Is built the mansion of the blessed soul,’—*Alford*, ii. p. 86;

or else we take some mark, or hint, or character, whose shell-whisperings shall disclose all and more than all which we desire. Thus, Shakspeare by the quiet suggestiveness of his ‘temple-haunting martlets,’ seems to give a reality beforehand to the meekly borne faculties of the king, and to the deep ingratitude which awaits him. But the difficulty and rarity of this latter skill is obvious. The other constitutes the great charm of many modern writers, and among them Mr. Hood is conspicuous. It is much to be lamented that his wit and versatility should have been so much a burden to him as to seek relief in gloomy imagery. Still these are the most real of his imaginative poems, and therefore we will venture on some selections from them. First, then, from the ‘*Haunted House*,’ although extracts are inadequate to express the vividness of the entire conception.

.... ‘O’er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

‘The wren had built within the porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,
The rabbit made his burrow.

‘The rabbit wild and grey, that flitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished;
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished.

- ' The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."
- ' The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the waterhen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.
- ' The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water lily.
- ' No sound was heard, except from far away;
The ringing of the whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.
- ' But Echo never mocked the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden . . .
- ' The vine unpruned and the neglected peach
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.
- ' But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher,
In spite of gaps, that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.
- ' For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said, as plain as whisper in mine ear,
The place is haunted.'

Vol. i. pp. 43, *et seq.*

The whole poem is of considerable length; and we have chosen a continuous passage, instead of selecting stanzas for their force and energy. The remarkably musical flow of the rhymes, the simplicity of the metre, and the utter absence of all affected language, may be favourably contrasted with the character of somewhat parallel poems by Mr. Tennyson.

If it were a sin to copy Shakspeare, we must leave unmentioned Mr. Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' and, the 'Hero and Leander.' We do not mean that the latter poem owes anything to the malicious and unromantic suggestions of the satiric Beatrice. The point of comparison is with Shakspeare's minor poems, in which the thought circles, again and again, around an image, never weary of varying and reciprocating it. Before we proceed to our extract, it must be premised that Mr. Hood's mythology is not strictly that of *Musæus* or *Lempriere*. A mermaid seizes upon the youth in mid transit; and has,

naturally enough, no idea that the descent to her 'ocean floor' can, in any way, injure her prize. And the wailings are those of the spoiler; not of the widowed Hero.

- ' Now picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
 Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies;
 And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
 So she looks in at his uncovered eyes,
 And seeing all within so drear and dark,
 Her own bright soul dies in her, like a spark.
- ' Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
 Under the swoon of holy divination;
 And what had all surpassed her simple guess,
 She now resolves in this dark revelation;
 Death's very mystery—oblivious death
 Long sleep—deep night, and an entranced breath. . . .
- ' Oh, too dear knowledge! Oh, pernicious earning!
 Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page!
 Even now the sorrow of that deadly learning
 Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,
 And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth,
 By canker blights upon the bud of youth!
- ' For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
 So her cheeks' rose is perished by his sighs,
 And withers in the sickly breath of grief;
 Whilst unacquainted rheum bedews her eyes.
 Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt,
 From those young lids, now plentifully wept.
- ' Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
 Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
 In gross admixture with the baser brine,
 But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque;
 Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears.
 So, one maid's glory is another's tears.' . . .

It is true that Mr. Hood is a latitudinarian; and this gives him a most alarming advantage at starting over the poet who is working in behalf of a defined religious system; so far, that is, as popularity is concerned. Moreover, he seems to feel, so distinctly, the necessity of 'making out his position' unanswerably, that his merely ornamental and fantastic poems yet seem pale and dim, when compared with those of which our own living, energizing, many-coloured times, are the subject. How pleasantly he can set forth all the happy points of his gay and laughing nullifidianism, our readers will be soon convinced by some scraps from the 'Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire.' This, we are informed by his editors, is no more than the most humorous of Mr. Hood's thoughtful and serious poems; and they promise us two more volumes of 'the more thoughtful pieces among his poems of wit and humour.' Surely they must be nearer neigh-

bours than the lowest rewards and lowest punishments of Paley's imaginary scale.

' Gifted with noble tendency to climb,

Yet weak at the same time,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And, as the climate and the soil may grant;
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High-priest to Mumbo Jumbo. . . .

. . . . Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning, as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot—
While nature of herself, as if to trace,
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base
The blue significant Forget-me-not?
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope:—
"Look round," it whispered, "on that prospect rare,
"This vale so verdant, and those hills so blue;
"Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
"But" (how the simple legend pierced me through!)
"PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."—Vol. i. p. 102.

The last of these lines suggests to us, on a principle of contrast, one of the most remarkable of Mr. Hood's excellences; for it contains one among the very few instances in which he adopts anything like a *subjective* mode of expression. He is not apt to tell us how he feels at any sight or sound, but contents himself with tracing the image with all the distinctness in his power, and then leaves it to work upon the reader as it may. Moreover, he avoids most happily all appearance of removing his objects from their natural order and relation; and yet compels them to answer to his touch, and bear witness as he would have them. Other poets we have, who are more than his equals in their feeling for natural beauty, and whose command over language is not less complete. But then their thoughts often seem to descend upon outward nature, instead of arising out of it. They develop a world within themselves, and then look around, above, and below them, for points of association and expression. Their thoughts become insulated, and even disproportioned, because the images in which they are clothed are partial. A more subtle and complete study of nature is required, unless Poetry is to content itself with the '*notiones temere a rebus*

'abstractæ' which Philosophy has long ago repudiated. Even Mr. Coleridge did not neglect the making of poetical 'studies;' and often moulded his thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before his senses. Let the Christian poet wander with him, notebook in hand, 'among the yellow-red 'moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of Bent, to the first break 'or fall' of the stream, 'when its drops become audible, and it 'begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself 'built of the same dark squares which it sheltered; to the sheep-'fold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cot-'tage, and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, 'the village, the market town, the manufactories, and the sea-'port.' Thus, a humble and subdued commonplace will develop by degrees into an imagery complex enough to marry with all the forms and hues of inward thought and feeling.

One word upon Mr. Hood's minor poems, before we pass on. With those of greatest interest we confess ourselves dissatisfied. It is very hard to sympathize rightly and duly with the oppressed and unhappy. We may be rancorous and discontented in the cause of others, as well as in our own. If the princes of the earth will not give us ear, it seems natural and right to turn to the people, and make them judges and legislators for themselves. Thus a way is opened for the redress of prominent abuses, but a thousand unseen ties come asunder in the process. The 'Song of the Shirt' and other poems like it, are obnoxious to all these charges. Every labouring and inflexible line of them is *meant*, not for the rich oppressor, but for the poor oppressed. To them it is the very echo of their weary hours. Yet, with all their faults, these are stern and true pictures; and the note of warning which their popularity rings out, is one of deep and solemn import.

The work of Mr. Browning is published in the well-known cheap form which betokens an author sure of his admirers. Therefore it would be unseemly altogether to dismiss him without notice of his merits, though his offences are many and unpardonable. How much power he possesses of exciting real, living, human interest, our readers shall see from the following extract, taken from 'The Flight of the Duchess.'

'Now in this land, Gypsies meet you only,
After reaching all lands beside;
North they go, south they go, trooping or lonely,
And still as they travel far and wide
Catch they and keep now a trace here, a trace there,
That puts you in mind of a place here, a place there:
But with us, I believe, they rise out of the ground,
And nowhere else, I take it, are found,
With the earth-tint yet so freshly embrown'd;

Born, no doubt, like insects which breed on
 The very fruit they are meant to feed on.
 For the earth—not a use to which they don't turn it,
 The ore that grows in the mountain womb,
 Or the sand in the pits, like a honeycomb,
 They sift and soften it, bake and burn it—
 Whether they weld you, for instance, a snaffle
 With side-bars never a brute can baffle;
 Or a lock, that's a puzzle of wards within wards;
 Or if your colt's foot inclines to curve inwards,
 Horseshoes they'll hammer, which turn on a swivel,
 And won't allow the hoof to shrivel.
 Then they cast bells, like the shell of the winkle,
 That keep a stout heart in the ram with their tinkle:
 But the sand—they pinch and pound it like otters;
 Commend me to Gypsy glassmakers and potters!
 Glasses they'll blow you, crystal clear,
 Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear;
 As if in water one dropped and let die
 A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
 And that other sort, their cunning pride,
 With long white threads distinct inside,
 Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots, which dangle
 Loose such a length, and never tangle,
 Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
 And the cup-lily couches with all the white daughters.
 Such are the works they put their hand to,
 And the uses they turn and twist iron and sand to.'

Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, p. 15.

Truly said Aristotle, that in wandering one sees how man is akin to man. Mr. Browning resembles the noted Mr. Borrow, in his cosmopolitic sympathies, and in his power over the ways and thoughts of foreign lands. But as, on the one hand, he has no Bible Society mission to excuse his ravings about 'their Saints, their Priests, their Pope,' and the like,—so, on the other, he has none of the aversion to foreign vices to which that character must in some degree have pledged him. As his poems stand at present, there is not one of their small twenty-paged sections which can be read freely and without reserve. Would that he might be induced to supplant all his objectionable poems by such tales as that quoted above, and such children's stories as the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' We cannot refrain from an extract.

' Out of the houses the rats came tumbling;
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens:
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
 Followed the Piper for their lives
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary ;
 Which was, " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 " I heard a sound, as of scraping tripe,
 " And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 " Into a cider-press's gripe ;
 " And a moving away of pickletub-boards,
 " And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 " And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 " And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
 " And it seemed as if a voice
 " (Sweeter than by harp or psaltery
 " Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !
 " The world is grown one vast drysaltery ! " ' &c. &c.

With so much of the power commonly called dramatic, it is strange that Mr. Browning's professed dramas should fall so far short as they do of his other works in his own peculiar excellence. His historical plays cast little light upon the characters and the times which they profess to realize. The 'Blot in the Scutcheon' has been acted, it appears, with success, at a leading theatre; and though free from the intellectual faults of which we have been speaking, is yet false in sentiment, and questionable in morality.

Mr. Alford will hardly obtain, at our hands, the full attention which he deserves. But the reader will have noted that he and other poets of his school, have been in our thoughts all along. Their popularity, in fact, has by no means kept pace with their intrinsic merits. And this effect is not completely accounted for by unavoidable differences of subject matter: for Wordsworth and Keble are popular upon the whole. Heathen nature is not by any indispensable law, less interesting than the renewed creation. If the latter, then, is not always brought home to our common sympathies, it will probably be through defect in some one or more of those intellectual characters of beauty which have been drawn out as the secondary object of our paper. Its truth is clearly more exalted, and its reasoning more pure, than we can find elsewhere in the realms of poetry. In some way or other, then, the defect must lie in the direction of indistinctness.

The main poem of these two small volumes is the 'School of the Heart.' The author's design shall be told in his own words.

'Because the beauties of this nether world
 Are born, and live, and die, and their reward
 Is, that from them one particle of bliss
 Makes way into the life of higher things,
 Nourishing that whence nourishment may flow
 Up to the soul of man, the holy place
 Of this great natural temple. The small flower,

That was one favourite in the happy years
 Of childhood, in each scheme of riper days
 Hath borne its part; but it hath long ago
 Passed into earth, and laid its beauty by:
 And some that seem eternal—the dark hills
 And thickly timbered valleys, the great sea,
 The never-changing watchers of the sky,
 Are daily testimonies, by whose word
 Speaks the great Spirit to the soul of man.
 So that their place is finally assigned
 In universal being, and their rank
 Defined, and to what end they minister,
 And to that end how far.”—Vol. ii. p. 42.

First youthful love instructs the heart, which it fails to satisfy. It does not realize the glories of God's Church, nor can it give light and order to nature. The softening influence of repentance is the minister by which our hearts are opened to the various lessons of outward nature, and of sacred objects, places, and seasons;—to the teaching of sorrow, and to the analogies of death and resurrection. A ‘Lesson’ is devoted to each of these subjects. The person, to whom each in turn is addressed, remains the same throughout, but the more solemn and inward doctrine comes, we are given to understand, (p. 47,) late in time, and through more varied experience. All, from first to last, are seriously and sweetly taught.

The following beautiful and thoroughly popular stanzas are from an ‘Hymn to the Sea:’—

‘Thou and the earth, twin-sisters as they say,
 In the old time were fashioned in one day;

And therefore thou delightest evermore
 With her to lie and play
 The summer hours away,
 Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

‘She is a married matron long ago,
 With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
 Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
 Thy wild will is thine own,
 Thy sole and virgin throne—
 Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

‘Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
 Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld,
 His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim:
 He tells old tales again—
 He wearies of long pain:—

Thou art as at the first: thou journeyest not with him.’

Vol. i. p. 34.

We have only to add, that many of Mr. Alford's translated psalms and hymns are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty. His volumes will be in the hands of many of our readers, or we would have indulged in the pleasure of selection from these and from his sonnets. Let us take Psalm xlv. :—

' God is our refuge and our strength
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He,
Therefore we will not fear :

' Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be;
The very mountains carried forth
And cast into the sea :

' Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake :

' The Lord of Hosts our refuge is
When trouble's hour is near;
The God of Jacob is with us,
Therefore we will not fear.'

Vol. ii. p. 141.

Mr. Horne's 'Ballad Romances' have a certain kindly simplicity about them, although mixed up with somewhat incongruous imagery, and containing somewhat questionable matters of fact. The following is a specimen of King John's closing scene at Swineshead:—

' Your most illuminated word
And blessed crown—the abbot said,
Pressing one hand below his breast
And bowing towards the king his head—

' Must be obeyed; and I accept—
Though, by mine humbleness, unwilling,
The mitre—to you, sire, and God
My duty then fulfilling.

' That's well, very well, the king replied,
And here comes the abbot I name in your place;
Solemn old Luke—a monk without pride.' &c. &c. P. 110.

Rather different, perhaps, from the authentic convent-election to which Jocelin of Brakelond introduces us.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist is 'one of those great poets stamped by Nature's own hand,' 'coming near to Milton, and more nervous than Byron.' An utterer of 'melancholy oracles and sublime warnings;' 'reminding us most strongly of Dante and Milton, the former of whom he cannot have read;' 'wielding an intellect of mighty power, and an imagination of massive and beautiful proportions; combining in the range of both much of the sublimity of Milton, the spiritual metaphysics and golden imagery of Shelley, the wayward magnificence of Byron, with the solemn and deeply-toned power of our own Elliot.' Reader, thou must be worse than an infidel if these united testimonies of the 'Britannia,' the 'Sentinel,' the 'Kentish Independent,' and the 'Sheffield

Iris, gain not thy willing allegiance. Every one of these may be found, duly marshalled at the end of the 'Baron's Yule Feast.' But for an unwillingness to gainsay such authorities, we might have been inclined to think the poem in question a somewhat ridiculous collection of songs and stories, which are to owe their interest to the much-talked-of imprisonment. The only saving clause for our critical reputation is, that these liberal encomiums belong, in fact, to a work entitled the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' and not to the poem before us. Can Mr. Cooper lay his hand upon his heart and say, like his prototype, Hans Sachs, the cordwaining poet of Nuremburg, and stanch supporter of Luther under his early troubles, that in spite of his 'two folio volumes' of poetry, and his hymns which were a voice to all Germany, that he "never made a shoe the less, but 'has virtuously maintained a large family by the labour of his hands?' If not, there is something yet required to make him the credit to his mystery which he may become.

For good-humour's sake, we will end with a stirring ballad of Mr. Browning's, which brings us thoroughly back to Rembrandt and his Burgomaster:—

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I.

'I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sunk to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

'Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place—
I turned in my saddle and made the girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and daylight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

IV.

'At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river-headland its spray.

V.

' And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—even that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

VI.

' By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, ' Stay spur !
' Your Roos galloped bravely, the faults not in her,
' We'll remember at Aix,' for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

' So left were we galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
' Neath our feet broke the brittle white stubble like chaff,
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-spire sprang white,
And " gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

VIII.

' " How they'll greet us," and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And then was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

' Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

' And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.'

No. vii. p. 1.

ART. III.—*Venerabilis Bædæ Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, curâ ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D. *Hist. Ecclesiast. Prof. Reg. Oxon. E Typographeo Academico.* 1846.

A NEW edition of the '*Historia Ecclesiastica*' of Bede, in a separate form, has long been not only a *desideratum*, but a *vehementer efflagitatum*, by students of history. The ill-edited volume of Stevenson has for some time sold at double its published price, and Smith's has been unattainable at any.

It has at last appeared, and we are happy to be able to add, from a quarter from which it could least have been hoped for—the Clarendon Press at Oxford; for it is well known, we dare say, to most of our readers how the blighting spirit of party has for some time past operated to cramp, or almost to annihilate the usefulness of what, under a more liberal management, would be the most magnificent institution for the purposes of literary publication in Europe. It is not only that the greater part of its funds—funds arising from the monopoly of Bibles and Prayer-books, and the exemption from the paper duty, granted it by parliament—are diverted to meet the general expenses of the University—it is not this that we so much lament, though this is a grievous misapplication of revenue, as the spirit which restricts the nature of the volumes printed to impressions (not very correct) of German classics, or endless issues of third-rate controversial works, which would hopelessly cumber the floor of the warehouse, in company with the large paper Strabo of 1807, or the Raleigh of 1828—were it not that a forced sale is found for them as prize and exhibition books. Thus the resources of a Press, which is adequate, and which alone, in this country or elsewhere, is adequate to do for England what the Benedictines of S. Germain des Pres did for France, are frittered away on school and prize-books; and a most valuable amount of erudition and enthusiasm recently kindled in the University in the direction of Patristic and medieval literature is allowed to go to waste, or to find such desultory and limited employment as the generosity of individuals, or societies with narrow means, can supply. We trust we are not expressing ourselves on this subject in a peevish tone, and we are sure we are speaking in no captious spirit; if with some slight bitterness, it is what we cannot help feeling. We give credit to the gentlemen, the delegates, for good intentions, and, with this confidence, we beg to suggest to them whether their management of the great institution placed under their irresponsible control is not, to say the least, most impolitic. That glowing enthusiasm for Oxford, that affectionate love of

her localities, the inspiring associations connected with her famous names, and the entire and devout surrender of the mind to the academical system—in a word, the purifying influences of the *genius loci*, which has hitherto made more than half of the whole effect produced on the character of her youth, require to be sustained; and this is not the way to sustain them. The old filial piety towards Alma Mater is not encouraged by such a policy.

If those in authority really desired to retain in the loyal and hearty service of the Church and the University, those minds which are most susceptible of the temptation to forsake it, what more efficient instrument could be found for this purpose than that which the Clarendon Press would furnish? Instead of wasting long days in contriving new tests, and declaiming against disaffection and disloyalty, give to the unemployed talent which is now spending itself in speculation, or in unsatisfying and aimless reading, that healthy and steady occupation for which it is craving, and which you have it in your power to supply. There is a great demand for the fathers, for the schoolmen, for the English chroniclers, and mediæval literature of every kind. This is not confined to Oxford, or to the clergy, or to any one section of society—it is universal. The current is setting in in that direction, and though it carries along with it much that is frivolous, superficial, and pedantic, it yet receives its impulse from inmost and influential sources of thought. There is nothing in it essentially adverse to the Church of England. Were it encouraged instead of opposed, fostered instead of sneered at, it would become an engine of great power in her favour. It will find its way, and the only question is, whether it shall be directed by established authority, or violently force its own channels. Had a wise and enlightened policy prevailed in that University, we might have seen ere now the rise of a new Oxford school, which might have recalled, while it improved, the laborious research and solid erudition of the critical school of the 17th century. A complete S. Athanasius might have been brought out; S. Jerome, S. Basil, S. Gregory—what an inexhaustible field of labour, of the most rewarding kind, does not the thought of the present critical condition of the editions of these Fathers, and many besides, open to the eager student. For it is no detraction from the merit of the Benedictine editors to say, that their labours are capable, with the accumulated appliances of a century and a half, of very vast improvements. Their editions are the best that are to be had, only because there have been none at all since. But they are the best only according to the standard of the critical knowledge of their time. Mere reprints of the Benedictine editions are

therefore to be deprecated. Who would think now of a faithful reprint of Gale's Herodotus, Ducker's Thucydides, or Stanley's Æschylus? Yet each of these are probably, in point of critical skill, above the average of the great French recensions of the Fathers. Of Montfaucon it is well known that he was no scholar; and Mr. Field's judgment on him in this respect is not too severe, 'non modo critica divinatione nihil pollet, sed omnis Græcæ linguæ eruditionis omnino expers atque ignarus.'¹

Again, in the history of our own country, how much remains to do! A new Wilkins' Concilia, a better Monasticon, would singly require the united strength of many hands. To what quarter could we look for a uniform series of the Latin Chronicles from Asser down to Higden, but to the Clarendon Press? and who can cease to regret that its accumulated funds had not been dedicated to some such noble and patriotic enterprise, rather than been so wantonly squandered as they have been of late on the most frivolous and alien objects?

Of the book before us, we have great pleasure in being able to approve highly in several respects. In its outward form some very judicious arrangements have been adopted. The ordinary thick paper, excellent for folios, but producing when folded into 8vo, only clumsy, swollen, unsightliness, has given place to one of a quality adapted to the dimensions of the book—the old staring type is supplanted by one much smaller and more distinct; and thus while the volume gains considerably in neatness, the purchaser gains in price; and a quantity of letter-press, for which a bookseller must have charged sixteen shillings, is put into his hands at half the cost.

It would not perhaps be fair to extend criticism further, on a volume which comes before us under circumstances such as this. It has been undertaken with the object of supplying the Professor's Bede class with a volume somewhat more attainable in price, and more manageable in the lecture-room than Smith or Wheloc. Two or three years back, a stranger who might happen to be lounging in the neighbourhood of Tom Gate about one o'clock, might have seen these venerable folios making their way in the direction of the Professor's room, each in the embrace of the student who had succeeded in disinterring it from the dust and obscurity of the College Library. For such was the only resource of him who had not been lucky enough to secure the Historical Society's edition on its first publication. That the old complaint of the student, the 'exemplarium penuria,' should again become a practical one in the middle of the nineteenth century, was one of those capricious turns of events which seemed to revive before our eyes the old days of L. Valla or Erasmus, when

¹ Præfat. in Chrysost. Homil. in Matt.

the poor scholar had to sell his coat to buy a Greek grammar. It is highly to the honour of the Ecclesiastical History Professor, that he should have condescended to the humble but laborious task of supplying this deficiency. And here we are again reminded of olden time. For it was one of the chief uses of the teacher of those days, that he supplied the want of books. It was not merely to hear his comments, but mainly to hear the book commented on itself read, that the pupils frequented the schools. One copy, and that public property, furnished out a whole class. The Professor was the Lector or Prælector, and read it aloud paragraph by paragraph, accompanying it with the necessary explanation. And long since the invention of printing, while books were dear, and students' means limited, something of this sort was practised, in that the more bulky books of reference were furnished by the College, and lay in the tutor's room at certain hours of the week, to be there consulted by the pupils. Many a Constantine, a Stephens, or a Grævius in our College Libraries, bear testimony, in their thumb'd and greasy condition, to this having been the practice.

Had then this volume been a simple reprint, it could not have been otherwise than most welcome. But it is more than this. It is not only the most convenient, and the cheapest, but it is, we undertake to say, the best, edition of the *Historia Ecclesiastica*. We do not mean the best possible, but the best existing. In support of this assertion, a few words may be said to show the state of the text of Bede, and the materials existing for forming one.

It is evident that textual correctness stands on a very different footing, and ranks of very different importance in a medieval chronicler, and a Greek or Latin classic. A single word in a tragedian is like a brick in an arch, or a unit in a column of figures—only the right one will fit in its place. And even in a prose writer, the superior accuracy and nerve of the language gives an importance to the wording, which it does not possess in the rude and clumsy style of the Low Latin writers. But on the other hand, much greater discrepancies are usually found between different copies of the chroniclers, than is the case with the classics. For a chronicle was copied for use, as a compendium of history for reference—and as its value might be indefinitely increased by making it as copious as possible, it was common for a copyist to insert at the proper places, such additional facts as he himself had been able to ascertain. Sometimes whole letters, briefs, and other documents have been thus introduced. And many of the more popular chronicles, such as those of Florence of Worcester, Higden, or Marmarianus Scotus, have come in this way to differ so widely, that it is often difficult to assign them

to their right author. When an author indeed had, like Paris, attained a distinct reputation under his own name, or like Malmesbury, had written in a peculiar style, which was not easily imitable, he was in great measure secure from this process of adulteration. However, generally speaking, this will form the great object of an editor of these annalists to distinguish such later interpolations from the original text, and all minute collations of mere verbal differences will be in most cases a very unprofitable labour. This is the case with almost the whole of the various readings noted by Smith, and which Mr. Hussey has reprinted, with large additions of no greater value, in his edition.

For with respect to Bede, we approach as nearly as possible to possession of the author's autograph. And the case is curious, as showing how unfounded is the common assumption, on which textual editing proceeds, viz. that the autograph is the theoretical or supposed standard of perfection, and that the aim and object of a collation of MSS. is to obtain, or to approximate as nearly as possible to obtaining, what the author himself wrote.

In the Public Library at Cambridge is a MS. which (according to the testimony of those who have seen it) belongs to the 8th century; and if certain chronological notes at the end may be taken as evidence,¹ written in the year 737, two years after Bede's death, and only six years after the completion of the history itself. The history of this volume, 'Tam admirandæ vetustatis,' as Smith devoutly styles it, is curious. It is written in old Anglo-Saxon characters, and in a hand which bears a great resemblance to a copy of Pope Gregory's 'Pastorale,' transcribed in the monastery at Jarrow, by one Willebald, a deacon, (not the pilgrim of the same name,) between the years 731 and 740. Smith conjectures that very shortly after its execution the volume was carried into Gaul, for it is pointed and corrected in the Gallic hand of the 8th century, in the manner of one who had found some little difficulty in reading the Anglo-Saxon character. Besides this, there is a note at the end which seems to refer to Gregory the Third as Pope at the time. But Gregory III. died in 741. However, whether its visit to Gaul from its birthplace on the banks of the Tyne took place at so early a period of its long existence, or no, in France we find it at the peace of Ryswick, (1697,) when it travelled back to this country among other trophies of William's successes. It was now acquired by that father of modern bibliomaniacs, Moore, Bishop of Ely. We hope he came more honestly by it than he seems to have done by a very ancient

¹ Dr. Giles says these notes are in a somewhat later hand; but if written later than 737, how can they be accounted for?

MS. of the New Testament, which had been found immured in the wall of Loddington church, and had been lent by the rector of the parish to Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, for the purpose of showing it to Dr. Moore as a curiosity. But when application was made to Moore to return it, he declared that he had lost or mislaid it. It is true that in an extensive and miscellaneous collection nothing is more easy than to mislay a volume in all honesty and sincerity; and if this were the only instance¹ we should not be warranted in harbouring any sinister suspicions. But we happen to be told in another quarter² that one means by which the bishop recruited his library was 'by plundering the clergy of his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others only with *'Quid illiterati cum libris?'*' But perhaps the most decisive piece of evidence is the appearance of the *corpus delicti* itself, for there is the MS. of the New Testament at this very present time (it should seem) safe and sound among the rest of the bishop's books. But what matters it? He was a good Whig, but, above all, a sound Protestant, and he has accordingly descended to posterity in the pages of his brother of Salisbury with such eulogium on his virtues as his zeal for the Protestant succession had earned.³ But if the bishop came thus lightly by his treasures, he had no idea of lightly parting with them. He began to wish to convert his MSS. into Bank Actions or South Sea Stock, and was looking round for a purchaser. The most likely person in the kingdom was, of course, Harley; with him the bishop higgled some time, but the negotiation came to nothing; not, as it appears, because that nobleman demurred to the price asked, but because 'my very learned and reverend brother' wanted the money paid down before the books were delivered: a mode of dealing which Harley thought strange 'in so great and generous a patron of learning.' Finally, the whole lot, upwards of thirty thousand volumes, was purchased by George I. for six thousand guineas, (being two thousand less than the Earl of Oxford had offered,) and they formed that celebrated donation of George I. to the University of Cambridge, commemorated in a hundred *carmina comitalia, gratulatoria, triumphalia, Epicedia*, now forgotten; and in Sir W. Browne's never-to-be-forgotten retort to Trapp's (or Warton's?) epigram.

The MS. of the *Historia Ecclesiastica* in question, then, thus certainly of the eighth century, most probably coeval with the

¹ Bridges' Northamptonshire, ii. 45.

² Nicholls' Literary Anecdotes, ix. 612.

³ Burnet—*History of the Reformation*, iii. p. 46.

author, and presumably written under his immediate superintendence, at least within the walls of his own monastery, would, it might be imagined, render all collation superfluous. And it is indeed still a question whether it does not do this, even when the fact is made known that this Jarrow Codex is very far from correct, and that a *fac-simile* of it would exhibit a very incorrect edition. The truth is, that no MS. can be perfectly and purely correct: even with the printing-press it is well known how rare is an immaculate edition. But though the exactness with which some of the more celebrated MSS. of the Greek classics are executed is astonishing, still, books written by the hand must partake, more or less, of the imperfection of that process. And thus, though at first it may sound paradoxical, it is yet true, that the autograph itself, or the copy next the autograph, is often less likely to be correct than later copies which have had the advantage of revision by a careful and competent scribe. We have not seen Moore's MS., and therefore can only judge by the reports of others; but we throw out the hint whether, as the plan of literally copying the Jarrow Codex is now wisely abandoned, a correct (in the proper application of the term) text of Bede is not to be attained rather by ourselves making the alterations necessary, than by collating copies in which such corrections, where they have been made, have been, in fact, the independent improvements of the scribe on what he rightly regarded as a rough copy, and, where necessary, open to correction at pleasure. For example; in iii. 25, it is said that the manor bestowed on S. Wilfrid, at Ripon, was in extent 'quadraginta familiarum;' in v. 19, where the same account is repeated, the MS. has 'triginta.' If, then, what we have been urging be well founded, to collate the copies here, and to follow the most in number, or the most in value, in deciding which of these numbers is to stand, is labour thrown away; for by such a process we are getting, after all, but the conjectural emendations of editors and copyists; the discrepancy in question being presumably an oversight of the author, a discrepancy which, if we had any other source of information about the grant of land to Wilfrid's church, we might ourselves alter; but as we have not, we must be content in this instance to follow the Moore MS. in its manifest blunder. We are not professing to lay down the inutility of collation as a general rule, or to extend it to the case of the Classics; but even in these it is well known how frequently it happens that a majority of MSS. will coincide in a plausible reading, which, after all, an editor is obliged to consider as a scribe's correction, and that he has to choose between offering his own emendation, and the leaving in the text an unintelligible

reading. In this particular exercise of critical tact lies half the trial of an editor's fitness for his task.

Of the inutility of collation in this case Dr. Giles seems, for one, to be half convinced when he says,¹ 'I have referred to the MSS., but it is right to add, with very little advantage.' And yet he, very inconsistently with this admission, speaks of Commelin's text (in the Heidelberg *Britannicarum Rerum Scriptores*) as a high authority. But it can be none at all, unless it can be shown (what is infinitely improbable) that Commelin had before him a text independent of the Moore MS.

There are few volumes of equal antiquity, which present so few textual difficulties as the 'Hist. Ecclesiastica.' And though the margin of Mr. Hussey's edition presents a good harvest of 'Var. Lectt.,' not one in five hundred in the smallest degree affecting the sense, he has arrived, practically at least, it seems, after a painful collation, at the conclusion we have been advocating. He has reprinted the Moore text from Smith's edition, but correcting a few copyists' blunders which had crept into Smith, altering this only in places where it was manifestly erroneous, and these, he tells us, (in Latin more appropriate to the Editor of Bede than the Ireland Examiner) are but trifling.²

Thus much of Mr. Hussey's text. We proceed to speak of the notes. But a word, in passing, of Dr. Giles's edition. Two centuries had elapsed from the introduction of the art of printing, and eleven or twelve editions of the Hist. Eccles. Anglorum had appeared on the Continent before the first English one was produced. Four editions of the 'Opera' had also been given on the Continent (Paris, 1544, Basle, 1563, Cologne, 1612 and 1688,) and not one in Bede's own country, till the recent one which we owe to the enterprise and industry of Dr. Giles. On this, as on many other scores, Dr. Giles deserves our gratitude; and we hope that his services, so unworthily rejected by Oxford, may be secured, as we understand is in contemplation, for the continuation of the great work projected by the Record commission. But this must not blind us to the fact, that however noble his designs, the execution of his volumes is not, in general, such as either we, or we doubt not he, could wish. The very rapidity with which they are thrown off alone would preclude their being so, and we need do no more than count the fast-increasing family of reprints for which he stands responsible, to be sure, before opening them, that their texts, as well as more important things, must have suffered from editing at the pace of a short-hand reporter of *The Times*. And he must not be excused by the plea of seeking to satisfy the immediate demand

¹ Introduction, p. 19.

² 'Sed hæc sunt levia'—*Pref.*

for a useable book. For everything has been done, as though of design, to make the Bede as little of a popular edition as possible. Not only is it encumbered with a very clumsily given, and, as we have endeavoured to show, quite superfluous, collation of the Heidelberg and other editions; but its price is doubled, while its value is diminished, by the English version which accompanies it. This miserable plan is objectionable on much better ground than the mere deformity it creates in the eye of the scholar. It is an attempt to accommodate two different classes of readers, and the result is a whole, one half of which is superfluous to each. Those who can only read Bede in a translation, had much better read Palgrave or Lingard; but otherwise, let them, if they must, have the English by itself. But the cases are very rare of persons who are competent to use rightly the original historian, even in English, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Latin to dispense with a translation. And if there be any, in these palmy days of female historians, who have sufficient historical scholarship to appreciate an original authority, without sufficient critical scholarship to read that original in the Latin, we are obliged to warn them that they must not look for the close accuracy an historian demands, in Dr. Giles's translation, even in the amended one which accompanies the Latin text. We will give an instance: In v. 9, we find,

'Qui videlicet Columba nunc a nonnullis composito a Cella et Columba nomine Columbecelli vocatur.'

Dr. Giles, imagining that 'Columbecelli' must be the name of a place, and not of a person, and that the island of Y-columbkill, or Iona, was meant, alters this in his translation into

'Now Columba was the first teacher of Christianity to the Picts, and the founder of the monastery in the island of Hii, which is now by some called Columbkil, the name being compounded from Columb and Cell.'

The fact being, that S. Columba was familiarly called Columbkil, from the number of monasteries which he founded, not only those in Hii, but in Ireland before he came over.

The notes of this edition are also Smith's reprinted. A more judicious choice could not have been made, if choice there had been; for they are exactly what a learner wants: short, and always pertinent—explaining only real difficulties, and pointing out agreements or differences with other authorities. To these the present editor has added some in the same style. It is true we do not find in Smith the comprehensive erudition of some of the Benedictine annotators; his are the notes of a man who had worked carefully and diligently for this one book, rather than of one who had come to it at first with a full and already acquired knowledge of antiquity. Nor is this quality shewn in the Appen-

dices, in which he discourses at greater length some special points. This Appendix is omitted in the present edition; but we must venture to hope that it has not been laid aside for good, and that at some future time we may have a supplementary volume, in which some of the many interesting questions arising out of the History of Bede may be treated at length.

And indeed this is the form in which we would wish to see all books, classics especially included, now edited. Notes are apt to be at once too short and too long. Too short, because they undertake to do what they cannot possibly do within the most ample verge and room that can be allowed a foot-note, and are therefore obliged to do it defectively; too long, because they interfere with the text, and prevent eye and mind alike from gaining a continuous view and a firm hold of the author himself. If notes be admitted at all, they should be reduced as near as may be to the dimensions and character of such as a scholar would pencil for his own use on the margin. But we incline to think that the best system is that which has prevailed of late years in Germany, viz:—to banish all notes whatever from the page, and even from the volume, which contains the text, and to give in a separate shape, without the text, the necessary illustrative matter in the form of connected dissertations or excursuses. Some thirty or forty such treatises on the leading features of an author would convey more real information to the reader, and enable the writer to arrange his materials with much better effect than the foot-note system, with its straggling, piecemeal, and disjointed tediousness. It is very true that the recollection of the barren prolixity of some of the excursuses and diatribes with which we are familiar in some of the older classics may create a doubt as to the wisdom of this suggestion; but it must be replied, that this was the fault of the editors, not of the plan; they had exhausted their strength already in their commentary, and reserved nothing for their appendix but some dry verbal discussion, which was placed where it was just because it was not expected that anybody would care to read it. But let a competent editor, thoroughly at home in his author, select some of the leading points of view, the general principles, the key-notes; let him gather up the ends of those threads which guide a student to a great writer's inner meaning; and, putting them into our hand at once, follow out each of them at once fully, yet concisely, bringing together under each topic all the facts belonging to it which lie scattered through the pages of his text; and he would produce a book which might be at once the most useful introduction to the particular writer, and in itself an independent epitome, capable of being read through and used as a substantive and continuous work. Did such volumes exist, bearing upon

each of the great Greek and Latin classics, they might profitably be adopted in the higher classes at school and college as lecture and examination books.

The same method would be applicable, with even greater propriety, to middle-age chroniclers, in which mere textual difficulties are much fewer, and of so much less importance. When we enter on the perusal of Bede, *e. g.*, how many are the general questions on which we long to be able to interrogate some experienced guide! There is, first, the great problem of early British history,—the reconciliation of the Saxon with the British accounts; the discrepancy between which resembles in some measure that between Herodotus' and Ctesias' accounts of Persia; a problem this, the proper treatment of which would require a union of Anglo-Saxon with Welsh erudition, which has, perhaps, never yet been found in one and the same person; those who are competent in point of Anglo-Saxon knowledge being commonly deficient in point of Welsh; and the Welsh antiquaries having always approached the question as champions of the national honour, which they conceived staked on the issue. Again, a primary desideratum is a thorough analysis of the contexture of the '*Historia Ecclesiastica*,' or an inquiry '*de fontibus*,' for the purpose of showing on what different authorities the several portions of the history rest. In such an investigation it would be shown that the '*Historia Ecclesiastica*' is substantially a contemporary history. It is viewed in a false light when regarded as a regular ecclesiastical history, from the first preaching of Christianity in Britain down to the writer's own time; it is not even, strictly speaking, an Anglo-Saxon Church History; it is a history of Bede's own time, prefaced merely with a notice of the principal events of times foregone, by way of introduction. It is true, that this introduction occupies more than a third of the whole work; but then it extends over many centuries, while the sixty years of the author's life furnish the subject matter of the rest. But it is not the length, but the nature, of the contents which discriminate the two sections. The first or introductory portion is made up of extracts from Gildas, Orosius, from papal letters, acts of councils, and from the homilies or short lives of the saints and bishops of the young church, which were preserved in the monastery where each had lived and died. All this is given with the dryness of an annalist; and though it is true this early portion has an interest for us, because so little else is preserved of the period, yet this is accidental. It is the history from Theodore to the conclusion of the volume, that is properly *Bede*. (A. D. 669—732.) This period, or adding about ten years at either end, we may say a period of about eighty years, was in fact the splendid period of the Anglo-Saxon church: its true

halcyon days—short, indeed, but glorious. And it was precisely in this bright interval, between the successful establishment of Christianity on the ruins of paganism, and the imperfect faith of the Britons preceding it, and a long succeeding age of religious decay and civil distress, that Bede's lot was cast. 'Never,' says the historian, speaking of this period, 'since the arrival of the English in Britain had happier times been. The princes, at once valorous and Christian, held in awe all the barbarian tribes around; the inclinations of the people were surrendered wholly to the joyous news of the kingdom of heaven, so lately proclaimed to them; and their eagerness to be taught in the way of salvation was seconded by the presence of teachers fully able to instruct.' In this remote and comparatively barbarous land seemed revived, in the seventh century, the fervours of the first ages of the Gospel; kings and queens, nobles and warriors, secretly maintaining a hard life of temperance, continence, and bodily mortification, while they went through the duties, without yielding to the seductions, of life in the world, and then, after a few years, resigning all for a life of complete austerity and bodily toil in a monastery. A constellation of saints and holy men was the natural fruit of such a prevailing temper of piety; with a few exceptions, all the great names of the Anglo-Saxon church belong to this period;—opening with S. Cuthbert, and closing with Archbishop Egbert, it contains Theodore, Hadrian, Benedict Biscop, the two Chads, S. Boniface, S. Wilbrod with the other German missionaries, S. Etheldreda, S. Wilfrid, S. Columba, and Acca of Hexham, besides many others.

Not, indeed, that all was peace and harmony; far from it. There were wars, treasons, tumults, invasions, pestilences, without, and within the church much discord and strife—the perplexing cause of S. Wilfrid; jealousies on the part of the native bishops against Theodore; on his part, again, the necessity of sharp rebuke, and even deposition, of some of his suffragans; a still lurking and sullen resistance to the introduction of the Roman order, the paschal computation, and the tonsure. Still, with all this, (and when has the visible church been without some such jarring notes?) so genuine and fervent was the spirit of charity and devotion, that the tendency of the whole mass was towards union, sympathy, and Christian brotherhood, both among themselves and with the church universal.

And this brings us at once to point out what may be regarded as the characteristic excellence of Bede's History; for it must be confessed, that, in most of those qualities which raise our delight and admiration in many of the middle-age chroniclers,

¹ Hist. Eccl. iv. 3.

Bede will be found, on comparison, to be deficient. We do not, indeed, expect from an annalist of an early age any of that analysis of motive, that development of conflicting interests, or comprehensive views of human affairs, which we require of the philosophical historian of a civilized age. We are not complaining that Bede is not a Thucydides, but it must be still further admitted that he is not even a Froissart or an Herodotus. We encounter here no tales of wild adventure, romantic legend, headstrong passion; not even any stirring narratives of battles, sieges, and feats of arms, or graceful pictures of the pageants and ceremonies of peace. Nay, on a still lower standard of comparison, the monk of Jarrow has none of the sly and caustic shrewdness with which Matthew Paris detects self-interest or ambition under the hat of the cardinal, or the scapular of the Cistercian; none of the quaint humour, half-pedantic, half-poetical, with which Malmsbury perverts Virgilian phrase to portray the ferocity, grossness, and clumsy manœuvres of Norman tyrants. Even taking the writers to whom he approaches nearest, as in age, so in some other respects, Eginhard, or Gregory of Tours, in many things he is vastly their inferior. The parallel between Bede and the last-mentioned writer, as we have hinted in a former number,¹ is one which cannot fail to occur to every reader of both; they stand in the same relation to the histories of their respective countries;—both are the earliest, and, for the period they write of, almost the only, authority;—the fathers of French and English history respectively, though there is a century and a half between them. But observe the difference of their language. Bede's is the better Latin,—true; but it is such Latin as a correct school exercise is; there are no faults of grammar or idiom. Gregory's, on the other hand, is barely grammatical, standing thick with solecisms and barbarisms; not deserving to be called a style, but in meaning how vigorous and full! conveying in a single sentence, if sentence that can be called which has no construction, half a dozen different facts, which require as many paragraphs to state them in the paraphrase of ordinary modern language; it is, in short, the native idiom of a man unlettered, but tried in the emergencies of busy life; who knew nothing of composition as an art, but put on record what he had seen, done, and said: he writes badly a corrupt and debased, but still a living language. Bede, on the other hand, writes correctly in a dead one, for such, though the language of the cloister, was Latin to him. His style is accordingly prosaic, characterless, neither homely nor refined, neither rugged nor polished, but ordinary.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, January, 1845.

The same qualities, rather the absence of any stirring quality, mark the substance of his history. In fact, if apart from the veneration paid to the saint, we inquire on what intellectual gifts Bede's very high reputation has rested, we shall find that it rests less upon his history, or upon any one singly of his writings, than upon the fact of their being so universal in their scope. Bede is original in nothing. He has not written history in an original manner, he has not developed in metaphysics, like S. Anselm, or in theology, like Lanfranc. But he has treated on every subject,—theology, morals, physics, mathematics—that formed the object of attention in his own time. His works were written not for posterity, but for his contemporaries. And in this very respect he was quite as much the man of the age—the instrument of Providence in providing just the species of instruction required by his countrymen at the time, as is, in a more educated age, he who is commissioned to install by his life and writings a new idea in the hearts of a nation. To the Saxon mind in the seventh century the whole system of knowledge, partly secular, partly religious, which went in the train of the Church, and was familiar in Italy, Spain and France, was a novelty. It needed localizing among them, and putting in shape for them. They must first be brought up to the level of the rest of the Church, before they could go along with it in its never-ceasing onward path. This was the task that Bede's writings performed for England, and on this ground, rather than on any other, seems to rest his title of Doctor in the Universal Church. This character of Florilegist, or adapter of the sacred lore of the Church to the peculiar wants of his nation, is well seen in his Commentaries, which are almost wholly drawn from the great writers of the Western Church, SS. Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, and may in fact serve as a convenient abridgment of them.

Notwithstanding however the plainness of the style, and the bald matter-of-fact simplicity of the narrative, there is, as we have hinted, at least one quality of the '*Historia Ecclesiastica*' which must ever secure it an intrinsic interest in the thoughts of the Christian. This is its thoroughly practical character. A nation of strong feelings and ardent temperament is seen forsaking its idols, and turning, with all that enthusiasm which had been hitherto thrown into war and feudal strife, to worship the blessed Trinity, and to seek in the path of self-discipline the rewards opened to them by faith. They had more zeal than knowledge. They were like men feeling their way without the helps and guides which the experience of six centuries had stored up in the Church. Books were few indeed, and even those few not to be understood without an oral comment. The immediate

disciples of Augustine were few also, and the harvest was great. Thus every fresh comer from Rome was looked on as a centre of instruction, and imported some fresh light and help in the dim and obscure path. They listened with eager curiosity to the homilies of the Fathers, to the histories of the Saints and Martyrs—the ‘*exempla Patrum antiquorum*,’ to the rites, canons, musical chants which were brought to them from abroad. And this assuredly not to gratify any sickly literary appetite, or any of the adscititious tastes of civilization, but for practical assistance in what was the sober and earnest business of their lives, moral discipline. This was the ruling thought. When Higbald went out of Lincolnshire to visit his friend in Ireland, their conversation turned, ‘as befitted holy men, on the manner of life of the ancient Fathers,’ “*de vita priorum Patrum sermonem facerent, atque hanc æmulari gauderent.*”¹ Benedict Biscop, the founder of Wearmouth and Jarrow, could not do more beneficial service to his infant communities than by repeated journeys into Gaul and Italy, to bring thence not only books or masons, but the pith and substance of the best monastic rules.

Bede’s History was not indeed intended to be the depository of the knowledge of the art of Holy Living and Dying thus gained,—such would be more in place in his Lives of the Abbots, though no book could adequately present this. But it was a record of the efforts made to gain and act upon this knowledge; a catalogue of the Saints, who had made these efforts, and of the external providences of God showed upon them.

In concluding, we must bear testimony, as far as our observation has gone, to the correctness of the facts and references given in the notes. This, indeed, was but to be expected of the present editor. But we lay some stress upon this point, as it is a quality unfortunately rare in those who ordinarily have the handling of middle-age, but most especially of Anglo-Saxon, times. It would be a very unprofitable labour to rake through the blunders of the shoals of inferior writers and editors who have had to do with Bede. We will only select three instances among those who are esteemed to be of superior authority.

1. The first shall be from Sharon Turner. Cuthbert, describing Bede’s last moments, has these words, ‘*Allocutus est unumquemque monens et obserans pro eo missas celebrare, et orationes diligenter facere.*’ Sharon Turner translates this, ‘He addressed each, and exhorted them to attend to their masses and prayers.’²
2. The new edition of Dr. Lingard’s ‘History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church’ is very much improved, and more

¹ Hist. Eccl. iv. 3.

² History of Anglo-Saxons, Book ix. c. 6.

correct than the original book which appeared more than thirty years ago, but it is still imperfect in point of criticism. We notice a strangely blundering Appendix¹ on the Bocland and Folcland, in which the writer attempts to identify Bede's expression, 'Terra decem familiarum', with the folc-land, a mere confusion of two perfectly distinct notions—folc-land being a certain description of tenure; 'terra decem, &c. familiarum,' being a mode of admeasurement, and, as Dr. Lingard himself notices, always rendered in the Anglo-Saxon version by 'hida;' the passage in iii. 24, to which he refers, being a slightly different form of expression, and not an employment of the technical term, 'folc-land.' For Bede, in fact, never uses the expression 'terra familiarum' thus, absolutely; indeed, such a usage would not be Latin, but always with some number expressed, 'terra octo, decem, quinquaginta, &c. familiarum'; while the term folc-land always occurs thus absolutely. 3. Mr. Thomas Wright's *Biographia Literaria Anglo-Saxonica* is drawn up with the pains-taking accuracy which distinguishes his publications in general; yet he writes² of the monastery of Wearmouth, as though he thought it separated by the river Wear from that of Jarrow: they are both on the same side of that river, the north, lying between it and the Tyne.

But as we are not ambitious of converting the 'Remembrancer' into a catalogue of errata and corrigenda, and of intruding on the province of our much respected contemporary, 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' we must stay our hand, and spare our readers any more of our emendations.

¹ Vol. i. Note R. p. 407.

² See under Benedict Biscop.

- ART. IV.—1. *An Inquiry concerning the origin of Christianity.* By CHARLES C. HENNEL. Second Edition. London: T. Allman. 1841.
2. *Christian Theism.* By the Author of ‘*An Inquiry concerning the origin of Christianity.*’ London: Allman. Chapman. 1845.
3. *The Catholic Series. The Rationale of Religious Enquiry, or the Question Stated of Reason, the Bible and the Church. In Six Lectures.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. Third Edition. London: Chapman, 121, Newgate Street. 1845.
4. *The Prospective Review. A Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature.* Nos. i. ii. iii. February, May, July, 1845. London: Chapman. 1845.
5. *A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England, or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry.* By JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A. London: Chapman. 1845.
6. *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts. (Reprint.) London: Chapman. 1844.
7. *Voices of the Church, in reply to Strauss: collected and composed by the Rev. J. R. BEARD.* London: Simpkin. 1845.
8. *The Evangelical Accounts, &c. Vindicated against some recent Mythical Interpreters.* By W. H. MILL, D.D. &c. &c. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Rivington. 1840—1845.
9. *Hegel et la Philosophie Allemande.* Par A. OTT, Docteur en droit. Paris: Joubert. 1844.

SEVERAL notices of, and allusions to, the contingent spread of an anti-christian philosophy in this country, have of late years appeared, not so much in the way of announcement or prophecy, as by hint. We have been told what rationalism is. Specimens of it have been produced, but mostly imported: there are native fragments, it is true, the molar here and a single vertebra there, but for the full articulation, the complete and perfect framework of solid bone, we must cross the Rhine. So is it with even the more expanded and consistent forms of unbelief; we hear of their authors, Paulus and Strauss, and their writings, the Mythic Theory and Pantheism, with as much personal concern generally, as we should, if we were told that somebody in the next street believed in Tycho Brahe, or that another was a

Berkleyan, or had actually read Jamblichus or Plotinus. The whole thing seems a foreign and curious monster, about which the many may start and wonder, and then go their way. Still, we repeat it, notes have been struck—significant warnings have been given. Dr. Mill, for example, has devoted himself to this particular object of refuting the Pantheistic principle: a calm self-imposed duty, of which, amidst the throes of present controversy, few seem to appreciate either the value or the moral power under existing circumstances. More recent writers, whose words from other distressing causes have become more suspicious, have solemnly, though briefly, warned us of the near approach of an organized and systematic attack on the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, even in this country: the very broken and multiform enquiries upon unfulfilled prophecy, to take a single instance, which, with whatever other object they are pursued, seem to bear a consistent testimony to the various and discordant surmises, for we can scarcely call them anticipations, of a coming contest, also witness to a vague, yet growing, general feeling, that some great time of dismay and trouble is at hand. These things are enough to show that something is going on, and that some are alive to the existence of this something; and yet, exactly what it is, and how far the plague has gone, even if it has begun in England, few inquire. Some are afraid to ask, fearful of the amount of danger which the answer might reveal: and some think it safer not to call public attention to any danger which is not on the surface of society. The former are like evil livers, who will never hear death spoken of: the latter would have us conceal from the physicians that the plague was at Hull, or that the cholera had broken out in Spitalfields, only for fear the ladies in Grosvenor Square should take alarm.

The subject we are entering upon is a most distressing and awful one. It is neither intended nor fit for some tender and sensitive minds. We warn such at the outset that we are not writing for them. But as ours is a review *ad clerum*, there are, on the other hand, others whom we are bound to forewarn.

For ourselves, we consider it a matter of personal duty to call attention, not to the whole subject, however interesting, since it is one far too extensive, and admitting, nay, requiring far too copious an array of illustration for an article; but still, to some of the more significant and startling phenomena of the less forward workings of a certain cast of the religious mind in Europe. What we are now entering upon, is not the way in which religion ordinarily presents itself to the generality even of our own readers. We know little of the subtle elements of thought at work around us. It must be borne in mind that people generally read and study only their own

side. Methodists have their Magazine and the next Conference; and so it comes that we all read the country's religion in our own little private mirror—except, of course, 'Tractarianism,'¹ which is every body's business. But apart from this ubiquitous terror, we know very little about our neighbours. How very few even of those who most volubly and bitterly condemn the Socinian heresy are they who have ever read a single Unitarian publication; still fewer those of the 'orthodox Protestants,' who have so far realized their own positive belief, as to know how they all acquired it, why they retain it, and how far it will help them to any stand against practical and practised disputants, from whose very name, with happy inconsistency perhaps, they recoil. And, of course, the present circumstances of the Church of England are exactly those which would draw our thoughts away from what we think the less exposed fosse and the impracticable lunette: *Iliacos intra muros*, must be our only thought. We are so harrassed and perplexed by uncertainties as to our own colours, or sometimes our own commission, that we forget that it is the City of God of which we are soldiers, and that hosts and squadrons are still encamped against us. We do not remember that the one unvarying condition of the Church is that of siege: and its sole unfailing characteristic that it is militant; that night and day, summer and winter, spring time and harvest, the one black heavy surging cloud, presses around us—the 'darkness which may be felt,' even while there is light in our own dwellings—that pile after pile of thick lurid omens and threats—that swarms upon swarms of evil angels, which are always hanging upon the outposts of the faith itself—must for ever throng the camp of the Saints. Heresy and Anti-christ—these we must reckon upon, and these seen ever in hostile array, directly we look beyond the awful line of our own battlements and defences.

And it is less than a truism to say that every period of the Church's history, has its own appointed struggle against its own peculiar development of error and evil. The only apparent difference between our own and other ages is, that we scarcely seem alive to any one as the Church's especial external danger, and of consequence to our own especial call to man the ramparts. Our danger is not in kind that of the last century: not, as it seems, that of the Arian or Pelagian times: not about the Divine decrees: not strictly from what we understand by rationalism, but by something much deeper, more expansive, more

¹ A very near friend lately asked one of his parishioners what this 'Tractarianism' was, to which he so strongly objected. 'Why Sir, I should have thought you knew—every body knows that. It's a new Popish sect: their books are called *Tracts for the Times*; because they were originally published in the *Times* newspaper.' We pledge ourselves for the verbal accuracy of this anecdote.

religious in its way, than the naked, coarse infidelity, which Bishop Butler, and the writers of his generation, had to complain against. It is as though it were a truth in a more serious sense than the poet intended that

Satan now is *wiser* than of yore.

There was much of a hard, coarse character about the unbelief of the eighteenth century: it had a vulgar, unreal, cold, forbidding aspect. It revolted men by its unloving guise; it was not flexible enough to attract. It might perhaps be, that the ordinary English mind, especially of the two last centuries, was little susceptible of the softer influences; be that as it may, though England has generally had the credit of originating¹ the modern Infidel school, still we cannot think that infidelity as such could ever have been very popular and influential. Even when it was professed by rank, the Chesterfields and Walpoles might chatter, and set up for *esprits forts*, only for the sake of fashion, because like the clouded cane and *solitaire* of the same period, to doubt and cavil, was the correct thing—the pure French taste; but it sat awkwardly even upon them; Chesterfield, in spite of his assumed self, could not but stumble, by a wrong-headed clumsy English perversity, into an occasional respectability, even in his famous letters. There was all along a shallow dilletanteism and foppery in our fine gentleman's infidelity, ranging from Sedley and Grammont, to Bolingbroke and the chirping sparrows of But-ton's and the Cocoa-tree. It did not sit well or naturally upon any of them: they took it up like other modish sins; it told the spark to laugh at the parson. But somehow it was found out to be a rough, ungainly, unpolished profession, this of an infidel; and as soon as it was voted unfashionable, it fell. The stern results of 'philosophy' on the Continent taught Englishmen that it was not a thing to play at; and as it had never possessed itself of the English mind, never been realized, never incorporated itself into the popular character, it fell off rather than was eradicated. It never had a hold to loosen or a grasp to relax upon the national character.

Besides, in whatever form it has hitherto presented itself, unbelief had not yet shown a positive side: it had dealt but in negations: its language had been;—Inspiration is not infallible. Miracles cannot prove a Divine revelation. There are no innate ideas. The Gospels contain contradictions. Truth only exists in relation. The Apostles were either enthusiasts or deceived. The Church is not what it pretends to be, or what the world has taken it for; not

¹ It is only with a shudder that an Englishman can read the bad pre-eminence assigned to his country, which claims to be the very citadel of truth, in the strange and alarming title of Kortholt's book:—'*De tribus Impostoribus* Edv. Herbert, Thom. Hobbes, et Bened. Spinoza.'

being of this world, it is no kingdom. So taught the ordinary sceptics, together with the more respectable Lockes and Hoadleys. In all this there was nothing to live on: supposing it all proved, the soul, whatever it was, could not live on Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature*. Toland and Chubb, to man's craving instinct, were like his Grace's recent suggestion of pepper-water to the starving ploughman. The thews and muscles, both of body and soul, require kindred aliment; they demand, for life, the fibre and sinew and pulp of corn and flesh. Spirit must be fed upon spirit; man is after all a religious animal; he must have something external to himself, something to rely upon. There is a moral as well as technical Protestantism, and while one effaces the object of Christian faith, the other deprives man of the end of his real being. The hungry system will never be popular.

Rationalism, strictly speaking, is already at an end: it has worn itself out: it dies from inanition: something more suited to man's nature is offered to his acceptance by the last and most subtle and ensnaring effort of the human mind. It returns practically to its old heathenism, and walks free and erect. To suppose a system which should meet the Gospel, with any chances of success, we must conceive one which should check it along its whole line. It must paralyze its enemy's entire march. It were of no use, experience has proved it, for unbelief to waste resources and strength on single pitched battles: it was found that the evidence of Christianity did not consist in this or that detail; the proof, say of a single fact, such even as the Resurrection, might be disturbed: the Bible might have holes picked in it, but even common people would disregard this. Man takes the Gospel as a whole; he has neither time nor opportunity for mastering each question and dispute, as that about the Two Genealogies. The proof of the Canon does not address itself to collective Christendom. To account for, or to explain away, the miracles is but a tedious, wearisome process, after all. Not only is it a refinement in cruelty, but a waste of time, to kill an enemy by inches. It wants bolder, larger, more chivalrous strategy than this. And Pantheism seems to supply it. It meets system by system; it admits Christian facts; it gracefully assigns the Gospel its place in the economy of things; it speaks respectful words of the Church as a fact, and that a gracious one, in the world's history; it condescends to no haggling about texts and dates and hermeneutics and criticism: it treats man as susceptible of all lofty emotions and all noble feelings; it attempts to supply his every craving; it offers him a religion; it bids him worship; it conjures him to believe, and to rejoice.

There is this marked difference between Rationalism and Pantheism. Pantheism is to soar, unencumbered, through the free

boundless blue of ether, instead of the difficult and stumbling struggle in which the soul clings impotently to crag and root, only at last to be shattered in its inevitable fall. Rationalism is Protestantism at its full, or exaggerated, growth; Pantheism is even, as it boasts, Catholicism, of a sort. The one is a sect, the other a religion. The one predicates in *non*, the other has its hymns and liturgies, its sacrifice and altar. The one obliterates half of man's being; the other makes him something more than God. Neither moss nor lichen grows in the impenetrable realms of Rationalism. Pantheism has its temples breathing more than Panchæan odours, and its sunny regions laughing with a tropical luxuriance of flower and tree. The one repels, the other invites. The one is destructive, the other constructive. The one calculates, and prosés like a poor-law commissioner: the other is the voice of the hierophant and archimage, lofty in tone, and mystic, abundant in promises and revelations. The one is content with a mere common-place skirmish of pickets, the other marches with the triumphal procession of a conqueror. While Pantheism claims the starry throne of heaven itself, Rationalism must grope amidst the dust and crumbling fragments of an ordinary sapper and miner.

Let us hear 'one of their own prophets.'

'After having arrived at this result—the relinquishment of belief in miraculous revelations—the inquirer presently sees the horizon begin to clear, and many difficulties which had hitherto enveloped religion, break up and disperse. Subjects most interesting to mankind no longer appear clogged with absurdities, which the utmost ingenuity of scholarship could not reduce into a shape admissible before reason: the progress of moral science is no longer impeded by the necessity of accommodating conclusions to a collection of written precepts; nor the supply of mental strength made dependent on the reception of tales of the most difficult verification. At the same time, whatever of real moral value was contained in Christianity and its records may be retained; nor does the important modification of opinions alluded to, appear even to bring with it the necessity of running counter to the feelings of this age and country by a renunciation of the Christian name. It must rejoice the lover of peace as well as of truth, to feel convinced that there is no inconsistency in retaining a name in favour of which there are such strong, and on many accounts deserved, prepossessions, amongst the mass of his countrymen and benevolent men of every clime; and that this minor point need not contribute to a separation in feeling and action, which the difference of opinion alone would not have occasioned.

'Even those more liberal Christians who have been willing to admit that many different opinions might co-exist within the pale of Christianity, have generally taken it for granted that a belief in its miraculous origin at least was essential. But a close attention to the history of Jesus Christ will show, that this distinction is perfectly arbitrary; and that a total disbelief of miracles and prophecy no more disqualifies a man for bearing with propriety and consistency the Christian name, than any other deduction from

¹ Under ordinary circumstances an apology is due for some of the extracts contained in this paper: there are occasions, however, which dispense with delicacy.

the exuberant belief which places him in the Triune Godhead. The most striking points in his career and preaching show that contribution to human improvement constitutes the most prominent title to the name of Christian, regarded merely in an etymological and historical sense; and that if the benevolent Deist feels inclined to honour the Jewish reformer, &c. * * * he may do so without even historical inaccuracy.'—*Hennell's Christian Theism*, pp. 2, 3.

'There is a composure and dignity in God's manner of proceeding which impresses more forcibly than could be done by the ostentation of actual speech and appearance. He is seen and heard in his works. The universe is the splendid but quiet language in which he utters his stupendous "I am." * * *

'Nature thus seen as the language of mind, assumes a brighter hue and more vigorous life, than when viewed under a mere material aspect. What is this lovely prospect of variegated fields and sunny sky, if nothing in it can feel like thyself, nor aught in it indicate the existence of perception kindred to thy own? Acknowledge that it pleases the eye, invigorates health, and supplies forms to the fancy;—this is much: but is not the profuse beauty of nature worthy to do more, and to speak to all that is highest in man, his admiration, love, and reverence? It does so, as soon as we see in Nature the offspring and index of mind. What is all this prodigious array of shining globes, if they tell of nothing more than themselves, incontinent moving masses, fit to employ arithmetic and geometry with counting their numbers and laws? * * * Does Nature, in her softest recesses or most gorgeous displays, aim merely at inciting man to see, hear, smell, and calculate? Yet what more than this can he do, amidst mere matter, however large or small, or swift or slow? But admit Mind as the cause of all, the pervader of all, and beholder of all, and the chasm is filled; man also admires, loves, and venerates. A vivifying spirit is infused into creation, and gives the response which his soul demanded. The desert is not solitude nor the sea dreariness. The thoughts of the unseen mental causes, which become associated with all the objects of nature, leave no want of Dryads in the woods, Naiads in the brooks, or Genii in the air. The Sun proclaims more vitality than light and heat, as he mounts above the hill; the Moon's crescent bends before the pervading Spirit; Arcturus follows his wain round the pole, and Andromeda rises from the wave, in unwearied obedience to the Invisible; the Pleiads shake adoration as well as radiance from their glittering cluster; and all the mystic forms of the sky seem to look on the earth with awful silent life,—for each and all are the work, the voice, and the token, of Living Mind.'—*Ibid.* pp. 39, 40.

'The distinction between God's works and God's word no longer exists. They are the same. His works are his word. No longer need the mind which seeks its Creator be cramped within the limits of a written volume.'—*Ibid.* p. 65.

'In the Godlike Human Mind itself, manifested in science, art, poetry, and action, God has provided eloquent and intelligible Evangelists.'—*Ibid.* p. 67.

'Theists of every nation, Christian, Jew, Mohametan or Chinese, can meet upon common ground. Whatever minor predilections each may entertain for his own most eminent teacher or prophet, whether Christ, Mahomet, Moses, or Confucius, their great principle is the same,—to seek the knowledge of the Universal Mind, and rules for the guidance of man, in the great volume stretched out before all men. And when men come generally to discover that all have been thus set on a level for the acquisition of this knowledge, religion, instead of being allied with ignorance, exclusiveness, and dogmatism, will be found in closest union with modesty, benevolence, and science. No longer will it be supposed to consist in absurd tales and

incomprehensible mysteries, but it will be the expression of Nature's highest truths, and the hymn ascending from a grateful Earth to a beneficent Heaven.'—*Ibid.* p. 81, conclusion.

The writer of the above passages appears, not so much from them—though they, in their way, are striking—striking, at least, as the first gross and open announcement, in prose, of this antepast of religious freedom, as from other particulars, to be a remarkable person. We know nothing of him whatever, except that he published a book, of which the second edition is now before us, on the origin of Christianity. Dr. Mill, who does not seem to have seen it, has a note, in his first publication, 'on the Pantheistic theory,' (1840), p. 54, in which he notices the book as 'having excited scarcely any attention *here*.' But the honours which were denied Mr. Hennell in this country, were amply repaid by his foreign welcome; *no less a person than Strauss himself procured a translation of the first edition of the Human origin of Christianity to be undertaken at Stutgard*, accompanied by a recommendatory preface from his own pen. A remarkable testimony, both to the importance, in such a judgment as that of Strauss, of Mr. Hennell's book, and to the quiet way in which the literature of infidelity springs up among us, as though to vindicate the ancient discredit of England in being a chief agent, by means of its organized succession of Deistical writers, to assault the Christian faith. Some account of Mr. Hennell's work may be fairly expected, if for no other purpose, to show the 'religious public' both what they will have to combat, and also to let them see whether they have, as yet, supplied themselves with any tough weapons to resist it.

Before the establishment of Pantheism itself, as anything like a religious system, it must, though as it might seem for form's sake only, and in deference to the world's prejudices, fix its 'Christology;' a portentous word to which the English language is happily a stranger. This 'Christology' has in the Straussian school, with which Mr. Hennell appears so nearly connected, two sides,—its abstract and its historical aspects. Strictly speaking, the Pantheistic religion, as such, can well dispense with the second inquiry. From the contrast which we have already sketched between Rationalism and Pantheism, the latter loses dignity and consistency, by submitting to the grovelling work of examining and paring down the records of the Christology. It is beside the question, to criticise the Gospels; the inquiry can well be passed by; it seems superfluous condescension to entertain the discussion. If the ideal Christ of this super-sensual (the Hegelian) philosophy be only an abstract, impersonal, subjective idea of humanity in its highest type, which may be called a notional Christ; and if this ideal is practically valuable only so far, and

influential, as being a sort of substratum for the principle of the absolute identity of man with God; and if the God-man be but a lively expression merely, and reflex of the speculative notion of God himself as comprehended in nature—the human soul being thus merely the formal manifestation of the Divine mind, (and in this last statement consists the essence of modern Pantheism,)—what further need to discuss the four Gospels? After the abandonment of the personal Christ it seems to be only by way of *πάρεργον*, only to account for the fact of their existence that Mr. Hennell and Dr. Strauss give themselves any trouble on this superfluous inquiry. And here Pantheism avails itself of Rationalistic weapons. Hence an explanation of the historical facts which happened eighteen hundred years ago. So that, after all, the grand conception of the absorption of the individual in the ideal, the fusion of the objective in the great subjective idea, will scarcely work for the vulgar. And the only, not very intelligible, link which connects the mystic with the historical Pantheism, is the statement, that all ideas must have their representative personality; or in simpler phrase—and in one, the import and origin of which may have escaped English readers, and writers too, for it is getting common—that the spirit of every age must have some particular form of expression in an individual. And so, consistently, Luther is not the author of the German Reformation; indeed, Luther as such, is only the philosophic idea of a certain religious or irreligious sentiment, manifested in a certain monk, with whose life and manners, and history, we are not so much concerned as with what, no longer in a metaphysical sense, we should accurately call the Spirit of the Reformation. The frightful effects of such a view on moral and individual responsibility we cannot pause to point out. In the same way, Christ is but the vivid and personated representation of certain ideas of the Divinity, and of human perfectibility as its exponent. It is valuable to know, as a curious historical inquiry, how this embodiment acted and wished his followers to act; but nothing further. For himself, he is only the culmination of a sentiment which had been growing for centuries.¹

Once more, let us apologize for chronicling this miserable blasphemy. However, we are not so much, at present, concerned with the Christology of Strauss, because, hitherto, that writer, and a great complaint it has raised in certain quarters, has found few readers or students in England. How long this may be the case we may judge from the fact that a large and

¹ Perhaps the most lively refutation of Strauss is a clever *reductio ad absurdum*—borrowed from Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts'—under the title of 'The Life of Luther, critically set forth by Dr. Casuar; Mexico, 2836.' It is by Professor Wurm, and a translation appears in Dr. Beard's collection.

handsome English translation, in full, of the *Leben Jesu*, is in preparation, by Chapman of Newgate Street, Mr. Hennell's publisher, and may be expected in the course of 1846.¹ Mr. Hennell, of the two, seems somewhat to exceed in blasphemy his German friend; perhaps, because he goes further into the vulgar and offensive details of Rationalism. Strauss, on the contrary, seems to be a great, however inconsistent, opponent of Rationalism. Perhaps only in this way, because the residuum which exists after the Rationalistic evaporation of all that is miraculous in the Gospel history is not sufficiently transcendental and mystical for the Pantheistic impersonal idea. An exalted and beneficent specimen of mere mortality, which is the ultra-Socinian view of Christ, will not incorporate in Strauss' philosophic religionism. He wants something beyond a mere hero. Viewed relatively to his philosophy, the Hegelian, it need hardly be said that the Christ of Rationalism is not sufficiently scientific for Strauss, it is too harsh and vulgar; it is like reducing Romulus into a mere captain of banditti, instead of elevating and expanding him into the Vision and the Phantom, the Idea and the Myth—the lay-figure of the legend. And again, viewed relatively to Strauss' religion, such as it is, there is not sufficient dignity or truth in the Christ of Rationalism. If He be neither the object of the Christian doctrine, nor faith in Him be a legitimate end of our own being, *i. e.* if our Lord be the partly enthusiast and partly deceiver of ordinary infidelity, or even if he be the great moral prophet of ordinary Unitarianism, there can be no proper realization of the sublime Idea of the Deification of humanity. Now, whatever may be Mr. Hennell's present and extra-mundane conceptions of '*Christian Theism*,'—(he is obliged, as we have seen, to apologize for the awkwardness, indeed, complete absurdity of the epithet, which can only have been retained to make a decent title-page)—his first publication does not seem to range much beyond an extreme development of Rationalism; and in this way it demands our attention as a phenomenon; as an actual result of the English mind; as a book published and read in its second edition, and dignified with a German translation. Our readers will, of course, by way of comparison, recall Mr. Rose's account of the sentiments of Paulus, Wegscheider, and the rest on the same subject.

What Priestley and Belsham adopted as their method—for Mr. Hennell's function seems rather to receive and transmit the English lamp of infidelity, than to avail himself of the equally miserable labours of Germany—Mr. Hennell applies 'to make further excisions from the Gospel History.' 'The right of private

¹ There is already one English translation; but an incorrect and imperfect one, published by the notorious Hetherington, of Holywell Street, in 4 vols, 12mo.

judgment in the separation of truth from fiction being once accorded, the precise limits which ought to be assigned to the credible portion of the miraculous narratives are far from being obvious.' Mr. Hennell, according to his own account, began his investigation under this view, with an expectation that he would not have to toss much away, but in the end he seems ready 'to carry the pruning-knife nearer to the root, and to consign the whole of the miraculous relations in the New Testament to the same list as the prodigies of Hindoo superstition,' (which Hindoo superstition agrees mainly in metaphysics with Strauss.) In one particular he arrives at a more atrocious conclusion than Strauss. Strauss, though even he admits the philosophic contingency of another creation of religious belief superior to Christ, yet, to use Dr. Mills' bitter words, 'After labouring to prove the abstract reasonableness of his supposition, interferes to remove this "disquieting possibility," from the reader's mind, by arguing that, in fact, a greater than Jesus is *not* to be expected.' (Mill, p. 105.) Hennell, on the contrary, although in his first edition he went no further than to speak of 'Christianity as the purest form *yet* existing of natural religion,' (Pref. p. vii.) in his second edition goes on boldly to say, that 'he does not pretend to decide whether the degrees of merit, which Christianity possesses in this sense, [viz. as expressing the results of the higher moral powers implanted in man by nature,] be so high as to entitle it to be considered pre-eminently the religion of the wise and good, and to render the duration of this distinction probable during many future centuries,' and he anticipates a glowing epoch when 'at no very distant period such researches may be generally smiled upon as both frivolous and antiquated.' (P. xiii.)

But how came Christianity into existence? According to Mr. Hennell—The Jewish mind had been much developed in the captivities by association with the Chaldees and Persians. Common feelings of patriotism lead men to anticipate the aggrandizement of their own nation. Hence warm and extravagant descriptions of a kingdom of Israel which should cover the earth, popularly known as the Kingdom of God—or of Heaven. The writer of this ancient tradition, which from the continued subjugation of Israel had gradually worn out, was Judas the Galilean, (alluded to by Gamaliel, Acts v. 37,) but with the religious sentiment—Josephus alludes to his doctrine—he combined a political element of patriotic hatred of foreigners. Although his attempt was a failure, the Galileans imbibed a great portion of his spirit and sentiments. At this time the Essenes were the most religious sect of the Jews, an enthusiast of whom, one John, reviving the old tradition of the Kingdom of Heaven, exhibited a modification of the teaching of Judas, without its

warlike tendency. Great excitement followed this preaching, and among his hearers was Jesus the son of Joseph. All classes of society must from time to time produce individuals of distinguished mental superiority. In ordinary times this may remain unseen and dormant; but when some prevalent enthusiasm is abroad, it is quickened into life and action, and breaks forth to public gaze in the form of a great character. Jesus—possessed one of those gifted minds which are able, &c. &c. The perception of his own mental elevation led him to indulge the idea that he was destined to restore the kingdom to Israel. In rude nations mental superiority is considered to be connected with some command over the powers of nature. To such feelings Jesus himself was no stranger, and when ‘urged by the crowds to heal their maladies, he yielded so far as to speak the word which they wanted.’ Confidence in his powers, or faith, as it is technically called, was always essential to the performance of a miracle: in many cases this strength of conviction on the part of the patients did relieve them: instances of success alone were recorded, (though there do exist indications of failure, Mark vi. 5,) and these successes were soon exaggerated into tales of raising the dead. All this contributed to the reputation and popularity of Jesus, who at first only assumed the religious character of a prophet,—the Son of Man,—but emboldened by success added to it privately (Matt. xvi. 13—30,) that of Son of David, the open avowal of which was equivalent to an open revolt from the Romans. But thus far Jesus held his future course open to be influenced by the run of accidents: had his preaching been followed by a general insurrection, he would have suffered himself to have been made king. ‘But events happened otherwise; and from them his views took a somewhat different colour.’ Seeing that one line of greatness was not open to him,—(we proceed now to epitomize the account of Mr. Hennell’s *Christology*, contained in the *Prospective Review* for February,)—he tried another.

All hopes of temporal success being at an end, merely to go about preaching to hungry crowds in Galilee would soon become a burthen to both parties. Two courses remained; to fall back into his original obscurity, or to originate the doctrine of a suffering Messiah, and rather than submit to any ritual, to die its martyr. He chose the latter, and openly, at Jerusalem, claimed the Messiahship; and to support his claims expelled the traffickers from the Temple. Though popular enthusiasm accompanied this attempt, yet little impression was made upon the influential classes; so that ‘he saw there was nothing for it, but to drop altogether the *kingly*, and stand solely upon the spiritual, part of his assumed office.’ He saw that he must fall under the enmity of the rulers. ‘The Garden of Gethsemane might witness

'some mournful strugglings of nature as the last dreadful reality seemed to approach, when the Messiah must lose all remnants of his imaginary dignity. But the disgraceful evasions which in this extremity might have been the recourse of a mere disappointed impostor, were impossible to Jesus. The same earnest faith in the God of Israel which had led him to contemplate projects, in ordinary calculation the wildest visions, could endow him with fortitude, equal, at least, to that of the many well-known examples in his country's Scriptures and legends.' (Hennell, p. 44.) This change, therefore, in his views, though compulsory, was real. Betrayed by one of his own followers, he is crucified; and his disciples, who had only been attracted by the regal claim, abandon all hope that he is the national restorer, and seek safety in flight.

A councillor, Joseph of Arimathea, who had been well disposed towards him, solicits his body, and buries it in his own tomb. Suddenly, however, he takes alarm, lest this open mark of attachment should bring suspicion upon himself, and in the course of Saturday he robs the tomb and disposes of the body. And in order to divert suspicion, he conceives the best way to quiet both the Sanhedrim and the disciples was to spread a report that Jesus was risen. Consequently he placed a person at the open tomb, who was to inform the disciples that they were to go down to Galilee to meet their risen master; the object of this message being only to get the disciples out of the way, who not finding Jesus in Galilee, would return to their occupations, and the whole matter would end.

The disciples at first disbelieved the whole story; but the actual absence of the body began to work its effects. Accordingly Joseph's fiction found credit among them; some such distinction as that received by Enoch, Moses, and Elias, might be vouchsafed to Jesus: he had been raised from the dead and carried to heaven: this was a reasonable account to give, and a proper return for his ignominious death. It was natural also to believe, that in his superhuman state he might make himself known to his followers, and to them alone, for no pretence is offered that he was ever publicly seen after his death. Accounts of such actual appearances were soon spread; and 'imagination or mistake added fresh materials for such stories. The disciples who retired into Galilee had now their imaginations too much heated to remain in obscurity. Peter, who was the boldest among them, assumed the leadership, because to be raised to command is a natural ambition, and because, independently of his religious zeal, it was a nobler function to succeed John the Baptist and Jesus, than to follow his original avocation. Accordingly, a religious body was organized, professing that Jesus was the Messiah—that he had risen from the dead, and would

‘shortly appear in his proper character as the restorer of the kingdom of Israel, and of Heaven. This society, in point of fact, was not more than a modified form of that of the Essenes, combined with a harmless and unpolitical version of Galilean views: they acknowledged at first the Mosaic law; and it was only when a liberalizing party sprung up, which carried to excess the anti-ceremonial precepts of Jesus, that anything like separation from the old Jewish faith was contemplated.’

It would be an insult to our readers to attempt a refutation of this monstrous and revolting blasphemy, founded upon a series of assumptions perfectly gratuitous and unfounded, the hardihood of which is only equalled by their singular weakness; but it may be profitable to select for examination a single link in the chain—not on its own account so much as to see how in other quarters the facts of the Evangelical history admit a colouring significant of allusive tendencies.

The Unitarian periodical to which we have already alluded—the Prospective Review—in an article on Mr. Hennell’s book, condemns it with a considerable amount of vituperation. And it is obvious, that except in the identity of their principle of the so-called historical criticism to the Sacred Narrative, they have little in common as to its application. Mr. Hennell’s Christology will not suit the ordinary heroic, or psilo-prophetical, view of Christ. If Jesus were what Mr. Hennell, with his double set of motives, makes him out to be, the enthusiast and revolutionist, then the Socinian view would not only be illogical, but absurd. That is, if Jesus were only the amiable, yet clever Zealot of the Essenes, the worker of miracles with considerable ‘tact,’ he was not only unworthy of the *old* Socinian worship and the *present* Socinian deference, he were something less than Moses, or as Lessing, quoted by Dr. Mill, p. 107, states it—‘Mahomedanism was an improvement on Christianity, since Mohammed has carefully abstained from giving occasion to idolatry,’ and Jesus cannot, under such a view, as Dr. Mill continues, be ‘a good man of any description.’ Hence the folly, to say the least of it, of such favourable contrasts of Christ above Socrates as the well-known eulogy of Rousseau. The Prospective Review, it is true, criticises, not with reverence, but acuteness, the wild hypothesis of Mr. Hennell’s conjectural account of the Gospel History, and with considerable point objects against his wild and inconsistent fiction of Joseph of Arimathea’s conduct after the crucifixion, and the still wilder hypothesis of the council itself becoming a party to this trick. And goes on to observe:—

‘Either Joseph thought that the best way to avert “the suspicions of the council” (Hennell, p. 51) from him was to fabricate the resurrection of the man whose claims they dreaded,—or the council itself joined with

Joseph in spreading a report of the *resurrection* of a man whom they had killed, of whose claims they never wished to hear again,—and whose followers they desired to pacify, and lead away from disaffection. Either this, or the *fact* of a resurrection, according to Mr. Hennell. Is it possible to hesitate? It is very easy to criticise here and there; but Mr. Hennell's *conclusive parts* are far more marvellous than the miracles—more *improbable*, for they contradict known laws of human nature.'—*Prospective Review*, pp. 41, 42.

But, which is noticeable, although the reviewer had undertaken to examine 'whether the Gospel stories are all false, of alleged miraculous *manifestations* of his power and spirit' (p. 20), not one single defence of the individual miracles is alleged throughout the article, while, at the same time, cautious reservations are made, that 'we pass over various discussions on the prophecies and miracles, in *which there is much that we agree with*, both with respect to individual miracles and to Jewish misconceptions of prophecy' (p. 42); and it is admitted that the author has 'several pages which prove him to be of a refined, elevated, and spiritual order of mind' (p. 48). The single fact, then, of miraculous interposition in the Gospel history, which the Socinian will not abandon to the unholy handling of the philosophic theist, is that of the Resurrection. Candidly we own to an impression, that the summary compendious axiom of Mr. Hennell—not so much reasoned out as assumed—that miracles are impossible, saves a world of trouble and cavil. If all other miracles may be explained away, why should this particular one be exempted? If the canon is good for anything, apply it honestly, and we cannot but think that, conjectural as is Mr. Hennell's account of the resurrection, the ordinary rationalist must recur to expedients just as desperate. Neither does the 'Prospective Review' attempt to join issue with its author on the question of the 'Inspiration of Scripture.' This is quietly abandoned, without reluctance or hesitation. Bretschneider's argument on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel indeed is alluded to by the reviewer (p. 38) rather in terms of approval, than the contrary.¹

¹ Not to encumber the text with more than unavoidable matter of offence, it may be enough to throw into a note the other shocking conclusions, without which any account of Mr. Hennell's miserable work would be incomplete. 'Jesus was an enthusiast,' p. 411; 'a revolutionist,' p. 413; with a 'semi-bellicose aspect,' p. 505; 'a reformer,' p. 425; 'a moral and religious teacher,' p. 431; who has 'left behind him the impression of a real and strongly-marked character,' p. 450; who possessed 'management and shrewdness; and, in a remarkable degree, both the boldness and tact which are necessary to every one who sustains the character of a miracle-worker,' pp. 444, 445; 'his tales, discourses, and ingenious adaptations of passing incidents imparted high charms to a life of adventure,' p. 445; 'though recommending humility to his followers, he never ceased himself to exercise most absolute sway over them,' p. 447; 'occasionally a recurrence to indignation and anger,' 'betoken the traces of a Jewish education, and breathe rather a spirited defiance than the passionless resignation of Aristides,' p. 448. Hence the conclusion: 'Jesus in suffer-

Now this book of Mr. Hennell's,—of which the 'Christology' is only preparatory of a religion which satisfies the human mind by 'something equivalent to Christianity' (p. 485), of which 'the Scriptures shall be those of the physical and of the moral world; the book of the universe' (p. 488), of which 'enough is understood to enable us to see in the universe itself a Son which tells us of a Father; and in all the natural beauty and moral excellence which meet us in the world, an ever-present Logos'—(p. 489) is a phenomenon; a great sign, not so much on its own account, as that it has attracted a continental reputation, without the slightest reclamation or shriek of indignant condemnation from the religious public at home. If they never heard of the book, it is the business of their literary guides and warders to find out these things, and to put people on their guard. There can be no question of the fact, that in London and Liverpool, and most likely in other large towns, there is an extensive and growing school of infidelity—of semi-philosophical infidelity—growing among the young and reading men of the middle classes—the clerks and shopmen who, not addicted to criminal excesses, are thrown upon the world and sea of city life without a friend or guide, and scarcely, as it seems, without a thought on the part of the Church. While there are whole classes of society thus abandoned to unwholesome, and, in its way, attractive literature, we must endeavour to find out what its elements of success are; for success of some sort it must have. It is not because the country clergyman never found a reader of Strauss in his parish,—perhaps never heard of Strauss himself,—that we are unnecessary alarmists.

ing, and Jesus in triumph, might have given different lessons to mankind,' p. 448, and 'David's son, if he had reached David's throne, might have been, like his supposed progenitor, no less exacting of homage to himself than punctilious in rendering it to the King of Heaven,' p. 448; so that 'we may, perhaps, feel inclined to rejoice that the tempter was never really permitted to expose Jesus to this most severe ordeal [of success]; that an untimely fate, in the world's sense, preserved him from being lost in a common crowd of kings and conquerors,' p. 449; it is 'doubtful if the full extent of the reform which the Christian sect introduced into Judaism was even contemplated by Jesus; we cannot discover that he ever authorized the disuse of the law of Moses;' his 'merits as a reformer consist in the general, liberal, and enlightened tone of his teaching, which contributed to prepare the way for the changes introduced afterwards into Judaism chiefly by Paul,' p. 426; but that 'it appears very improbable that he himself would have been prepared to go so far in the path of reformation or distinction as the apostle of the Gentiles, and to admit that the law was superseded by faith, and that in Christ there was neither circumcision nor uncircumcision,' p. 426. To say nothing of the strange way in which old heresies are taken up, as it were, and naturally incorporated even in so revolting a system as this,—the Photinian view, for example,—Mr. Hennell gives almost a solitary, and in its way, significant support to the revival, in certain influential quarters, of a new Judaizing school akin to the ancient Nazarene heresy. And surely it is with no needless dread that we have been warned that there is a decline of development which may be turned against, as well as wielded for, the creeds.

But here is a single shop, Chapman's, in Newgate Street—perhaps the emporium of the whole school, and the centre of operations both here and in America. Granted: but what a frightful state of things does even such a view reveal. Chapman's Catalogue is before us. First comes the Catholic series, of which (as a series) more presently: of this series, eleven works are already published; some original, by Channing, Carlyle, &c.; some translations from Quinet, Fichte, Schelling, Jean Paul. Next, the works, Unitarian and something more, of Blanco White, and Martineau: and, besides these, as many as sixty other books, some American, and some English, chiefly, however, the former, though often in the way of reprints and new editions, from a single publisher. Unless there were a remunerating sale somewhere, no publishing house could stand this: either, therefore, there is some fund to meet this outlay, or there is an actual English business in the works of the more intellectual school of infidelity, taking, we should say, a range not much lower than that of any single publisher among us, such as Rivington, or Burns, or Hatchard, or Seeley. Nor are the works themselves unpopular in appearance. The line is often simply the literary one, 'Historical Sketches of the Old Painters'—'Schiller's Philosophical Letters'—'Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character'—'The Young Maiden'—'Lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism'—'Emerson's Essays'—'Bowring's Matins and Vespers';—some are Children's Books. These, with such publications as 'Chambers' Journal,' seem to mean no mischief; but let us see their general drift. The following prospectus is singularly significant:—

'The Publisher of "The Catholic Series" intends it to consist of Works of a liberal and comprehensive character, judiciously selected, and embracing various departments of literature.

'An attempt has been made by the Church of Rome to realize the idea of Catholicism—at least *in form*—and with but a partial success; an attempt will now be made to restore the word *Catholic* to its primitive significance, in its application to this Series, and to realize the idea of Catholicism in SPIRIT.

'It cannot be hoped that each volume of the Series will be essentially Catholic, and not *partial*, in its nature, for nearly all men are partial;—the many-sided and *impartial*, or truly Catholic man, has ever been the rare exception to his race. Catholicity may be expected in the *Series*, not in every volume composing it.

'An endeavour will be made to present to the Public a class of books of an interesting and thoughtful nature, and the authors of those of the Series which may be of a philosophical character will probably possess little in common, except a love of intellectual freedom, and a faith in human progress;—they will be united by sympathy of SPIRIT, not by agreement in speculation.

'The Steel Engraving of the Ideal Head, which appears on the Title-page of the latter volumes—and which will be prefixed to each succeeding volume of the Series—has been taken from De la Roche's picture of Christ.

It was adopted, not *specially* because it was intended by the artist to express his idea of Jesus Christ (for that must always be imaginary), but as an embodiment of the highest ideal of humanity, and *thus* of a likeness to Jesus Christ, as its highest historical realization.

‘In prefixing this Engraving to each number of the Series, it is intended—by the absence of passion, by the profound intellectual power, the beneficent and lovely nature, and the serene, spiritual beauty, always associated in our noblest conceptions of the character it portrays—to imply the necessity of aspiration and progress, in order to unfold and realize the nature which the artist has essayed to express in this ideal image; and thus to typify the object that will be invariably kept in view, by those whose writings may form a part of the Catholic Series, and which each volume composing it may be expected to promote.’

Indeed, we never saw a more exact pictorial representation of an abstract principle and system of teaching than this head of ‘Christ.’ It is painfully human, and, in its way, nothing more than physically beautiful, and intellectually clever, (we can find no other epithet,) bringing out more forcibly than many volumes Mr. Hennell’s ‘Political Reformer.’ It is quite shocking to see how remarkably all traces of divinity have been extracted from it. We collect from some popular criticisms on these several works—criticisms emanating from their own literary partisans and disciples—a group of quotations which, better than a dissertation, will convey a general notion of the object and means of this school of religion.

1. Of the progressive character of Christianity.

The ‘Prospective Review,’ edited by four Unitarian preachers, Messrs. Thom, (the Biographer of Blanco White,) and Martineau, of Liverpool, Mr. Tayler, of Manchester, and Mr. Wicksteed, of Leeds, announces the peculiar force of its title:—

‘Catholic, spiritual and progressive, we desire ourselves and our religion to be . . . we select that one descriptive designation which . . . promises the *onward-looking* spirit, in little repute anywhere at present; which yet, as Paul regarded as his only Christian attainment, and in the absence of which religion is but the *peculium* of priests. We wish the name simply to convey the fact, that we are students of Christian truth . . . that God has not decreed that the future ages of the Gospel shall be no better nor brighter than the past. We desire our name to distinguish us from idolatrous conservatives, of whatever sect, who would turn Christianity into a lifeless formula.’

The ‘Examiner Newspaper,’ in reviewing a work of Mr. Tayler, says of its author:—

‘Mr. Tayler asserts, that the religion of mere reason, *i. e.* Unitarianism, is not the religion to produce a practical effect on a people; and, therefore, regards his own class only as one element in a *better possible Church*.’

So the popular and little-suspected ‘Athenæum,’ informs us:—

'That, in no time or country has Christianity ever been exhibited in its simple integrity;' and hopes, 'that by an increase and progression of Being, man may assimilate towards the fulness of God; for, as man's nature is infinitely progressive, it will ever aspire after a realization, expansion, and accession of those attributes which are perfect and infinite in divinity.'

2. And that this progression is towards Pantheism, in which Unitarianism and Rationalism are the pioneers, the great vates of the 'on-looking strain of thought,' even Mr. Carlyle himself informs us, (quoted as a recommendation of one volume of the Catholic Series).

'This is Fichte's way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name, what there is at present no name for: the unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder, and terror, that lies in the being of *every man*, of *every thing*—the presence of the God who made every man and thing . . . all "appearance" whatsoever we see in the world is but as a vesture of the "Divine idea of the world," for "that which lies at the bottom of appearing." Fichte means precisely what we here mean.'—*Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

Progress, then, is the aim; Onwards, the motto of this school of writers; a fact which escapes them with an honest liberality. Mr. Martineau, (Preface to 3d edition, 1845, of his *Rationale of Religious Enquiry*,) says—

'There is one opinion maintained in the preface to the *second* edition and omitted in *this*, which it would be disingenuous to pass without a word. The name *Christian* is there denied to the class of persons called *Anti-supernaturalists*. The author was not at that time acquainted with any form of anti-supernaturalism but one; that which professes to *account for* Christ and Christianity, and to discover the system of second causes, to which all the characteristics of the religion and its author may be referred. To this scheme of belief he still believes it improper to apply the term *Christian* . . . The state of mind, however, which recognises what is beyond nature in Christ, and owns a divine and "supernatural" authority in his religion, may co-exist with doubt, or even disbelief, in the miracles recorded in the Scriptures . . . There is a broad distinction to be drawn between *philosophical anti-supernaturalism*, which regards a miracle as *per se* incredible, and *historical anti-supernaturalism*, which, from a critical estimate of testimony, questions certain particular miracles.'—Pp. vii. viii.

Then follows a very remarkable passage, which shows to which class *progress* had consigned Blanco White, and how far his influence has carried Mr. Martineau totally to abandon the more reverent language of his second edition.

'It was to a very remarkable letter from Blanco White, to which the author [Mr. Martineau] considered himself replying in the preface of the second edition. *It will now be seen by his readers, as well as by himself, how IMPERFECT and UNSATISFACTORY was that reply.*'—*Ibid.* p. ix.

Now although Mr. Hennell may stand *confessedly* as the most direct English representative of the first division of the anti-supernaturalists, we are by no means content to allow Blanco

White,—and Mr. Martineau's state of mind is only Blanco White's *in transitu*,—to shelter himself in the second. This very letter of Blanco White goes to the extent in the way of principle, of the most developed anti-supernaturalism: a letter which, through thirty pages, occupies itself with denying not only the inspiration—but the authority, in any sense,—of the Bible; and whose author claims for himself throughout, the right and duty of eliminating from the Sacred Records whatever does not accord with his 'conscientious reason:' since 'Revelation is precious only because it contains truth,' and 'the thing revealed proves a revelation,' (Martineau, Appendix, p. 130,) the germ of which statement may be found in Locke's dictum, 'the doctrine must prove the miracle, not miracle the doctrine.' Blanco White's religious career is the most striking and practical illustration of his own observation: 'While employed in the removal of individual errors, we should be on our guard against the usual bugbear, "where shall we stop?"—"what will be left?" When we shall have removed what is positively *not* Christianity, then, and not till then, shall we be able to perceive what *true* Christianity is.' (*Ibid.* p. 132.) No 'bugbear' stopped his unhappy audacity: he penetrated to the inmost shrine of Christianity, and because the Divinity of the Faith vanished from his profane handling, he might, and did with melancholy truth, deny its existence. Certainly, in his latter years, Blanco White must have lived as nearly without any other God than a cold philosophical abstraction, as any who has not formally renounced the Christian name. And if they are consistent,—which, happily, they are not,—the 'prospective' school must look forward to the same shoreless void,—that dreary dull expanse of being in which Prayer cannot body forth an Object for worship,—in which Love never burns, and Adoration may never bend.

This awful process of destroying the Bible comes out in all the publications of the anti-supernaturalists which happen to lie before us. In some cases a single heavy plunge takes the hateful Power away at a single process,—one leap, and it is all over:—in others the Bible is tortured to death; nerves are wrung, fibres exposed, the life is dissected out of it, and it remains a hideous mockery of life, palpitating but lifeless: or, again, the Bible is stirred up to a fierce unnatural conflict against itself,—it is driven to self-murder, it immolates its own Being. An American

¹ Dr. Arnold's critical agreement with this,—the principle of infidelity,—might be pointed out. 'You complain of those persons who judge of a Revelation not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence,' (*Life*, &c. ii. 221,) though this statement does not go to the extent of declaring that the subject-matter is the sole criterion of the evidence. We are sorry to find Mr. Trench, in a very recent work on the Miracles, adopting this statement expressly, and referring to Dr. Arnold for it.

writer,—lecturer rather, for this awful blasphemy was delivered publicly at Boston four years ago,—thus revives, even to exaggeration, the Manichæan teaching on the origin of the two Testaments.

‘Here are the works of various writers, from the eleventh century before, to the second century after, Christ, it may be, thrown capriciously together, and united by no common tie, but the lids of the bookbinder. Here are two forms of religion, which differ widely, set forth and enforced by miracles; the one ritual and formal, the other actual and spiritual; the one the Religion of Fear, the other of Love... One half the Bible repeals the other half; the Gospel annihilates the law; . . . if Christianity and Judaism be not the same thing, there must be hostility between the Old Testament and the New Testament, for the Jewish form claims to be eternal.’—*Theodore Parker. Discourse on Religion*, pp. 324, 325.

Indeed we remember few blasphemies more plain spoken than this American preacher’s,—the ‘Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury,’—alas! that any country, however debased, can endure such a hideous profanation of sacred names:

‘The Jews had a mythology as well as the Greeks. . . We see a gradual progress in this as in all mythologies. First, God appears in person; walks in the garden, &c.,—then it is the angel of God who appears to man. . . . Next it is only in dreams, visions, types and symbols, that he approaches his children. The nation advanced; its religion and mythology advanced with it. Then, again, sometimes God is represented but as a local deity; Jacob is surprised to find him in a foreign land; next he is only the God of the Hebrews; at last the only living and true God. There is a similar progress in the notions of the service God demands. Abraham must offer Isaac; with Moses slain beasts are sufficient; Micah has outgrown the Mosaic form, and says, “Shall Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams? &c.”’ *Ibid.* pp. 349, 350.

This writer is one of those who seem very significantly to realize what the many among us suspect as the natural counterpoise—or result, shall we call it?—of certain applications of the doctrine of development. Only, as these lectures were actually delivered nearly five years ago, it would be beyond the truth to assert that such speculations, from whatever quarter, can have contributed to them. Mr. Parker is, unquestionably, a bold thinker: he expresses himself, at times, with that affected emphasis and aim at antithesis which is characteristic, we understand, of all lecturers, and of them, transatlantic lecturers in particular; yet, generally, he writes, or lectures, with a rough earnestness and pith which must, we should think, take with those whom he addresses. For where there is no education, as in America,

¹ This atrocious observation seems taken from Bauer’s ‘Theology of the Ancient Hebrews;’—a book which has been translated into English, or perhaps into the dialect of the United States, though it has not come before us. He says that it is probable that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, was no more than a family-God, who by Moses was raised into a national-God; the ‘monotheistic ideas’ in the Pentateuch proceeding from a later age, that of David, or later.

bold confident assumptions are exactly suited to the taste. In America there is a vast deal of talk about education; a multitude of degrees are conferred; so many, that even young ladies have their *Academic cursus*, and the *trivium* and *quadrivium* are revived, among the female graduates of Burlington, New Jersey.¹ But still there is nothing of the old grammar-school system on the one side, and next to nothing of the catechism and creed on the other. This is a genial soil for a gaudy quick growth of infidelity. Even the religion of the United States dwells in a hot tainted atmosphere, prodigal of life and vegetation. Strange unhallowed parasites cling to the tree of knowledge in a New England paradise; there is a rapid growth, as in tropical swamps, of the fatal flowers which lull and soothe the senses, even while they poison. Mr. Parker has a certain amount of eloquence; he deals in trope, and figure, and illustration: he sows rhetoric broad-cast; and he clothes his arguments in what passes for poetry among a nation which seems judicially incapacitated from appreciating it; and in a city like Boston, which has been for nearly a century the very citadel of Socinianism, we are not surprised at his success. But we do own to some wonder at the state of society to which the experiment of an English reprint, or even of a new title-page for the English book-market, seems to point.

The object of his publication, affectingly entitled 'A Discourse pertaining to matters of Religion,' is the same as that indicated by the extreme neologists or infidels of England and Germany. Its key-note is development; its signal, Onwards; its aim, Prospective. He complains of the 'reverence for the past;' deplors the 'famine in our churches;' grieves that 'for all theological purposes, God might have been buried after the ascension of

¹ We have seen Bishop Doane's 'Address to the members of the senior class at St. Mary's Hall, at the closing of the summer term, 1845,' in which we find the 'graduating class,' and 'diplomas conferred,' in this Institute of Female Education. We are anxious to know the style and title of the 'graduating class,' Misses Charlotte Matilda Condit, and Maria Ross Golden Parker, and the rest: Spinsters of Arts, we presume. Very formidable damsels they must be, for we find the 'second past seniors' studying 'Horace, Tacitus, the Septuagint, S. Chrysostom on the Priesthood, Isaiah, in the original, Integral and Differential Calculus, Demonstrative Astronomy,'—to say nothing of such common-place authors as 'Dante, Lope de Vega, and Schiller.' Even the second class rejoices in 'the Apostolic Fathers and the Psalms in the original, together with Spherical Trigonometry and Conic Sections.' The Propertian age must be revived in New Jersey: and whatever slights transatlantic literature may receive from the malice and prejudice of Europe, such will be dispelled by the approving criticism of the lady graduates of St. Mary's Hall. Well may the future orators and poets sing—

Non ego sum formæ tantum mirator honestæ:

Nec si qua illustres fœmina jactat avos.

Me juvat in gemio doctæ legisse puellæ,

Auribus et puris scripta probasse mea.

Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confusa valeto

Fabula, nam dominâ judice tutus ero.

'Jesus;' in Baconian phrase, he singles out as 'the two idols, the Bible, a record of men's words and works, and Jesus of Nazareth, 'a man who lived divinely, some centuries ago.'

This is plain speaking, to which English ears are not yet accustomed; but, unless we mistake a palpable growth among us, they soon will be. State interference with religious writing is hopelessly over and done away with for this country. Perhaps it is as well that it should be. But with a Church divided upon the very first fundamentals of the Christian faith, as that of England unquestionably is, there is a perilous tendency towards infidelity. And when infidelity comes, it will be no half measure. It will be no compromise with the Catholic Faith. Infidelity, when it comes, will come a strong man armed; and what defence shall be offered by a Church which, while it holds, refuses to teach with consistency and uniformity, a definite Creed; which is distracted by party dissensions, of which the heads have announced the duty of following rather than guiding the popular sentiment, and prescribe compromise under the name of peace? Minds, even thoughtful ones, have become accustomed to what are called 'kill or cure remedies;' to desperate arguments which cut sheer between infidelity and the most extreme Romanism. On either side are presented compact, definite, organized bodies of teaching. Each way difficulties are admitted, and each way there is an answer. There is system, a whole and enlarged philosophy, on either side; and, before it is too late, we too must come forward with a whole of some sort. That the Church of England has enshrined within her such a system and philosophy, we most firmly hold. Facts prove it: the Church of England has always been ready with an answer to every emergency; an answer which can only be referred to one, and that a definite, creed. Action is the surest evidence of life. Faith and practice which are uniform in their results, can only proceed from one common habit; and the teaching of Andrewes, and Laud, and Butler, the sanctity of Ken, and Wilson, and Ferrar, can but result from a common life. This life is the Church life. It is as unquestioned as unquestionable, that such results come from a common principle, as that apples prove the existence of an apple tree. It is a fact that there has been, more or less developed, one character in the Church of England. And this character or nature being but one, evinces that the principle of the body from which it springs is but one. And being *in* the Church of England, therefore *of* the Church of England. All other modes of life and practice can be traced to other sources; to Geneva, to Germany, to Puritanism, to Socinianism. The others alone are the natural growth of England. The stream of testimony to the actual living, working, writing, and teaching of a body which as

a fact was Catholic, and as a fact was not Roman, whether it be called Laudian, or Nonjuring, or 'Tractarian,' agreeing in all its main features, proves the existence of a something real, tangible and existent. Upon the clear consistent stand to be made by this body and its principles, which are anything but new, even upon the admission of its adversaries, rests our main hope. Nothing but the Church will contradict Infidelity on every point. Every other so called system makes terms with Infidelity, surrenders here, compromises there, and leaves open questions.

To take an instance: it is only the Church which holds to the strict integrity of the Bible itself. We are accused of mingling Tradition with Scripture. In a sense this is of course true; but we speak now of the mere Bible, the Bible and the Bible only, as the saying is. Not only has the Church alone preserved the Canon from diminution, but the Church alone has the courage, so to say, to face all Scripture. None but the Church can venture upon taking up and fixing every unpliant element into her system. Other bodies have their especial *crux*; some, if but one, difficulty which they cannot get over; some inflexible saying, or line of duty, or stern unyielding dogma, which they cannot bend. The Church has neither favourite books nor conclusive texts. Luther found the Epistle of St. James straight across his way; it was a barrier which directly blocked his march; so he boldly abandoned it: he felt the combat to be hopeless. The prevailing Anglicanism of the last century was, to say the least, afraid of the Epistles to the Romans, and the Galatians. The present Bishop of Chester cannot reconcile the Law and the Gospel.¹ The present Bishop of Calcutta goes further, and seems inclined to consider the teaching of the Gospels as a 'subordinate matter,' as contrasted to, not com-

¹ 'The Gospel does not speak in the words of the Law, "This do, and thou shalt live:" but its language is, "Thy sins be forgiven thee: go in peace."' Tract No. 619, on Justification, (S. P. C. K.) by Bishop J. B. Sumner. 'All our doctrine should be Christian doctrine. . . . our addresses should proceed as a whole, not on subordinate matters, taken from the historical books, or the Book of Proverbs, or the Gospels; but on the mysteries of Christ as unfolded in the Epistles.' (Farewell Charge to the Clergy of the diocese of Calcutta, &c. p. 61.) The uses of other Churches,—as in the Cathedral of Seville, where the Epistle is read by the sub-deacon alone, but the Gospel by the deacon attended with acolytes and tapers,—the reading of the Epistle by the deacon and of the Gospel by the priest, as is the general practice of the Oriental Churches, though the *rule* seems the same as that prescribed in the Western Obedience, still, however, with the two distinctions of deacon and sub-deacon,—the trine censuring of the Gospel only, as in the Coptic liturgy of St. Basil, (Renaudot, vol. i. p. 8,) as well as in the Roman Church,—the very ancient rite of lighting candles at the recitation of the Gospel—nay, even the Western custom, preserved without rubrical authority among ourselves, of sitting during the Epistle and standing at the Gospel, together with the traditional thanksgiving which precedes it,—these most intelligible symbolical rites, to say nothing of direct Patristic teaching, show a relative estimate formed of the Epistles and Gospels, by the Church Catholic, somewhat different from that announced by Dr. D. Wilson.

pared with, that of the Epistles. Puritanism ended by considering the Lord's Prayer legal. Dissent neither sings the Psalter nor reads the Scripture in course; indeed some of its sections have abandoned the systematic use of either. The Anglo-American Church, whose practice is noticeable as indicating the result, under circumstances hitherto overruled among ourselves, of undoubted tendencies in our own communion, has discarded the deutero-canonical writings from the public Service. Wherever the Lutheran doctrine of justification has been held, there, in the end, first the plenary, then all, inspiration of Scripture has been abandoned. There is not one-sixth part of the Bible which has survived the successive exhaustions and excisions of the accredited writers of the birth-place of the Reformation—that Reformation which originated in the cry of the Bible and Bible only. Even orthodox Lutheranism, in the person of its most orthodox divine, Neander, 'is justly liable to the imputation of regarding the 'Bible as a mere human composition, while there are various portions of it which he rejects altogether from the canon of Scripture; 'that he looks upon the death of Christ as precious only in its 'moral purpose, as tending only by the force of example, and a 'certain mystical influence upon our hearts, to make us holy, and 'thereby to reconcile us to God Almighty; but by no means as 'an "*opus operatum*," a sacrifice for sin once offered.'¹ This is a remarkable fact, that all bodies which separate from the Church give up the Bible at last: the Church alone is the 'witness and keeper of Holy Writ.' And in proportion as, in the Church, men swerve from the Catholic dogmas, so, however unconsciously, is the Bible itself slipping from their grasp. But while transitional heresy exhibits, in its separate members, this disregard of the inspired Word, in its more developed stage it presents an aspect more alarming, because more insidious.

We have heard, lately, not a little of the 'more hopeful position of infidelity' in these days. And it is more hopeful; hopeful in this, that it has not so much as of old to explain away the Gospels, and to assault the Church, as to re-distribute all the historical facts of the Bible—not to deny them, but to place them under another aspect. So of ecclesiastical history: the facts are not disputed; all that infidelity now asks is to colour them. The querulous, loquacious, wrangling spirit of unbelief has been succeeded by a patronizing, condescending air towards both the faith and practice of the Church. Infidelity now wears a courtly smile towards religion, and mingles contempt with studied politeness. Nay, sometimes it goes beyond this, and becomes the Church's apologist: puts in pleas for Christian extravagances, dwells upon

¹ Dewar's German Protestantism, p. 212.

extenuating circumstances; it has its reverence for antiquity, and does ample justice to religious heroism. Some of the fairest accounts of such as St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Pope Gregory the Seventh, may be found in the writings of professed unbelievers. The modern French historical school is universally just towards medieval Christianity. Michelet and Thiers fix upon the Church as the real source of modern history. Nôtre Dame is about to be restored at the expense of an infidel government; Cologne Cathedral is finishing under the auspices of a mixed commission of Protestant and Catholic sovereigns; and Christian art, Christian literature, and the Christian monuments, are elucidated and preserved by those who do not believe in the incarnation of God. Goethe might pass for a religious poet; and there does not exist a more beautiful picture of Christian zeal and self-devotion than in the last work of M. Eugène Sue. These things, each in their way, indicate a novel and alarming phase of modern infidelity, while in its treatment of the Sacred Word, by assigning to it a defined position, as a useful element in the progressive growth of human opinion, as a recognised stage, creditable enough for its period, in the expansion of the pure reason, unbelief is spared the grosser office of attacking scriptural details, which was the work of the Chubbs and Woolstons, content at present with relegating the Bible to an economy of facts. Thus we are spared much tedious criticism by the recent compendious treatment of revelation, which is not at the trouble of denying it, but by classing it with the Veda, or the Eddas, or the Koran, considers them all true, and all useful stages in the progression of a larger and more comprehensive and absorbing idea, suitable each in their way to the national mind, and to imperfect, but advancing, eras of moral and intellectual science. Dr. Mill, with his customary precision, has indicated this peculiar feature in the coming struggle with Pantheism.

‘A philosophy in Europe, which may soon visit ourselves; which has already, in some departments, begun to visit us; a philosophy which regards God and nature in a light utterly irreconcilable with Christianity,—which rejects all notion of a Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, above and beyond ourselves,—which discards all faith in the unseen, all hope of an individual immortality of being,—to which the Idea is God, and mankind at large is the Christ,—while the records of faith are “dreamy visions” and legends,—the only reality admitted in any system of traditionary religion being the identity of our own highest reason with the Essence that is all-pervading and indestructible.’—*Christian Advocate’s Publication for 1840*, p. 12.

The position which the historical Scriptures occupy in Strauss’ system, does not seem to have attracted sufficient attention among ourselves. It is by no means an adequate

view of this most subtle scheme to class it under the ordinary sceptical attacks on religion. It addresses itself, as will have been already observed, to a higher element in the mind than the common reluctance to acquiesce in supernatural narratives. It by no means betrays its real character of an irreligious or an unchristian scheme at first; although in point of fact, practically, the Hegelian philosophy amounts to atheism, and Hegelism is the only accredited system which is consistent and consequential. It is upon this that the critical work of Strauss is based. Strauss only applies Hegelism to the Christian religion. Perhaps, however, to understand more exactly the aspect of the Pantheistic infidelity towards the Scriptures, something must be premised on this philosophical system, as such.

Biographically, the philosophy of Hegel is the legitimate and natural result of Protestantism. Its genealogical table is complete; it flows in a direct line, and without a single flaw in the pedigree, from Luther himself. German metaphysics are not to be dismissed by the English reader with the supercilious comment of, mushroom systems—unintelligible verbiage—dreaming nonsense—and the like. The successive philosophies of Germany are much more important than this. First, they are German, and this is one great fact. Germany was the cradle of the Reformation: here the great intellectual struggle commenced; and here alone has it had space to grow into maturity. The *differentia* in our own position, as a branch of the Catholic body, is the German element in our Communion. The English element was and is simply conservative: the native feeling and teaching of England was only an inert and opposing barrier to the change and movement: the hierarchical and sacramental principle we have inherited and kept; the intellectual and individual principle we have imported. And, more or less, we have sought for the last three centuries, to combine these two principles. The Church of England is, as a fact, both Catholic and Protestant; that is to say, it has at least a large influential element of Protestantism in, if not of, it. The national character has become tinged and modified by it. We hold in suspense a very considerable amount of that cast of thought and range of speculation which originated in Germany. The German divines had considerable sway over our theology; and when once such an influence is yielded to, every year increases its importance. It was not till Laud's time, that a quotation from Calvin and Luther was not held decisive: it was not till his principles were sealed by his blood, that the 'foreign reformed' were fairly abandoned. It is true that the Church of England had never adopted them: but neither had she disavowed them. They hung on to us for a good hundred years after the Reformation,

and throughout that time they were never cast adrift. It is more, then, than a literary inquiry, to find out in what Protestantism has issued in Germany. If we have, in whatever degree, or however faintly adopted in our formularies, still more if we have exhibited in our actual theology, any of the same ideas, in however seminal and rudimental a condition, it is worth while to look at them in earnest, and to trace their historical progress.

Again: while the English mind is thoroughly practical, and decidedly averse from abstract speculations such as those of continental metaphysics, there has never been wanting among us a parallel advance of practical men, who have translated into intelligible moral precept and practice the esoteric and speculative philosophy of the Continent. Where we have not originated mystic theories, we have worked them out into most intelligible actions. If others have philosophized on natural freedom, we have elicited Great Rebellions, and Glorious Revolutions, and American Independences. Our philosophy deals eminently with the concrete and the conclusion. So that, whether a Pantheistic philosophy shall ever be popular or intelligible to our English literature, is not nearly so important an inquiry as its contingent results, when subtly infused into the matter-of-fact English mind. Our apprehension is not for the metaphysical, but for the ethical and political, consequences of the modern infidelity. Our philosophy has always adopted a moral and religious application: and it is in these sober and worldly regions of fact that it will first make itself felt. The history of English philosophy is not written in the literary biographies of its successive schools of thought and theory, but in the more forcible and distinct annals of its Church and State—in its statutes—in the records of its courts of actual Law and Parliaments. The inquiry, therefore, for the English reader will be, to discover on what scientific principles practical immorality is based.

The growth of the German mind may be readily traced by the broad and distinct lines of shore and shingle, thrown up by its more marked epochs of transition, since the sixteenth century. Dr. Ott's critical and scientific analysis of Hegel's philosophy contains, in the Introduction, much valuable matter on the successive stages by which unbelief and a debased system of morality has gradually been elaborated from the Reformation movement, while Möhler's '*Symbolik*' accessible in the English translation, contains useful materials for understanding the philosophical basis upon which the anti-Catholic teaching on ethics and moral responsibility was founded. The two works which contain the most faithful account of Hegelism, as it is, are understood to be those of

Michelet, the Berlin professor—he must not be confused with the ‘impure infidel’ of Paris—and Chalybæus.

In the deep philosophy which Catholicism has ever embodied, the individual is subordinate to the social unity; he is but a point in the circumference; the reason of each must submit to the reason of the whole. The principle of the new opinions is, to isolate and separate; every individual becomes his own centre; and the community is made up, rather than consists, of subjective units; their distinguishing principle is to recognise no authority superior to the individual reason. Individual, not social, life was the occupation of its ethical teaching.¹ This was Luther’s own avowal at the Diet of Worms: ‘I will not believe that I am deceived, until I am proved to be deceived.’ Simple words enough; but henceforth faith was superseded by individual judgment. And what Luther effected in religion Kant applied to philosophy. He accepted the celebrated axiom of Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum*, and drew the conclusion of our complete ignorance of anything beyond our own existence, and our own judgments. Apart from less important subtleties, his grand conclusion is intelligible enough, that it is only the properties of our own understanding, which we attribute to external objects. In the words of one who is not likely to misrepresent this, ‘the main conclusion of the critical system of Kant is this: that no external object can be known to us, except as it is apprehended by the laws of our own perceptions; that is, we know nothing *per se*, but only its phenomena.’ ‘It exalted the human mind by making it the centre of its system; it closed the avenues of mysticism;’ ‘it afforded to philosophy a firm and consistent basis in the unchangeable nature of the human mind;’ ‘it tended to destroy a vain dogmatism, and prepare, by means of self-knowledge, the way for a better condition of philosophical science.’² Kant’s reform was, as has

¹ A witness, not unfavourable to Reformation principles, acknowledges this as the characteristic work of Protestantism, ‘I believe men were not occupied then, [at the Reformation], and were not meant to be occupied, with the bonds by which they were united to each other, nearly so much as with the question how each man could maintain his own distinct position and life. I believe that, owing to this cause, all those institutions which do not seem to connect themselves with the individual life, but rather with our condition as members of a body, were neglected; that the others received an interpretation which made them merely means and instruments of the individual faith and life, and, therefore, was deprived of their truest and highest signification.’—Rev. F. D. Maurice. *Letters to Mr. Palmer*, pp. 12, 13.

² ‘Le grand résultat de la critique de Kant, c’est que nul objet n’arrive à notre connaissance qu’autant qu’il tombe sous les lois de la faculté de connaître; ainsi nous ne connaissons nulle chose en soi, mais seulement des phénomènes.’ ‘Considérée dans ses effets, cette philosophie rehaussa la dignité de l’esprit humain, en le prenant pour centre de toutes ses recherches.’ ‘Elle ferme tout accès au mysticisme;’ ‘la science lui doit d’avoir trouvé une base fixe dans la nature invariable de

been said, to introduce a Copernican system into metaphysical science; it is the earth that turns round, not the heavens: so, they are but conditions of our own minds which pass for external objects, which are thus reduced to modes and forms subjective in ourselves. The only certainty is of our own existence and of our own mind. It is impossible to affirm the objective reality of the unity of the soul, of the creation of the world, of God Himself. Personality, external to the mind contemplating it, becomes extinct; and the final cause of the mind is not to know its own duties with respect to the outer world, that outer world which exists only so far as the perceptions of the mind affirm and affect it, but rather to contemplate its own essence. This is only the abstract theory involved in that common Anti-Catholic language, which exalts faith at the expense of works, and places knowledge and sentiment before duty. The portentous Egoism of the lecture-rooms of Germany is but another form of the Private Judgment of its pulpits. Kant is the true son of Luther. They are united together by a common philosophy which denies practice and duties, in relation to real existing personality, the personality of God above and the brethren beside ourselves, to be the real end of man.

But there remained a depth which even Kant had not fathomed. Kant had laboured to destroy the dogmatic faith in the external truth of a positive revelation in a personal God, while he sought to maintain a *religious* faith in the conclusions presented to the individual's own reason: hence the slight opposition which Kant's philosophy met from orthodox Lutheranism, and its adoption by the rationalist writers of that communion. But Kant had left a separation between the subject and phenomena; one step was wanting, which was to combine the subject and the object, and to proclaim their identity. And this is sheer Pantheism. In their own language, or jargon, Kant's was but 'subjective idealism'; others, Schelling and Hegel, completed the structure in 'absolute idealism.' That is, there is but one actual essence of things, one inner unity of Being; this is God: everything, therefore, is either God, or part of God. This is Pantheism in its simplest and most intelligible form.

Hence, in morals, to say nothing of other objections,—for this is our more immediate point, viz. to point out the connexion between modern infidelity and its ethical results,—Pantheism destroys the objective distinction between good and evil, right and wrong, because, there being but one substance, absolute and infinite, call it what we will, even though we invest it with the awful name of Deity, differences of value, and measures of truth and duty cease to be.

'l'esprit humain'; 'la critique de Kant s'occupe du soin de détruire l'échafaudage 'capricieux et vain du dogmatisme,' &c.—*Tenneman, Manuel de Philosophie, par Victor Cousin*, tom. ii. § 382, 386.

What does absolute idealism mean when translated into moral language? Schelling's philosophy,—we, again, avail ourselves of a friendly epitome from Tenneman,—‘combines, into one idea, all the essences of nature . . . by virtue of the principle that the human mind and the substance of all Being are originally identical.’ ‘It effaces the distinction between empirical knowledge and rational knowledge;’ that is to say, it ‘offers considerable ‘attractions to a great number of minds, *by excluding all law and duty, and all moral or other constraint*’—(‘*par l'exclusion de toute loi et de toute contrainte, morale ou autre.*’) Man recognises no Intelligence or Power superior to himself in heaven or on earth; he is tied to no duty, bound by no obligation; pledged to no sacrifice or restraint; his only end is himself; his only motive can but be his own interest; and, thus ‘absolute identity’ and ‘absolute idealism,’ are the metaphysical terms which are ethically expressed in ‘pure egoism,’ or the practical philosophy of selfishness. Now, selfishness excludes any notion of Religion; except an Anti-Catholic one. It was only a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century who anticipated, in morals, that absolute fatalism, and that subjective purity of the one absolute essence, which could exist undefiled by the accidental qualities of external actions, and had the rare courage to express, in words, what his successors have had the decency or the prudence to leave in theoretical obscurity. ‘Ita vides, quam dives sit homo Christianus, etiam volens non potest perdere salutem suam, *quantis- cunque peccatis, nisi nolit credere.*’ That is, sin is no restraint, unless a man loses his own identity: the absolute identity which effaces moral obligation, to use Schelling's language, is the faith which is the one essence of the homo Christianus of Luther. The celebrated thesis which one man, alone, has been found to defend, ‘Si in fide fieri posset adulterium, peccatum non est,’ sufficiently and significantly adumbrates the philosophy, whose boast it is to have reduced moral obligation to the criterion of a selfish or absolute individuality. The only difference is, that Luther's was a practical, and Schelling's a scientific, enunciation of the same view: in other words, Luther is a theologian, Schelling, a metaphysician. The metaphysics of the nineteenth century have but supplied the premises of which the theology of the sixteenth boldly, though partially, anticipated the conclusion; while it may be attributed to prudence rather than to any higher motive which compels the Pantheism of the present day from openly avowing its revolting, yet inevitable, results in practice.

Dr. Mill has quietly detected this decent veil which modern infidelity has been forced to throw over its natural tendencies in the field of morals, as well as the intimate connexion between immorality and Pantheism; for Pantheism is deficient rather in

courage than in logic: it is more complete in its scientific than in its popular aspect.

'Pride and sensuality are the two extremes between which the fallen nature of man, when abandoned to its own darkness, oscillates continually; and the systems, whether of religion or ethics, which obtained, as the truth of the original light grew faint, and men's vain imaginations became predominant, have been prone to partake *alternately of the character of both*. The gross carnality of pagan idolatry, as addressed to the sensual fancy of the ordinary worshippers, is even yet found contrasted, in the more esoteric votaries, by a system of abstract contemplative discipline, by which the soul, raised above the impressions of sense and the world, is taught to conceive itself a very fraction or part of that one Eternal Spirit, to which, in various forms, the devotion of the vulgar is addressed: to be, in fact, identified with Deity. . . . If, in later times, the intellectual infidelity that flies from atheistic materialism, is less lofty, in its pretensions, than the Vedantism or the Stoicism of the heathen world, it is from no want of disposition in the leaders, but from the more correct moral perceptions which Christianity has made general, checking the full development of these tendencies. *For the Pantheism which leads not to voluptuousness, ever tends to this result.* Man, when he ceases to be a slave to his passions and appetites, becomes, too readily, a God to himself: and the instinct of human nature, which conscious of its original grandeur, seeks for return from corruption, but knows not the way, finds, often, no other termination to its course than this.'—*Mill's Five Sermons on the Temptation*, pp. 110—112.

It is left for Satan's last assault on the Christian faith, to combine what even he has hitherto, in some measure, kept separate, 'the lust of the flesh and the pride of life;' he now presents, in union, what, in the wilderness, he offered in succession. But, surely, this very succession proves a common origin, and what obviously unites the two, as is the acknowledged case with the last German philosophy, may be his most combined, and, therefore, final assault upon the Church of Christ. That we have not unfairly represented the inherent germ of Protestantism, Mr. Parker, of whom we have long lost sight, bears a pointed testimony.

'Protestantism was right in examining the canon of Scripture, casting off what was apocryphal and spurious; in demanding that the laity should have the Bible and the Sacraments in full, and claim the right to interpret Scripture, reject tradition, relics, saints, and have nothing between them, and Christ or God. It was right in demanding freedom of conscience for all men, up to the point of accepting the Scriptures. This was no vulgar merit, but one we little appreciate. The men who fight the battle for all souls, rarely get justice from the world. . . . The early Reformers differed in opinion as to the authority of the Bible. It is well known with what freedom and contempt Luther himself spoke of parts of the canon, and the stories of miracles in the Gospels and Pentateuch. . . . He cared little for Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Indeed, it would not require a very perverse ingenuity to make out, from the Reformers, a *Straussianismus ante Straussium*.'—*Theodore Parker. Discourse*, &c. p. 438.¹

¹ There is among Heeren's works a meagre treatise on the consequences of the Reformation as affecting philosophy, which ends in a somewhat more epigrammatic way than is usual with that heavy writer. He sums up, in one character, the blessings of the period which he is called upon to eulogize, viz. 'The right of thinking as we will, and of speaking as we think.'

What, then, we have to expect as the Church's especial danger in these 'the last days,' is a compact system of infidelity which shall consolidate and unite the scattered, yet homogeneous, results of the various tendencies, of the last three centuries of opposition to dogmatic faith, which—in politics, shall exaggerate the representative principle into one of mere arbitrary delegates—in practical morals, shall evaporate faith in the mysteries and positive revelation into individual sentiment, and disparage duty to the exaltation of personal assurance—in literature, shall idealize abstractions, such as beauty, force, or mysticism, at the expense of fact and the eternal truths of conscience, and the innate sense of good and evil—in history, shall modify records, facts, and annals, by bending them to a preconceived theory of myths and abstract tendencies, and laws of growth and development—in the science of the human mind, shall view it rather as a susceptibility of infinite progress and indefinite capabilities, than an essence in its fallen, evil nature, and supernaturally changed by grace; and, by denying the distinct personality of God, shall make all Religions alike true, as variously, yet equally, suited to the discordant accidents of time, place, climate, education, intellectual refinement, bodily constitution, or state policy. And in the accredited politics, avowedly compromising and unprincipled, of our own country—in the philosophy of Cousin and Mill—in the historical school of Niebuhr—in the religious writers who follow Jacob Abbott and Krummacher, and in the shallow Evangelicalism prevalent in our own Church—in works, such as 'Milman's History of Christianity,'¹ and 'Mr. Mill's Logic'—in the popularity of a Carlyle and a Dickens—in Prussian Evangelical Churches and Jerusalem Bishoprics, and the Soci     Evan-

¹ We are not aware whether people, in general, are acquainted with the shocking tone of this publication. Some extracts may not be out of place:—

'Capernaum was admirably suited for his [our Lord's] purpose . . . nor was it an unfavourable circumstance that he had, most likely, secured the powerful protection of the officer whose son he had healed, and who, most likely, lived at Capernaum.'—Vol. I. p. 188.

'Nothing can equal, if the expression may be ventured, the address of Jesus in extricating himself from this difficulty.'—*Ibid.* p. 266.

On the text 'I and My Father are one:' 'His wonderful works showed the intercommunion of nature, in this respect, between himself and the Almighty.'—*Ibid.* p. 282.

'Everything indicated his tranquil conviction of his inevitable death . . . at every step he feels himself more inextricably within the toils; yet he moves onward with the self-command of a willing sacrifice, constantly dwelling with a profound, though chastened, melancholy on his approaching fate, and intimating that his death was necessary, in order to secure indescribable benefits for his faithful followers and for mankind. . . . Yet there is no needless exasperation of his enemies, &c.'—*Ibid.* p. 300.

'Not, in the least, thrown off his guard by the artful courtesy, or rather adulation, of their address, Jesus appeals to the current coin of the country.'—*Ibid.* p. 313.

'Jesus replied, that his life was only in the power of Divine Providence.'—*Ibid.* p. 355.

gélifique, and Associations for Christian union, among ourselves—in the speculations of Drs. Hampden, and Whately, and Arnold—and in the growth of those ‘enlarged sympathies’ announced with such fond anticipations by Dr. Tait—in the increasing sympathies with Strauss and Shelley, Coleridge¹ and Goethe, and with the rational divinity of Germany and America—in all these things we are not without our omens. Religion has become popular, but it is not the severe discipline founded upon the inconceivable facts of the Trinity and the Incarnation. If duty is recognised, it is in the ‘autonomy’ of the will, not in the corporate unity of Church and Diocese, Chapter and Municipal Corporation, Monarchy and Magistrate, Bishop and Parish, College and Monastery, Parent and School, Sacrament and Sacrifice. We would be Christians without a creed, and Citizens without the household of faith.

We implied above that an important consideration attaching to the present infidel school is, that it is not one formally or offensively hostile to revelation: rather it falls in with the vague religionism of the day, which is not supported by any firm grasp of Catholic verities as such. It adopts religious language and phrases. Hegel himself teaches a doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Incarnation. The union of God with man he considers the vital truth of religion: pure thought—the Cartesian *cogito*, or rather *cogitans*—is the only absolute being; thought can be conceived in three ways, in itself, in its external effects, in its reflex action from its effects back upon itself. This is a Trinity in Unity; thought is the absolute essence; thought passes into manifestation or the world—this is God developed in humanity; but humanity returning into, and communing with God, is spirit: this is the philosophical truth which the Church has expressed by its dogma of the Trinity.² And thus the doctrine

¹ Whose philosophy is scarcely a modification of that of Schelling, the immediate forerunner of Hegel.

² We are by no means forgetful of the many and earnest protests in favour of the personality of God, which occur in the late Mr. Coleridge's writings; nor of his unhesitating condemnation of Pantheism, as such; but we own to an increasing apprehension that some of his speculations are couched in the exact phraseology which is most likely to mislead from the Athanasian Faith. Thus, in one place, we find him speaking of ‘the absolutely Real as the *prothesis*; the subsequently Real as the *thesis*; the objectively Real as the *antithesis*,’ (*Aids to Reflection*, p. 127, note;) and this in immediate connexion with the observation ‘that the notion, God, involves the notion, Trinity:’ that it may do this, according to the metaphysics of the Neo-Platonists, may be true; but the fatal error will be in accepting this notional Trinity for the Church's Trinity. And again, we can see nothing but danger to the incautious reader, in an observation such as this:—‘Whenever, therefore, the man is determined to act in harmony of intercommunion, must not something be attributed to this all-present power as acting in the will? And by what fitter names can we call them than the *Law*, as empowering; the *Word*, as informing [*informans*] and the *Spirit*, as actuating?’—*Ibid.* p. 45. Coleridge could never escape the trammels of his early study of Spinoza; and we think Dr. Mill perfectly justified in protesting (*Five Sermons*, Note I. p. 152) against ‘some very questionable Aids to Reflection.’

of the Incarnation, and two-fold nature in Christ, is true to Hegel, being only an expression of the idea of the abstract absolute in a natural or human form. The *θείανθρωπος* is the ideal of perfect humanity,—the one infinite, absolute spirit manifested and realized in human nature. In Strauss's own words :—

‘The subject of the attributes which the Church gives to Christ is, instead of an individual, an idea—a real idea. Placed in an individual, in a God-man, the properties and the functions which the Church ascribes to Christ, contradict each other; they agree in the idea of the species. Human-kind is the union of the two natures, the God-made man; that is to say, the infinite spirit which has quitted itself so as to descend to finite nature, and the finite spirit which remembers its infinity. Human-kind is the child of the visible mother and the invisible father—of the spirit and of nature. It is it which does miracles; for, in the course of human history, the spirit masters nature more and more completely, both within and without men; and nature, in presence of man, descends to play that part of inert matter, over which he exercises his powers. Human-kind is impeccable, for the progress of its development is irreproachable; pollution attaches only to the individual; it does not reach the species nor its history. It is it which dies, rises, and ascends to heaven; since for it, from the rejection of its natural quality, there ensues a higher and higher spiritual life; and from the rejection of the finite, which limits it as an individual, rational, and planetary spirit, there ensues its unity with the infinite spirit of the skies. By faith in this Christ, particularly in His death and resurrection, man is justified before God; that is to say, that the individual himself, in vivifying in himself the idea of human kind, partakes of the divinely human life of the species. This alone is the absolute foundation of Christianity—the historical form of which is the only cause which makes it appear to depend on the person and history of an individual.’—*Concluding chapter of the Leben Jesu, third edition; translated by Beard, pp. 44, 45.*

We cannot pause to accumulate epithets on this hideous blasphemy; but our readers will readily observe with what subtle accuracy its writer embodies and adopts the successive mysteries of the Creed, and even the technical phrases of Christian theology, into his system, without the slightest hesitation or difficulty; and then let him think, with our congregations so miserably instructed, upon ‘all the articles of the Christian faith,’ in how many churches even this specious mysticism might not pass, not only without a shudder, but with approbation. The supernatural facts of the Gospel, the Incarnation, Birth, Resurrection, Ascension, and Miracles, remain eternal truths, only they are not historical facts.

So, too, with the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy. Here Strauss meets with no difficulty; rather he emulates the Church in carefully gathering up the particulars in which our Lord's ministry, in its details, showed that thus it must be that the Scriptures concerning Him should be accomplished in His person. Most willingly does Strauss accept the minute details in which Christian faith has joyfully detected the symbols of the Law realized in the

history of the Gospel. The theory of myths adopts every one of the prophecies, whether in their oral language, or in their material form of types. The ideal Christ was only a notional substratum upon which the Old Testament aspirations, and Jewish desires, and 'Messianic' traditions, concentered. They became strong by combination; and once thoroughly possessing themselves of the minds of the historical Christ, and his first followers, acquired an objective shape. In themselves they were purely subjective. The Christ of the Church, in His personality, was only an aggregation, and concentration, and impersonation of traditions, partly national and poetical, and partly those of the human species, which in past ages had slowly acquired form, until, in ripened consistency, they embodied themselves. The only axiom—certainly a compendious one—which Strauss assumes, is—'wherever there is anything supernatural, there must be a myth.' Thus, a 'myth is not the expression of a fact, but of an idea;' and myths are of two kinds—antecedent myths, in which the 'Messianic' element predominates; and, if we may so say, retroactive myths, which consist of the subsequent modifications of the idea, arising from the particular impressions left on his followers by the actual life of Jesus. But in either case, they only amount to impressions done into language. Still this theory completely exhausts both Testaments; there is not a single fact or expression which it cannot account for, or which it condescends to dispense with. In the large teeming liberality of its conceptions, it finds a place for every difficulty; far from explaining away difficulties, it rejoices in refining, spiritualizing, and idealizing the widest circle of hints and symbols. Absolute idealism refines, it does not destroy.

For examples we adopt the really eloquent language of Quinet, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, incorporated into Dr. Beard's collection.

'The manner in which the author conceives that this work of imagination has been accomplished, merits above all to be remarked. He thinks that, struck with the expectation of the Messiah, the people of Palestine by degrees added to the true representation of Jesus, all the features of the Old Testament which could appear to relate to him. Popular tradition accepted as real the imaginary actions that the ancient law attributed to the future Christ; thus modelling, fashioning, aggrandising, correcting, deifying the character of Jesus of Nazareth, after the imaginary type at first conceived by the prophets. On this principle, the New Testament is, in fact, little else than a vulgar and hasty imitation of the Old. In the same manner that the God of Plato formed the universe according to a preconceived idea, the people of Palestine formed Christ after the ideal furnished them by their ancient law. It is evident, that in this doctrine it would not be Christ who established the Church, but the Church which invented and established Christ. The political, religious, mystical prophecies were the theme which the sentiments of the people soon converted into events. Thus the world

was not the dupe of an illusion of the senses, but of something of its own creation; and mankind, during two thousand years, has knelt, not before an imposture, as said the eighteenth century, but before an ideal being, wrongly decorated with the insignia of reality.

The following is, in general, the method which the author employs to arrive at these results. With a large number of critics, he admits an interval of thirty years between the death of Jesus Christ, and the compilation of the first of our Gospels. This space of time seems to him sufficient for the popular fictions to take the place of facts. His criticism applies itself successively to each moment of Christ's life. After the English school, taken up by Voltaire—after the "*Fragmens d'un Inconnu*," and a great number of other predecessors, he draws forth the contradictions between the evangelists. He affirms that, if orthodoxy has not been able to satisfy reason on this subject, the explanations taken from the natural course of things are not less defective. These two kinds of interpretation being discarded, it only remained to deny the reality of the fact itself; to convert it into an allegory—into a legend—into a myth. This is the uniform consequence with which the author terminates each discussion; and then not one word of grief—not one regret.—The impression of the immense void which the absence of Christ will leave in the memory of the human race, does not cost him a sigh. Without anger, without passion, without hatred, he continues tranquilly, geometrically, the solution of his problem. Is it to be said, that he does not feel his work, and that, sapping the base of the edifice, he is ignorant of what he does? Certainly not. But this kind of impossibility is a fitting thing for Germany. There the learned have such a fear of all appearance of a declamation which might derange the temper of their plans, that they fall into a defect of an opposite nature. That which rhetoric is for us in France, set forms are for the Germans;—an aim which, changed into a habit, finishes by becoming natural. Of their own accord, they take in their books the inexorable form of Fate, on its seat of brass. On the perusal of such a work, you would take the author for a soul of bronze, that nothing human could reach. I confess that such was my illusion regarding M. Strauss himself, until, knowing him better, I found in him, under this mask of destiny, a young man, full of candour, gentleness, and modesty;—one possessed of a soul that was almost mysterious, and, as it were, saddened by the reputation he had gained. He scarcely seems to be the author of the work under consideration. Throughout fifteen hundred pages, and in the same manner as if it referred to an interpolation of Homer or of Pindar, Dr. Strauss disputes with Christ his cradle and his sepulchre, leaving him nothing but his cross. The circumstances connected with the birth of the Son of Mary appear to him fabulously imitated from the birth of Abraham and of Moses. Nimrod and Pharaoh are the models after whom tradition imagined Herod's massacres. As to the manger, it was only fancied to be in Bethlehem, in preference to all other places, in order to conform to the prophet's words. The star which conducted the shepherds is the remembrance of the star promised to Jacob in Balaam's prophecy. The Magian kings themselves had no existence, save in a passage in Isaiah, and one in the seventy-second Psalm. Of the presentation in the temple was made a legend, invented to glorify the man in the child. The scene of Jesus explaining the Bible, at the age of twelve years, was copied from the lives of Moses, Samuel, and Solomon, who at the same age gave proofs of celestial wisdom. The relations of Christ and of John the Baptist bring about interpretations of equal boldness. According to this system, the evangelists have attributed to St. John, ideas which it would have been impossible for him to conceive. His aim was narrower, his tendency less liberal, his genius of a ruder nature; and thus he was rendered incapable of understanding, still less of prophesying, the advent of Jesus. Besides, according to the author, if Jesus submitted to receive baptism, it is a proof that he did not

yet believe himself to be the Messiah. At the utmost, he followed in the crowd the teaching of St. John, and drew thence the maxims of the Essenians. On this subject an observation full of justice has been made: it was said, that, if any fabulous personage were concerned in this narration, it surely is not he who passes his life in the midst of a people that touch him, hear him, see him; but rather the solitary, who, dressed in goats' skin, wandering far from towns, withdraws himself from his own disciples, and leaves 'no trace of his progress, save on the sands of the desert; that, consequently, the myth here should be St. John, and Jesus Christ the history.

'To continue:—Did Jesus propose to himself a temporal or a celestial kingdom? The author answers: Christ hoped to reconquer the temporal sceptre of David, but by means which were wholly divine. The legions of angels, the resuscitated dead, were to place his disciples on the twelve thrones of Israel. Moreover, in all which regards the ancient law, he rejected but the ritual, the external form, the abuses of worship. He accepted its spirit, so that his mission was little more than negative; and he was to Mosaism just what Luther was to Catholicism. Let us speak yet more clearly: he thought not of extending his reform beyond the Jews, whose repugnance for foreign nations he partook. With regard to his doctrine, properly so called, the Scriptures kept only a very unfaithful image of it; since his discourses, according to the three first evangelists, were nothing but incoherent fragments,—a species of mosaic work, in which St. Matthew merely surpassed the two others. Strauss and his school had disputed the right of Moses to the Decalogue: it was but natural that they should go on to dispute the right of Christ to the Sermon on the Mount, and the Lord's Prayer, which, according to them, are no more than a compilation of Hebraic formulas. St. John still remains to us, and all rests on this last foundation. What will be their decision? The conclusion is not long withheld. Behold it! The discourses related by St. John are still more open to contest than the preceding. These must be regarded as free compositions, mingled with reminiscences of the schools of Alexandria. Thus, to follow up the argument, they would have Hebrew maxims on the one side; and, on the other, sentences from the Grecian philosophy! But, to say the truth, the doctrine of Jesus would have disappeared as much as his person. No historical certainty, no authenticity, unless it be in some relics of the arguments sustained by Christ against the Pharisees; and, in these contests, the author recognises the tone and accent of the dialectics of the rabbins.

'All the rays of modern scepticism converge in the last part of the work; and here we find encroachments on questions which in France we are more accustomed to see controverted. The model of this kind of polemics is found in Rousseau's famous letter on miracles; but here the knowledge is much greater, and the system quite different. The gospel miracles are either parables, taken at a later period for real histories, or legends, or copies from those of the Old Testament. The miracle of the loaves and fishes recalls the manna in the desert, and the twenty loaves with which Elisha nourished the people. The water changed into wine is a reminiscence of the unwholesome water healed by the prophet. Sometimes the New Testament would copy itself, as in the sign of the fig-tree struck with barrenness: this prodigy is the counterpart of a parable related just before. What is Christ's transfiguration on Mount Tabor? A reflection—a copy of that of Moses on Mount Sinai. But does the appearance of Jesus between Moses and Elias imply nothing peculiarly its own?—A pure emblem, to signify that Jesus came to reconcile the law personified in the one, with the prophets represented by the other. Then this had nothing to do, as I had thought, with the transfiguration of Christ?—No, assuredly, but with the transfiguration of a Christian idea.

'It remains to be known where a catechism carried forward in this man-

ner would stop. I come to the passion. To speak correctly, the author here admits nothing as historical but the crucifix, which again reminds him of the brazen serpent set upon a pole by Moses. In his language, the scenes which preceded the imprisonment are myths of the second order, in the Gospel according to St. John; and myths of the third order, in the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke. It results from this principle, that the ancient law nowhere announced a suffering Messiah; and the figures taken from Isaiah apply only to the prophets considered as a class, not to the person of the Messiah, whose temporal triumph has, on the contrary, always been announced and exalted in the Old Testament. The Apostles, when their minds were filled with the presence of their beloved Master, saw him in shining traits under each of the emblems of the Bible; naturally and invincibly, they applied to him all the words which could be turned from a literal sense: they deceived themselves. In consequence of a similar illusion, after the event had occurred, they first supposed such a thing possible, and then persuaded themselves that Christ must have previously announced his death, his resurrection, and his re-appearance. Hence the prophecies which the evangelists attributed to him. The scene in the Garden of Olives; the bloody sweat; the agony on the cross;—what more?—the cup brought by the angel of the Passion: what do they make of this unutterable grief? A plagiarism from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. That deep presentiment which seizes each creature, even the vilest, at the moment of death, is wanting in Jesus Christ. The two thieves belong to Isaiah. The divided raiment—the nailed feet and hands—the sword thrust into his side—the gall and the vinegar—even the thirst on the cross;—all, as well as the last words of Jesus in expiring, “Eli, lama sabachthani?” are word for word taken from the sixty-ninth and the twenty-second Psalm; which, Dr. Strauss declares, are classical references for all which regards the Passion. To this he adds, that one only of the evangelists makes mention of the presence of the mother of Christ at the foot of the cross; and that her presence, if she were there, would not have been neglected by the others. Here, I confess, I can neither tolerate the manner, nor conceive the feeling, which induces the author, in the midst of such a description, to say, in speaking of the Passion according to St. John, —“The narration of the scene does honour to the ingenious and animated manner of the narrator.” At this sentence can you not imagine, that you see the spectre of Voltaire rising erect, and applauding? or rather would not such a cruelty have astonished even him? Be it as it may, the author’s coolness does not again contradict itself in the scenes which follow. Certainly none but an erudite German could examine, with an impassibility in which modern irony and the hyssop of Golgotha are indissolubly mingled, into such details as whether Judas, as a theologian has pretended, were not an honest man misrepresented; if Christ were at the same time nailed by the hands and the feet; how many times he thirsted; how many hours he remained on the cross; how deeply in his side the soldier’s sword was thrust; if the blood and water could have issued from his wound; supposing that Jesus, after a long fainting fit, went forth from the sepulchre, in what place he took shelter; if, as is seriously pretended by Paulus, the celebrated professor of dogmatic theology, Christ, having escaped from the tomb, died of a slow fever, caused by the wounds of the nail-prints on the cross; or if, after the Passion, he still lived for twenty-seven years in solitude, labouring for the welfare of humanity, as says M. Brennesche, in his Dissertation; and at last in what lonely place, far from the looks of his disciples and his friends, died the God-made-man. This portion of the work has all the odious precision of a judiciary proceeding. Here M. Strauss appears to deviate from his system of myths, and to make a concession to an opposing school; for he admits, that the idea of the resurrection originated in a vision of the

disciples, similar to that which St. Paul saw on his way to Damascus: he thinks, besides, that this idea could not well be entertained, but in Galilee far from the sepulchre, and the mortal remains of Christ. The ascension reminds him of Enoch's; of the fiery horses of Elias (which, says he, to conform to the more gentle nature of Jesus, were transformed into clouds); of the apotheosis of Hercules of Tyre, Romulus, &c. Such is this book in its elements; and in its frightful reality, were the analysis to be recommenced, my heart would sink before such an undertaking.'—*Voices of the Church in Reply to Strauss*, pp. 63—67.

At first sight, it would seem needless to the compact form of Strauss' system, for him to adopt Rationalist weapons in destroying the historical truths of the Sacred narratives. But a consideration of the nature of myths will at once account for this apparent incongruity. He only requires the ideal and subjective truths, he must therefore get rid, by every desperate remedy, of their historical and objective manifestation. Hence there is not one of the vulgar Rationalist interpretations which he does not weave into his system: from Celsus down to Paulus, he concentrates into one hideous quiver the scattered shafts of blasphemy. There is not an objection, a cavil, or rational solution which is not instantly fused and incorporated into his system,¹ as far as the fact goes: but he steadily evaporates and condenses the ideal value of each supernatural relation; which ideal value Rationalism denies equally with the fact. So that, on the one hand, Strauss blames the ordinary Rationalists for denying that there is any truth in the

¹ Strauss would offer no objection to the Rationalist explanations which he finds ready for his use. Even their most repulsive ones have hidden charms for him of which their sordid inventors never dreamed. He would not hesitate to say that 'the tree of good and evil is nothing but a venomous plant, probably a manchineel-tree, under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses, on Mount Sinai, was the natural result of electricity; the vision of Zechariah was effected by the smoke of the chandeliers in the temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of myrrh, of gold, and of incense, three wandering merchants, who brought some glittering tinsel to the child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them, a servant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan traversing the desert, laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the transfiguration, a storm.' . . . The five books of the Pentateuch, as De Wette argues, would be, in his eyes, 'the first epic poem of the Hebraic theocracy: according to him, they do not contain more than the epic poetry of the Greeks. As the Iliad and Odyssey are the hereditary works of the rhapsodists, so the Pentateuch is, with the exception of the Decalogue, the uninterrupted and anonymous work of the priesthood. Abraham and Isaac resemble Ulysses and Agamemnon. As for the journey of Jacob, and the espousals of Rebekah, a Canaanitish Homer could have invented nothing better.' And according to Vatke, the immediate predecessor of Strauss, 'the Jews took from the Babylonians the fictions of the tower of Babel, of the patriarchs, of the clearing of chaos by the Elohim; from the religion of the Persians the images of Satan, paradise, the resurrection from the dead, and the last judgment. Thus the Hebrews stole, a second time, the sacred vessels of their various hosts. . . . The book of Joshua is no more than a collection of fragments, composed after the exile, according to the spirit of the Levitical mythology; Kings, a didactic poem; Esther, a romantic fiction, a tale imagined under the Seleucidae.'—Cited by Quinet, from whom we have suppressed German blasphemies even more horrible than these.

Sacred narratives, while, on the other hand, he is at direct issue with the Christian world for maintaining their historical and personal verity. He announces his purpose to be double: to 'substitute a *new* method of considering the history of Jesus, to the 'worn-out idea of a supernatural intervention [which is that of the 'Church], and of a naturalist explanation [which is that of the 'Rationalists].' The explanation of the naturalists proves too little; that of the Church too much: criticism will not answer: he must philosophize. Thus, while he adopts the method of both, he destroys both. Hence, which is noticeable, the peculiar hostility of the German and English Rationalists to Strauss' views. The only works in opposition to the *Leben Jesu* which are accessible to the English reader, apart from Dr. Mill, are those of Mr. Milman and Dr. Beard, *himself an Unitarian*. This is significant enough of the fate of the vaunted critical method, and in its way an important corroboration of the Catholic system. The grounds of the dispute are fearfully narrowed: for the future we can but choose between the highest doctrine of Miracle or the coldest abstractions of Pantheism. A middle course, like Rationalism, is henceforth impossible. And that this is what we are more or less rapidly coming to, especially in England, there are, in various quarters, which it would be ungracious to particularize, sufficiently important intimations. We must make up our minds to sweeping systems on one side or the other. Half arguments are now only contemptible. All that we dread is, that when the awful alternative is fairly and honestly put before thinking and untaught minds, they will choose, voluntarily and deliberately, the evil and reject the good.

Last of all, there is one more aspect in which the dangers of the modern infidelity will prove very ensnaring. We allude to the mystical sense of Scripture. Here again Strauss finds no difficulty: in certain quarters it has been made a charge against him, that he throws himself freely into the school of Origen, and even adopts all the allegorical patristic interpretations. And so the objection is made to turn against the mystical sense itself. The same may be said of his mysticism, which at times touches upon quietism, and such theosophy as that of Jacob Böhmen, who was, be it remarked, a favourite with Coleridge. But this is no real objection against the mystical sense. An imperfect notion will be formed of Strauss' views, unless we understand them as incorporating many truths. All great heresies range over and embrace many Catholic truths. Pantheism has its positive and true side. And so Strauss,—it was to be expected—weaves into one vast web both heresy and orthodoxy, truth and falsehood; he adopts, confuses, entangles the idealism of Berkeley, with the materialism of the ancient atheists; he borrows alike from Cudworth and

Voltaire, from Schleiermacher and the Gnostics; he extracts the poison from every heresy, from Arius down to Mahommed; he stands equally indebted to the Indian metaphysics, and to the misapplied and distorted phraseology of the Church; he offers religion to the religious, criticism to the intellectual, and the negation of responsibility to the sensual. It is no wonder that such a system should be popular.

The same remark applies to the less conspicuous writers of the same school. They do ample justice to ecclesiastical history: they see in the Church an institution admirably suited to the wants of a barbarous and unlettered, but still expanding, age. All that they ask is a flexible *plus ultra*. Theirs is not that coarse insult to common sense which would view in the whole diffused religious system of fifteen centuries one vast system of imposture and abuse, and reckless tyranny over the mind and conscience, and utterly opposed to the wants of men. They despise that wilful blindness to facts which could use language, for which we are thankful to avail ourselves of the apology always tendered to a vehement rhetoric, but still which speaks of 'laity and clergy, 'learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, 'women and children, of whole Christendom, (an horrible and 'most dreadful thing to think,) have been, at once drowned in 'abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, 'and most damnable to man; and that by the space of eight 'hundred years and more:' language such as this, modern infidelity is well aware, will fall harmless upon educated ears. The recent school has the sense to perceive that such railing defeats its own petty object. They assume the candour of apologists for the Church; indeed, they become its eulogists. And we are not aware of a more spirited sketch than the following, of the practical merits of the Catholic Church; its language, really eloquent, must be some apology for its length. But without such specimen we can hardly arrive at a fair estimate of the actual amount of danger which awaits us. Many things are contained in the books which we have had the heavy task to expose, besides the foul blasphemies which we have already cited.

'The peculiar merit of the Catholic church consists in its assertion of the truth, that *God still inspires mankind as much as ever*; that he has not exhausted himself in the creation of a Moses, or a Jesus, the Law or the Gospel, but is present and active in spirit as in space, admitting this truth, so deep, so vital to the race—a truth preserved in the religions of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and above all in the Jewish faith—clothing itself with all the authority of ancient days; the word of God in its hands, both tradition and Scripture; believing it had God's infallible and exclusive inspiration at his heart, for such no doubt was the real belief, and actually, through its Christian character, combining in itself the best interests of mankind, no wonder it prevailed. Its countenance became as lightning. It stood and measured the earth. It drove asunder the nations. It went forth in the mingling tides of

civilized corruption and barbarian ferocity, for the salvation of the people,—conquering and to conquer; its brightness as the light.

‘It separated the spiritual from the temporal power, which had been more or less united in the theocracies of India, Egypt and Judea, and which can only be united to the lasting detriment of mankind. This was a great merit in the church; one that cannot be appreciated in our days, for we have not felt the evil it aimed to cure. The church, in theory, stood on a basis purely moral; it rose in spite of the state; in the midst of its persecutions; at first it shunned all temporal affairs, and never allowed a temporal power to be superior to itself. The department of *political* action belonged to the state; that of *intellectual* action—the stablest and strongest of power—to the church. Hence its care of education; hence the influence it exerted on literature. We read the letters of Ambrose and Augustine and find a spirit all unknown to former times. Tertullian could oppose the whole might of the state with his pen. That fierce African did not hesitate to expose the crimes of the nation. The Apologetists assume a tone of spiritual authority surprising in that age.

‘The church set apart a speculative class, distinct from all others, including the most cultivated men of their times. It provided a special education for this class, one most admirably adapted, in many points, for the work they were to do. Piety and genius found here an asylum, a school, and a broad arena. Thus it had a troop of superior minds, educated and pious men, who could not absorb the political power, as the sacerdotal class of India, Egypt and Judea had done; who could not be indifferent to the social and moral state of mankind, as the priesthood had been in Greece and Rome. Theoretically, they were free from the despotism of one, and the indifference of the other. The public virtue was their peculiar charge.

‘Rome was the city of organizations, and practical rules. War, Science and Lust of old time had here incarnated themselves. The same practical spirit organized the church, with its Dictator, its Senate, and its Legions. The discipline of the clerical class, their union, zeal, and commanding skill gave them the solidity of the Phalanx, and the celerity of the Legion. The church prevailed as much by its organization as its doctrine. What could a band of loose-girt Apostles, each warring on his own account, avail against the refuge of Lies, where Strength and Sin had intrenched themselves, and sworn never to yield? An organized church was demanded by the necessities of the time; an association of soldiers called for an army of saints. A sensual people required forms, the church gave them; superstitious rites, divination, processions, images, the church,—obdurate as steel when occasion demands, but pliant as molten metal when yielding is required—the church allows all this. Its form grew out of the wants of the time and place.

‘Was there no danger that the priesthood, thus able and thus organized, should become ambitious of wealth and power? The greatest danger that fathers would seek to perpetuate authority for their children. But this class of men, cut off from posterity by the prohibition of marriage, lived in the midst of ancient and feudal institutions, where all depended on birth; where descent from a successful pirate, or some desperate freebooter, hard-handed and hard-hearted, who harried village after village, secured a man elevation, political power and wealth; the clergy were cut off from the most powerful of all inducements to accumulate authority. In that long period from Alaric to Columbus, when the church had ample revenues; the most able and cultivated men in her ranks, so thoroughly disciplined; the awful power over the souls of men, far more formidable than bayonets skilfully plied; with an acknowledged claim to miraculous inspiration and divine authority, were it not for the celibacy of the Christian priesthood—damnable institution, and pregnant with mischief as it was—we should have

had a sacerdotal caste, the Levites of Christianity, whose little finger would have been thicker than the loins of all former Levites; who would have flayed men with scorpions, where the priestly despots of Egypt and India only touched them with a feather, and the dawn of a better day must have been deferred for thousands of years. The world is managed wiser than some men fancy. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remnant of wrath He will restrain," said an old writer. The remedy of inveterate evils is attended with sore pangs. These wretched priests of the middle ages bore a burthen, and did a service for us, which we are slow to confess.

'The church, reacting against the sensuality and excessive publicity of the heathen world, in its establishments of convents and monasteries, opened asylums for delicate spirits that could not bear the rage of savage life; afforded a hospital for men sick of the fever of the world, worn out and shattered in the storms of state, who craved a little rest for charity's sweet sake, before they went where the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest. Among the sensual the Saint is always an Anchorite; religion gets as far as possible from the world. Rude men require obvious forms and sensible shocks to their roughness. The very place where the Monks prayed and the Nuns sang, was sacred from the ruthless robber. As he drew near it, the tiger was tame within him; the mailed warrior kissed the ground, and Religion awoke for the moment in his heart. The fear of hell, and reverence for the consecrated spot, chained up the devil for the time.

'Then the church had a most diffusive spirit; it would Christianize as fast as the state would conquer; its missionaries are found in the courts of barbarian monarchs, in the caves and dens of the savage, diffusing their doctrine and singing their hymns. Creating an organization the most perfect the world ever saw; with a policy wiser than any monarch ever dreamed of, and which grew more perfect with the silent accretions of time; with address to allure the ambitious to its high places, and so turn all their energy into its deep wide channel; with mysteries to charm the philosophic, and fill the fancy of the rude; with practical doctrines for earnest workers, and subtle questions, always skilfully left open for men of acute discernment; with rites and ceremonies that addressed every sense, rousing the mind like a Grecian drama, and promising a participation with God through the sacrament; with wisdom enough to bring men really filled with Religion into its ranks; with good sense and good taste to employ all the talent of the times in the music, the statues, the painting, the architecture of the church, thus consecrating all the powers of man to man's noblest work; with so much of Christian truth as the world in its wickedness could not forget,—no wonder the church spread wide her influence; sat like a queen among the nations, saying to one go, and it went, to another come, and it came.

'Then, again, its character, in theory, was kindly and humane. It softened the asperity of secular wars; forbid them in its sacred seasons; established its Truce of God, and gave a chance for rage to abate. It espoused the cause of the people. Coming in the name of one "despised and rejected of men," "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" of a man born in an ox's crib, at his best estate not having where to lay his head; who died at the hangman's hand, but who was at last seated at the right hand of God, and in his low estate was deemed God in humiliation come down into the flesh, to take its humblest form, and show he was no respecter of persons,—the church did not fail to espouse the cause of the people, with whom Christianity found its first adherents, its Apostles and defenders. With somewhat in its worst days of the spirit of Him who gave His life a ransom for many; with much of it really active in its best days and its

theory at all times, the church stood up, for long ages, the only bulwark of freedom; the last hope of man struggling but sinking as the whelming waters of barbarism whirled him round and round. It came to the Baron, haughty of soul, and bloody of hand, who sat in his cliff tower, as a hungry raven; who broke the poor into fragments, ground them to powder, and spurned them like dust from his foot; it came between him and the captive, the serf, the slave, the defenceless maiden, and stayed the insatiate hand. Its curse blasted as lightning. Even in feudal times, it knew no distinction of birth; all were "conceived in sin," "shapen in iniquity," alike the peasant and the peer. The distinction of birth, station, was apparent, not real. Yet were all the children of God, who judged the heart, and knew no man's person; all heirs of Heaven, for whom Prophets and Apostles had uplifted their voice; yes, for whom GOD had worn this weary, wasting weed of flesh, and died a culprit's death. Then while nothing but the accident of distinguished birth, or the possession of animal fierceness could save a man from the collar of the thrall, the church took to her bosom all who gave signs of talent and piety; sheltered them in her monasteries; ordained them as her priests; welcomed them to the chair of St. Peter; and men who from birth would have been companions of the Galilean fishermen, sat on the spiritual throne of the world, and governed with a majesty which Cæsar might envy, but could not equal. Priests came up from no Levitical stock, but the children of captives and bondmen as well as prince and peer. When northern barbarism swept over the ancient world; when temple and tower went to the ground, and the culture of old time, its letters, science, arts, were borne off before the flood,—the church stood up against the tide; shed oil on its wildest waves; cast the seed of truth on its waters, and as they gradually fell, saw the germ send up its shoot, which growing while men watch and while they sleep, after many days, bears its hundredfold, a civilization better than the past, and institutions more beneficent and beautiful.

'The influence of the church is perhaps greater than even its friends maintain. It laid its hand on the poor and down-trodden; they were raised, fed, and comforted. It rejected, with loathing, from its coffers, wealth got by extortion and crime. It touched the shackles of the slave, and the serf arose disenthralled, the brother of the peer. It annihilated slavery, which Protestant cupidity would keep for ever. It touched the diadem of a wicked king, and it became a crown of thorns; the monarch's sceptre was a broken reed before the crosier of the church. Its rod, like the wand of Moses, swallowed up all hostile rods. Like God himself, the church gave, and took away, rendering no reason to man for its gifts or extortions. It sent missionaries to the east and the west, and carried the waters of baptism from the fountains of Nubia, to the roaring Geysers of a Northern isle. It limited the power of kings; gave religious education to the people, which no ancient institution ever aimed to impart; kept on its sacred hearth the smouldering embers of Greek or Roman thought; cherished the last faint sparkles of that fire Prometheus brought from Gods more ancient than Jove. It had ceremonies for the sensual; confessionals for the pious—needed and beautiful in their time—labours of love for the true-hearted; pictures and images to rouse devotion in the man of taste; churches whose aspiring turrets and sombre vaults filled the kneeling crowd with awe; it had doctrines for the wise; rebukes for the wicked; prayers for the reverent; hopes for the holy, and blessings for the true. It sanctified the babe, newly born and welcome; watched over marriage, with a jealous eye; fostered good morals; helped men, even by its symbols, to partake the divine nature; smoothed the pillow of disease and death, giving the soul wings, as it were, to welcome the death-angel, and gently, calmly pass away. It assured masculine piety of its reward in Heaven;

told the weak and wavering, that divine beings would help him, if faithful. In the honours of canonization, it promised the most lasting fame on earth; generations to come should call the good man a blessed saint, and his name never perish while the years went round. Heroism of the Soul took the place of boldness in the Flesh. It did not, like Polytheism, deify warriors and statesmen—Attila, Theodosius, Clovis, their kingdom was of this world—but it canonized martyrs and Saints, Polycarp, Justin, Ambrose, Paulinus, Bernard of Clairvaux. Such were some of the excellences, theoretical or practical, of the church.'—*Parker's Disc. on Religion*, pp. 416, 417.

But all this was to have an end. The Church is but a transient and preliminary institution; it 'has a truth, or it could not be; an error, or it would stand for ever.' For no 'institution is ultimate. Judaism and heathenism nursed and swaddled mankind for Christianity. The Catholic Church rocked the cradle of mankind;' but now 'the stripling child will walk alone.' And Protestantism was one vast step in the world's enlightenment, for it 'denied the immanence of God in the church,' as such. And Unitarianism was another, for it rejected 'the idea that God was a sovereign;' and was not content with 'the idea that God was a father.' But Unitarianism is not consistent, and it is not final; for 'it must do one of two things, affirm the great doctrines of absolute religion—teaching that man is greater than the Bible, Ministry or Church—that God is still immanent in mankind—that man saves himself by his own, and not by another's, character: for a Christ outside the man is nothing; his divine life nothing; and God is not a magician to blot sin out of the soul, and make man the same as if he had never sinned; and, therefore, each man must be his own Christ, or he is no Christian:—it must do this, or cease to represent the progress of man in theology; then some other will take its office, stand god-parent to the fair child it has brought into the world, but dares not own.'—*Parker*, p. 476.

Nor are Mr. Parker's aspirations for the future less glowing than his estimate for the past. He revels in the warm anticipations of the orient splendours, of which all past systems are but the precursors. He bathes in the rosy floods of a coming day: he sees already the dawn of a spiritualism, 'which relies on no church, tradition or scripture; which thinks the canon of revelation not yet closed, nor God exhausted. Which sees him in Nature's perfect work; hears him in all true scripture, Jewish or Phœnician; stoops at the same fountain as Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water. It calls God Father, not King; Christ Brother, not Redeemer; heaven home; religion nature. It loves and trusts, but does not fear. It sees in Jesus a man living manlike, highly gifted, and living with blameless and beautiful fidelity to God; stepping thousands of years before the race of man; the pro-

‘foudest religious genius which God has raised up; whose words and works help us to form and develop the native idea of a complete religious man. But he lived for himself; died for himself; worked out his own salvation; and we must do the same. It is no personal Christ, that creates the well-being of man; the divine incarnation is in all mankind.’—P. 478.

This, alas! is language neither narrow nor unattractive; there is a consistency and boldness about it which will strike upon chords which, when they do vibrate, will make the ears more than tingle. We are living in an age which deals in broad and exhaustive theories; which requires a system that will account for everything, and assign to every fact a place, and that no forced one, in the vast economy of things. Whatever defects Mr. Parker’s view may have, it meets these requisites. It is large enough and promising enough; it is not afraid of history. It puts forth claims; it is an articulately-speaking voice. It deals neither in compromise nor abatement. It demands a hearing: it speaks with authority. It has a complete and determined aspect. It is deficient neither in candour nor promises; and whatever comes forward in this way will find hearers. And let us remember what class it will address with chances of success.

There is a class of minds educated up to various degrees, whose future destinies we almost tremble to forecast. The last decade of years has produced a generation upon whom will rest the world’s destinies. Look at our rising young men: such as have the best means of judging tell us of the rise of a new cast of thought, of which even the possible growth is very portentous. The talent of the day is not entering upon life under the same auspices as welcomed those whose active life began ten years ago. This last class still consists of young men, but they are not so young as they were. It is quite true that upon them would have rested much of the work of training and forming the juniors of the present day. But, more or less, they are excluded from their legitimate spheres of influence; because, for the most part, they were all trained under certain definite principles, and represented a uniform cast of thought, now that these principles are unpopular, those who hold them are proscribed: they are marked men; they are tacitly shelved. At least, this is the attitude into which the world tries to drive them. And not only are they themselves forced into dangerous inactivity, and driven almost by the stern energy for action into hazardous tendencies, and still more hazardous experiments themselves; but their fate is not very encouraging for others to tread the same unsatisfactory and unprofitable path. The youngest men among us cannot have the same motives which they had who were the youngest in 1832. Duty

itself is a matter of teaching; and where are the teachers? Safe men, compromising men, men of no party, the cautious steerers between extremes. Men whose bias is to discourage earnest austerity; to avoid the enunciation of great principles; to keep things, as they say, quiet. Such a bias may, under some circumstances, have its value; but its value is not to train either saints or heroes. It is not suited to the present state of the Church of England. Bystanders have found out that the mere ebb and flow of a specious *via media* will not afford anchorage for the drifting mind of the coming generation. The nascent English mind, that section of it we mean which aims at literary and educated influences among the middle classes, will be put off no longer; it will pursue principles to their utmost conclusions. It will bolt, and sift, and winnow the most plausible conventionalities; it will track with relentless severity, even to the worrying, the most imposing fallacies. It will have a theory which is not afraid of its own, however distant, conclusions. At whatever hazard it will be content only with that which, on whatever side, disdains and disclaims both compromise and inconsistency. And if Catholicism is disavowed and proscribed; if the intellect of our country is forbidden, tacitly or otherwise, to embrace it, in too many cases Pantheism will be accepted in its place. Thinkers can find no middle ground. The noble Hindoo mind, unable to rest upon the vague Christianity which is presented to it, ranges over and accepts the philosophy of unbelief. Not only is Ramohun Roy an instance, but at the present moment the inquiring Brahmins of Calcutta, are diligent students of Voltaire, and Gibbon, and Hume.¹

If patristic theology and practice—nay, even if the formal English religious teaching and religious life of the seventeenth century—be not presented on *authority*, the infidel system which denies all authority must reign in its stead. The chair which is forcibly vacated by the scholastic, will be filled by the Pantheistic, philosophy. If the Œcumenical councils, if Andrewes and Laud, are not openly avowed and adopted by our Church, then Strauss, and Hennell, and Parker come before us with claims which they could, under no circumstances so favourable as the present, put forward. Man will have both teachers and a system. It seems but to require a master mind, at once scientific and popular, rigorous as well as bold, to embody for home use all the scattered portions of continental unbelief; and a state of things will be upon us which we tremble to think of. There are combustible elements at hand, and in ominous abundance, when once the train is laid and the mine sprung.

Nor are these dangers confined to the educated and literary

¹ This statement rests on the authority of Archdeacon Manning, in a recent speech delivered at the Mansion House.

classes; still less,—though here the danger presses most—on those who set up for reading men in such places as Birmingham and Liverpool. Infidelity has its rough and popular, as well as its refined and elevated, phase. It is a fact, that Paine, and Carlile, and Taylor, had their adherents: Mormonism, and Owenism, and Socialism are facts also. There are ‘Halls of Science’ in London—and we believe elsewhere—in which Atheism is openly and avowedly preached. The catalogue of the notorious Hetherington, of Holywell Street, is before us, which reaches to sixteen pages: in it we find sufficiently startling announcements:—‘The Freethinker’s Information for the People, issued in weekly numbers, at one penny. Nos. 1 to 49, already published.’ ‘An estimate of the character of Prayer, wherein it is shown that *that* ceremony is both unreasonable and useless.—Price 2d.’ ‘An Eternal Hell: Twelve Reasons for not believing in the doctrine.—Price 2d.’ ‘The Lake of Fire—Hell, not a place of punishment, but of progressive and endless felicity; *proved by Scripture*.—Price 2d.’ ‘Cerebral Physiology and Materialism, with the results of the application of Animal Magnetism to the cerebral Organs. An address delivered to the Phrenological Association in London, 20th June, 1842. By W. C. Engleclue, M.D., to which is added a letter from Dr. Elliotson, on Mesmeric Phrenology and Materialism.—Price 4d.’ ‘Cheap Salvation; or, an Antidote to Priestcraft.—Price 3d.’ Together with these we find cheap and popular editions of the half-forgotten Peter Annett, Robert Taylor, Mandevill, Toulmin, and Haslam, together with reprints of Volney, Paine, Shelley, Sir W. Drummond, Hume’s ‘Essay on Miracles,’ Voltaire, D’Holbach, Milton ‘on removing Hirelings from the Church,’ and the like. Perhaps the only remarkable production among them is a tract, ‘The Protestant’s Progress from Church of Englandism to Infidelity. By Rees Griffiths, Esq.’ (we are not aware whether this is a real name.) From the accredited organs and champions of mere Protestantism, the author selects principles, from which with no very forced logic, his own infidel conclusions follow. Mr. Griffiths follows out the right of private judgment: he accepts Dr. Chalmers’ observation, that ‘to tremble at the idea of dissenting from your minister, is “calling another man master:”’ and as ‘free inquiry is the essence of Protestantism,’ he cites the ‘Christian Observer’ and writers of a similar class, with a pertinacity which is all but amusing. In this respect, and in this only, the work is worth looking at; it is even in our estimate a clever argument *ad Protestantem*, showing only with a trifle more than ordinary keenness, the implicit infidelity of their common maxims and axioms; and therefore it may serve other purposes to the Church of England, than those contemplated by

its unhappy writer. Under all other regards, Mr. Griffiths only connects the ordinary cavils of unbelief into a popular, and we are afraid, taking whole. There is a great display of reading in him, especially in the way of extracts from the idols of the English religious world, whose admissions are strange enough at times. We hear that this pamphlet enjoys a considerable popularity: and certainly it strikes us as being something beyond the ordinary cast.

Once more. The works of Michelet, (of Paris,) now circulating in English translations by decades of thousands, will furnish us with another illustration of our argument. In one just published, 'The People,' we find the following calm and satisfied anticipation of the new religion:—'It will be for France to initiate the child, and tell him his tradition. She will tell him the three revelations she has received; how Rome taught her the just, Greece the beautiful, and Judea the holy. She will connect her last lesson with the first lesson that his mother gave him: the latter taught him *God*, and his great mother will teach him the dogma of love,—*God in man*,—Christianity; and how love, impossible in the barbarous, malevolent times of the middle ages, was inscribed in the laws, by the Revolution, so that the inward *God of man* might be manifested.'—P. 162.

We desire to draw no ostentatious moral by way of conclusion. He who runs may read the warning which we have sought in this incomplete way to convey. Others far beyond ourselves, and gifted with that keenness of vision, which is the result only of high spiritual attainments, have indicated the quarter of the heavens from which the clouds are rising. How far are we prepared for this crash of the elements? There is but one barrier against the successful assault of the principles which we have been concerned with; and that is by a sharp, clear, Dogmatic Theology. The Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation is the one sole antagonist of Pantheism, unless 'we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man; God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and Man, of the substance of His Mother, born in the world: perfect God and perfect Man; of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting,' either we shall believe in a mere person, without any attributes, which is the material form of infidelity,—or in the attributes as vague generalities loosely attaching themselves to idealized humanity, which is its supersensual form.

Our danger in the Church lies in two ways: we have no safeguard against the natural excesses of an amiable but effeminate mysticism, such as that which is betraying some adhe-

rents of Swedenborg, who weary of wrangling and disputes, would clutch with avidity at language which, while it ennoble humanity, promises an easy union with the Divine nature. Nor again are we quite safe in another direction. Strauss preaches Christ, not as the Incarnate God, born of the blessed Virgin Mary, not as a single Personality, which is the teaching of the Church, but only as a useful exponent of the perpetual immanence of God in the soul of humanity. We do not say that this teaching is popular in England, but there is a teaching which 'preaches Christ,' as an idea equally visionary and unpractical, and which represents Him, as 'the idea of impunity for sin to those who accept and acquiesce in this *one* leading fact of gratuitousness.'—*Dr. Mill.* This is the popular school of Theology in England, which separates the Gospels from the Epistles; which disparages the personal and individual Christ of the Evangelists; which dwells upon an affection of the mind and miscalls it Faith; which reduces the gospel to a scheme of sentimental apprehension; which excludes the Individual Christ from His perpetual, personal, and objective manifestation in His Church, in His saints, and in the Christian works of charity and self-crucifixion; which lays stress upon the atonement rather as a generalization of the gospel scheme, than as a fact applied and rendered practical in the new birth and risen life of every Christian, whose calling is to live daily the life of the one Perfect Man Christ Jesus. When the life of Christ, in His divine and human personality, as the Object of faith, is considered of less didactic importance, than certain private subjective notions about the Divine purpose and the Divine essence, and than an appropriation of these by the mere workings of the individual mind, there is the chief danger of Pantheism being unsteadily resisted, or even of being, with little reluctance, embraced. The religion of a popular school in England and the religion of Protestant Germany are not so far removed, that they may not be fairly charged with the same tendencies. All Idealists, call them Evangelical or call them Straussian, agree in this, that they deny a Personal Christ, an Objective Christ. How different is the Church's teaching. The four holy Gospels are the objects of the Church's most affectionate reverence. Every detail of His sacred life she dwells upon with the most minute particularity, rehearses it day by day and season by season, accompanies Him from the Annunciation to the Nativity, recalls Him, as her one living Guide and Master and Example, in feast and fast, actually dramatizes, as it were, His life in Passion-Tide and Easter; pictures Him, paints Him, symbolizes Him, hymns Him, cherishes the visible image of His sacred Passion; detects Him as the object of the Psalms, traces Him as the One substance, the actual Life and Being, of allusion

and prophecy, of type and symbol; sees Him, clings to Him, hears His own voice, kneels to Him, feeds on Him, as still now actually living, and verily and truly present, under His appointed means of conveying Himself to the soul which he chooses for His sacred tabernacle. Where Christ is not thus regarded as the one ever-living Object, and where these things are rejected or disparaged, as views either anthropomorphic or even Socinian, if not idolatrous, we may well suspect a lurking taint of contingent Pantheism.¹

Since the above sheets were in the press, we have received from the United States—(Chapman announces it with a large broadsheet)—a pamphlet, the contents of which we deem of sufficient significance to attach to our article. It is entitled, 'The Idea of a Christian Church: a Discourse at the Installation of Theodore Parker, as Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church, in Boston, January 4, 1846; delivered by himself. Boston: B. H. Green. 1846.' Our readers will bear in mind that the volume of 'Discourses,' from which we have made so many extracts, was delivered in Boston; but that its author was located at Roxbury. At Roxbury, however, Mr. Parker was, we suppose, 'inclusus Gyaris:' he pined for the enlarged atmosphere of the Athens of Unitarianism, Boston. Consequently we hear of his 'ministrations' at 'the Melodeon' in that city. But even Unitarian Boston has its bigotries; the metropolis of Channing himself was narrow-minded enough to denounce Mr. Parker as an infidel: he was 'mistaken for a destroyer, a doubter, a denier of all truth, a scoffer, an enemy to man and God.' This the people of Boston were told, Mr. Parker informs us, 'in sermon and in song'—('The Idea, &c.' p. 30)—whether with any other object than one of alliteration we are not aware.

But still Mr. Parker was not silenced: Boston had its glories to achieve, and nine 'Esquires' among his friends and congregation at the Melodeon invited him to become its minister. As the transformation of the 'Society organized according to law, at the Melodeon,' into the 'Twenty-eighth Congregational

¹ We may mention among other works, besides those mentioned in our heading, which may be profitably consulted on this subject, (1) Amand Saintes, *Histoire Critique du Rationalisme*; (2) Maret, *Essai sur le Panthéisme des Sociétés modernes*; (3) Dewar's *German Protestantism*; (4) Carlyle's (not the editor of the *Cromwell Letters*) *Moral Phenomena of Germany*. But, above all, Dr. Mill's various and consecutive publications, as *Christian Advocate*, must be studied. In our own language we are not aware of any other publications on the subject, except Dr. Beard's collection, and a few valuable pages, *O si sic omnia*, in Mr. Milman's *History of Christianity*. Philip Harwood's *Lectures on German Anti-supernaturalism*, formed another, though very unsuccessful attempt to introduce Straussism into England; but it is inferior to Parker's, or even Hennell's, works.

Church in Boston,' may be an operation in nature and art new to English readers, we extract Mr. Theodore Parker's own account of this remarkable and instructive process:—

'On Sunday, January 4, 1846, Rev. THEODORE PARKER was installed as Pastor of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston. The exercises on the occasion were as follows:—

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

PRAYER.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

'The Chairman of the Standing Committee then addressed the Congregation as follows:—

'By the instructions of the Society, the Committee have made an arrangement with Mr. Parker, by which the services of this Society, under its new organization, should commence with the new year; and this being our first meeting, it has been set apart for such introductory services as may seem fitting for our position and prospects.

'The circumstances under which this Society has been formed, and its progress hitherto, are familiar to most of those present. It first began from certain influences which seemed hostile to the cause of religious freedom. It was the opinion of many of those now present, that a minister of the Gospel, truly worthy of that name, was proscribed on account of his opinions, branded as a heretic, and shut out from the pulpits of this city.

'At a meeting of gentlemen held January 22, 1845, the following Resolution was passed:—

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston."

'To carry this into effect, this Hall was secured for a place of meeting, and the numbers who have met here from Sunday to Sunday, have fully answered our most sanguine expectations. Our meetings have proved that though our friend was shut out from the temples, yet that "the people heard him gladly." Of the effects of his preaching among us I need not speak. The warm feelings of gratitude and respect expressed on every side, are the best evidence of the efficacy of his words, and of his life.

'Out of these meetings our Society has naturally sprung. It became necessary to assume some permanent form—the labour of preaching to two Societies, would, of course, be too much for Mr. Parker's health and strength—the conviction that his settlement in Boston would be not only important for ourselves, but also for the cause of liberal Christianity and religious freedom—these were some of the reasons which induced us to form a Society, and invite him to become its minister. To this he has consented; with the understanding that the connexion may be dissolved by either party, on giving six months' notice to that effect.

'At his suggestion, and with the warm approval of the Committee, we have determined to adopt the old Congregational form of settling our minister; without the aid of bishop, churches, or ministers.

'As to our Choice, we are, upon mature reflection, and after a year's trial, fully persuaded that we have found our minister, and we ask no ecclesiastical council to ratify our decision.

'As to the Charge usually given on such occasions, we prefer to do without it, and trust to the conscience of our minister for his faithfulness.

'As to the Right Hand of Fellowship, there are plenty of us ready and willing to give that, and warm hearts with it.

'And for such of the other ceremonies usual on such occasions, as

Mr. Parker chooses to perform, we gladly accept the substitution of his services for those of any stranger.

'The old Puritan form of settling a minister is, for the people to do it themselves; and this let us now proceed to do.

'In adopting this course, we are strongly supported both by principle and precedent. Congregationalism is the Republicanism of the Church; and it is fitting that the people themselves should exercise their right of self-government in that most important particular, the choice and settlement of a minister. For examples, I need only remind you of the settlement of the first minister in New England, on which occasion this form was used, and that it is also used at this day by one of the most respectable churches in this city.

'The Society then ratified the proceedings by a unanimous vote: and Mr. Parker publicly signified that he adhered to his consent to become the minister of this Society, and the organization of the Society was thus completed.

OCCASIONAL HYMN.

DISCOURSE BY MR. PARKER.

ANTHEM.

BENEDICTION.'

This display of what law and religion and Puritan congregationalism means in Boston is not without its value.

Of the discourse itself, we have little to say, except that it falls infinitely short of the very clever and sometimes eloquent volume from which we have quoted. In the 'Idea,' Mr. Parker assumes a tone of humility, hints that 'martyrdom is not extinct—that a true church will always be the church of martyrs—that Christianity began with martyrdom—that he is beginning a true church—and that the sacrifice is ready.'—(P. 23.) He distrusts 'neither God nor man, nor his congregation,—only himself.'—(*Ibid.* p. 31.) He, meek man! 'has no eloquence to charm or please with; he only speaks right on.'—(P. 33.) Thus, for example:—He knows when 'his own life is measured by the ideal of that young Nazarene, how little he deserves the name of Christian.'—(P. 34.) For

'If Jesus be the Model-man, then should a Christian church teach its members to hold the same relation to God that Christ held; to be one with Him; incarnations of God, as much and as far as Jesus was one with God, and an incarnation thereof—a manifestation of God in the flesh. It is Christian to receive all the Truths of the Bible; all the truths that are not in the Bible just as much. It is Christian also to reject all the errors that come to us from without the Bible or from within the Bible. The Christian man, or the Christian church, is to stop at no man's limitation; at the limit of no book. God is not dead, nor even asleep, but awake and alive as ever of old; He inspires men now no less than beforetime; is ready to fill *your* mind, heart and soul with Truth, Love, Life, as to fill Moses and Jesus, and that on the same terms,—for inspiration comes by universal laws and not by partial exceptions. Each point of Spirit, as each atom of space, is still bathed in the tides of Deity.'—Pp. 7, 8.

But we are weary with quoting this most atrocious blasphemy. We have added it to our previous remarks only to show that Mr. Parker is no ephemeral teacher : that he is, as he expresses it, in choice American phraseology, 'organizing a permanent church-action;' that he has been teaching as 'a minister of the Gospel' for six years; and successfully too; and all this in the most refined and educated town in the United States. In America, it is to be feared, we may anticipate our own tendencies : and we may learn what is meant when we are informed that 'the Church' which did for the fifth century or the fifteenth, will not do for 'this. What is well enough at Rome, Oxford, or Berlin, is not well enough in Boston. It must have our Ideas, the swell of our ground, and have grown out of the religion in our soul. The freedom of America must be there.'—(P. 26.) We really thank America for the lesson; and we believe that it will not be altogether thrown away.

ART. V.—1. *Le Juif Errant.* Par EUGENE SUE. 10 Vols. Bruxelles. 1844.

2. *The Wandering Jew: a Tale of the Jesuits.* Translated by D. M. AIRD. London: Bruce & Wyld.

A WELL-KNOWN philosopher and divine of the last century, describes, with a mixture of wonder and pain, a class of readers who, reading 'for their own entertainment, and having a real curiosity to see what is said,' nevertheless 'have no sort of curiosity to see what is true;' and he continues, 'The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way have, in part, occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humour, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention: neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading. Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as we may speak, rather than to think of them. Thus, by use, they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further.'

What would this writer have thought of the state of the reading public in this day? What would he have suggested as a remedy against 'this idle way of reading and considering things?' Novels and newspapers go far towards overwhelming or enervating men's minds: so as that truth is well-nigh lost sight of in reading or judging them. Whatever the state of the case may have been 150 years ago, the mischief must be now greatly increased. There is such a mass of abuse, of slander, of wilful exaggeration, of transparent lies, of violence and irreligion, of falsehood and wrong, which is brought under the eye, in the ordinary news of the day, and we become so accustomed to them as things of course, that the mind scarcely pauses to pronounce judgment upon them. Being often repeated, they are received into the mind almost mechanically. 'Such things are and will be,' and there is an end of further reflection—and whether they are reported in one way or another,—whether they are set forth under one colour or another,—whether evil is called good and good evil, or not, makes no difference. What is told in the cleverest and most amusing way finds most readers, very small regard being had of the principles shown in the manner of telling, or to what the principles may tend. Thus it is with newspapers, and the effect which the constant reading of them tends more or less to produce on the mind. And ordinary novels of the day have much in common with newspapers. They both profess to reflect real life, the manners and opinions

of the time, the motives by which men are swayed, the character of passing events,—the one in facts, the other in fictions. They are read once and thrown aside. They supply subject for conversation; they are a refuge from listlessness, or for relief at weary times. And as long as vice is made interesting, and cloaked with tolerable decency, it is no drawback to the popularity of a novel, but rather otherwise; for it stimulates and gratifies a latent vicious curiosity about evil, and creates interest by its very monstrosities.

This is offered as something of a true account of the fact, that such a book as the 'Wandering Jew' has been received with avidity among us. It is a work of fiction, it is a novel, and people hear it is interesting, and read it, and find it interesting, and they concern themselves no further about the principles of the book or of its author. They have been excited and carried on, and have had new scenes, and regions, and actors, brought before them. They suffer the author to exercise a literary mesmerism over their notions of right and wrong, and give themselves to his guidance without pausing to reflect, where he is taking them, or what he is depicting, or what insults he may offer to their taste and understanding. Honestly, we do not believe, that a tale made up of such a tissue of gross profligacy, such meagrely cloaked infidelity, would have found readers, had it appeared by an English author. We do not believe that a publisher of any sort of respectability would have undertaken its publication. But the book came before the English public with several recommendations. It is foreign; and there is a growing taste for foreign novels. We have German novels, Italian novels, Swedish novels, French novels; and most of them have been great acquisitions to the English reader in that line. The 'Wandering Jew' came also with an established reputation, having made a great stir in Paris; and it professed to be an exposure of dreadful iniquities, connived at and sanctioned among the Jesuits. It was a violent attack upon a body dreaded and hated in England, and of which the worst charges would be readily believed,—but a body very little really known, against which, therefore, the most extravagant statements might be made without outraging our common sense of justice.

Upon the merits of the 'Wandering Jew,' as a literary work, or as an attack upon the Jesuits, nothing will be here said. This notice will deal simply with its morality: and there really is good reason to do this. Already there are several English versions of this novel; ¹ one stereotyped in double columns, the

¹ One published by Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand, another by Bruce and Wylde, 84, Farringdon-street; and there is a series of illustrations, by Heath, in sixpenny numbers. To these we may add what is called Roscoe's Library Edition (Appleyard): a spurious and mutilated one, to which the name of Diprose is attached; one by Clarke, of Warwick-lane, and we believe two others.

whole for two shillings,—a token of the great demand there has been for it. It is well that the public should have plainly set out what the tone and character of this popular book is. The main iniquity, the *πρωτὸν ψεύδος* of the book may be summed up in these few words, that *throughout, it studiously describes that which ought to be the side of religion and virtue as imbued with every vice, and throughout softens that which is grossly vicious; so that you are led to admire and love the side of vice, and hate and despise religion.* The writer of the 'Wandering Jew' labours with all his might to bring into contempt and abhorrence the established religion of his country—the religion which he himself professes, if he profess any at all. He writes to persuade his countrymen to throw off all religion, at least in its external observances, as useless, childish, and hypocritical. This is the aim of the popular Novelist of the day in France. And few people in this country have an idea how widely this poison is disseminated, what an influence such a book has on the public mind,—how much it is to be feared, that its principles are but a few paces in advance of the general tone of public feeling, at least in Paris,—how truly it is a sketch from real life. Novels in France are not as with us, only published and read in books,—they form part of the daily newspapers. Dr. Wordsworth, in his very interesting and useful Diary, notices this:—

'The newspapers, one and all, have now, unfortunately, adopted the practice, which is of recent date, of giving what they call "feuilletons," that is to say, a certain quantity of subsidiary matter, ranged in dwarf columns, in the lower part of three sides of the paper (like notes at the foot of a text), the subject of which is taken from real or imaginary life. Thus the public is presented day by day with a great number of romances, published by instalments, which form the habitual study of the male and female population of Paris. In this way newspapers, not only as containing news, but as supplying works of fiction, have become the literature of the country.

'We may have a fair idea of this kind of publication, by supposing chapters of *Pickwick* or *Oliver Twist*, published day by day in the base of the columns of the "Times" or "Morning Post." The misfortune is, that these "feuilletons" put all other literature to flight, in addition to the mischief, which, from their low subjects and vicious style, they directly produce. They are the food of the public mind, and so the writer who caters with most success, and is the prime "restaurateur" for this sort of literary viands, is the great and admired author of the day. At present, M. Eugene Sue is the king of romancers, and the hero of "feuilletons:" he is engaged by the "Constitutionnel," at a sum which I heard stated, but from its greatness, am afraid to mention. The circulation of this paper, which is enormous, is said to be mainly owing to his contributions: of course his fame will be as ephemeral as that of his predecessors, the other literati of the same style,—Balzac, Soulié, Victor Hugo, &c.'—*Wordsworth's Diary*, p. 66.

We have above made a very grave charge against the author of the 'Wandering Jew.' We hasten now to substantiate it. And in order to put our readers in possession of the kind of characters introduced, and the author's general representation of such,

we will give a list of the chief of them, much in the same way as in the opening of a play. They will give a kind of notion of the scenes described. And in works of fiction, where an author has free choice of subjects, something may be gathered merely from the scenes he has evident pleasure in detailing, apart from the general tone. Still more, we may be sure a man cannot have a right tone of moral feeling, who makes a hero of a highwayman, or who glosses over adultery, suicide, drunkenness, and prostitution, as accidental aberrations of characters noble, upright, benevolent, generous, and virtuous, and so represents them. Neither can a man have any sincere reverence for religion, who represents its ministers, as a class, as full of all hypocrisy and iniquity; and upon ground of many being unworthy and abusing their sacred trust, represents all as just objects of suspicion and contempt, and inveighs against the use of sacred things as detestable, because of their abuse. All these things M. Eugene Sue does. The mere list of some of the principal characters shows this at a glance. One might suppose them drawn from a careful study of the Newgate Calendar.

Rodin—a most detestable, bloody-minded, ambitious, subtle hypocrite, plans and accomplishes the murder of six persons,—his general character known to his superiors of Rome, yet appointed *General of the Order of Jesuits*,—poisoned.

Cardinal Malapieri—equally false—arranges for the murder of Rodin.

Abbé d'Aigrigny—a false, ambitious Jesuit, and *Marshal Simon*, a French soldier without religion, a model of military virtue, murder one another.

Marius de Rennepont—a noble, high-minded man, commits suicide.

Rose and Blanche—*Marshal Simon's* twin daughters, decoyed into a Cholera Hospital by a plan of Rodin and Princess St. Dizier, that they might take the infection, where they die.

Adrienne de Cardoville—a model of all that is noble and generous, of no religion—commits suicide.

Djalma—an Indian Prince with heroic virtues—commits murder and suicide.

M. Hardy—a most benevolent, generous-hearted man, of extreme integrity—but living in adultery—literally worried to death by the Jesuits.

Jaques de Rennepont—a generous artisan, killed by intoxication.

Morok—a profligate sort of Mormonite Van Amberg, hired by Rodin to drink the aforementioned Jaques to death, dies of hydrophobia.

Cephyse Soliveau—Jaques' mistress, the leader of all the lowest,

most abandoned girls in Paris, generous, affectionate and interesting, commits suicide.

The Mayeux—her sister, adorned with every virtue, attempts suicide.

Princess St. Dizier—leader of the religious ladies in Paris—and patronized or flattered accordingly by Cardinals, Bishops, and Abbés, formerly a great leader of fashionable society, an unprincipled, profligate woman, converted by the Abbé d'Aigigny, her previous connexion with whom is thus referred to: 'Il est inutile de dire que depuis long-temps leurs relations de galanterie avait complètement cessé.' She goes mad at last.

Viewed as a work of art, there is something very striking in the simple process by which the characters are dismissed when they are done with, just as humane persons kill flies, to put them out of their misery. Here are twelve persons fairly made away with, as easily as an ordinary writer would bring about a broken limb, or concussion of the brain. Happily, in a novel, or a play, killing is no murder. And we think we can recall a play, in which at the end, all the characters, who are no longer wanted, kill one another. Is it not the serio-comico-tragedy of Tom Thumb the Great? Four amiable, high-minded characters in their respective lines, (*exceptis excipiendis*) which the author has laboured to depict in winning colours, commit suicide. A fifth, a character which the author has represented as graced with every virtue, is only foiled in her attempt, by the breaking open of a door before the charcoal fumes have taken effect. A sixth makes a similar attempt twice. A seventh announces he had resolved to do so. An eighth declares the same purpose, and recommends the same to his son, though afterwards dissuaded. A high-minded, highly educated, noble, young, and beautiful lady of fashion—an Indian prince—a persecuted man of rank—a starving prostitute—a distressed dressmaker of excellent principles—a Marshal of France—a veteran soldier of the empire—an intelligent, frank, open-hearted artisan, all these practise, or meditate, or hear without surprise, or indignation, or dread, proposals of this fearful crime. Still, one's first inclination is, perhaps, to laugh at this as a monstrous, clumsy absurdity, the merest thread-bare expedient of an author who does not know how to dispose of characters which he has done with, and has to remove out of the way. Another feeling is of indignation, at an outrage against common sense, and common feelings of decency and propriety. For what must be thought of an author, who, even in a work of fiction, makes light of this deadly, revolting crime? And this is really the way in which it ought to be viewed. For in France these are not monstrous, incredible representations. They are facts—the results of irreligious influ-

ences, produced by the writings of authors like M. Eugene Sue, who by treating self-murder as a remedy, of course, against distress and misery, in fact suggest, counterance, and encourage it. Take as practical comments, the two following relations of facts. M. Riancy, in his *Histoire de l'Instruction publique*, quoted in Dr. Wordsworth's *Diary*, states :—

'Several students committed suicide in the Parisian colleges. . . . One, a government student, of fifteen years of age, quitted his college without leave; on his return, he was condemned to solitary confinement for eight hours. On entering the place of confinement he attempted to hang himself, but without success; after several attempts, he tied his cravat to a chair, and strangled himself by straining against it. The same day his comrades produced his will, written by his own hand. The following is a copy of it. "I bequeath my body to pedants, and my soul to the manes of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, who have taught me to despise the vain superstitions of this world. I have always acknowledged a Supreme Being, and my religion has ever been the religion of nature." This was immediately circulated among the colleges of Paris. Copies were eagerly made of it and circulated; and the students joined in admiration of this appalling crime, as if it were an act of the most heroic devotion.'—*Diary*, pp. 76, 77.

The other narrative is from 'The Times,' February 17th.

'Shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday morning the neighbourhood of Southampton-street, Camberwell, was alarmed by the frantic screams of a woman who had just made her escape by the back-door of No. 5, Wellington-place, a small cottage residence, only one story high. The first person who repaired to the spot was Mr. Pratt, a surgeon, who resides at No. 4, and who upon entering was horror-struck at the scene which presented itself. In an upper room, upon the floor, lay the lifeless body of M. Phillarète Horeau, a Frenchman, aged 53, with his throat cut from ear to ear; on the bed, his son, aged 13, quite dead, shockingly mutilated about the throat; and in a lower room, another son, aged 11, with his throat cut, a wound on the cheek, and his hand much lacerated, who was at first supposed to be dead, but afterwards showed some symptoms of life, though unable to articulate, or give the least account of the dreadful catastrophe; and in a short time afterwards, a female child, aged eight months, was found dead in a water-butt, which stood in the garden, but having no wounds whatever about its person. Upon investigation, we find that the unfortunate man had resided at No. 5 for nearly the last twelvemonth, supporting his family as a teacher of languages; but this mode of existence had been so precarious, that for some time past they had suffered extreme privation and great pecuniary embarrassment. M. Horeau had been in the habit of rising about 7 o'clock in the morning, and usually took down stairs with him one of the twin infants (a boy and a girl), who slept in the same bed as he and the mother. This morning, upon dressing himself, he did the same thing, taking the female child with him, and leaving the male infant in bed with the mother. In a few minutes the mother was alarmed by a loud shrieking, which she at first attributed to the two elder boys quarrelling, and therefore took no further notice of the matter for a few moments, but the shrieking being continued, she went to the room, and upon opening the door was met by the younger boy, who immediately ran bleeding down stairs, at the bottom of which he fell down apparently lifeless; and, on entering the room, Mrs. Horeau saw her unfortunate husband in the act of cutting his own throat, and before she could interpose he had fallen down a corpse. On looking further she discovered

her eldest son dead in the bed, but could not perceive any trace of her infant child, who was, however, shortly afterwards discovered to have been drowned in the rain-butt. There is no doubt whatever but that the unfortunate father proceeded to the garden instantly on leaving his bedroom, and having drowned the child, then ascended to the children's room, where he afterwards perpetrated the other murder, committing suicide the moment an alarm was raised.

'As no vital organ has been severed, hopes are entertained that the younger boy's life will be saved, although, of course, there is great danger that he will not survive the shock.

'It is expected that the inquest will be held on the bodies to-morrow morning by Mr. Carter, the coroner for Surrey.

'The widow of the unfortunate Frenchman states, that on her husband getting up yesterday morning, she noticed no particular change in his manner. He took his infant son, William, in his arms, and kissed it very affectionately. He then departed, as she supposed, to the bedroom occupied by the boys, but instead of so doing he must have walked into the back yard, and plunged the infant into the water-butt, and then have kept it under water till it died. She states that she never heard him go down stairs, nor heard the least noise whatever, until aroused by the cries of her two boys. She then jumped out of bed and ran up stairs, where she found her husband standing over her eldest son, the bed literally deluged with blood. She immediately shouted to him, but he appeared not to hear her, or else to pay no attention to her cries. She, therefore, ran out and gave a further alarm. The only thing that can account for her husband having destroyed himself and two of his children, is the fact of his having of late been in exceedingly distressed circumstances. To such a state have they all been reduced, as to frequently want the common necessities of life. Upon searching the place nothing whatever in the shape of food was to be found, neither was there any thing in the house that could have been sold to purchase as much as a breakfast. The widow further states that she believes it was her husband's intention to have murdered her and all the children before he destroyed himself, which he doubtless would have done, had it not been for the screams of her son Philarète. Such precautions had he taken, that the door-chain was found so twisted that she could not have opened the street door to escape, had he made an attack upon her life. She says that she has been married nearly twenty years, that the deceased was a school-master at Leicester, but had of late been obtaining a scanty subsistence for his family, by teaching the French and Italian languages.'

Would not the fact of such a dreadful crime being common among his countrymen, make any writer, who held it in abhorrence, ten-fold careful to say nothing which should by possibility be understood to make light of it? Could he describe characters in all ranks of life, those in whose behalf he attracts all his reader's sympathies, betaking themselves calmly to this deadly sin, with words of religion in their mouths, and almost as a religious act? This is what M. E. Sue does. Hear his two model characters, the noble, lofty minded patrician lady, who has poisoned herself, and the virtuous, sensitive, devoted, self-denying sempstress, just as the charcoal is being lighted, which was to stifle herself and sister.

"To part!" exclaimed the Mayeux, while her pale face was suddenly lighted up with a ray of Divine hope—"to part! Oh! no, sister, no, what

makes me so calm is, that I feel certain we are going to another world, where a happier life awaits us. Come, hasten; come where God reigns alone, and where man, who on this earth brings about the misery and despair of his fellow-creatures is nothing."—Vol. viii. ch. 16.

Be it remembered too, that this sister, who is to depart thus into peace and happiness, is a prostitute—who, within a few days, had been the very centre of such debauchery, revelling, and blasphemies, as the most abandoned of that unhappy class may take part in.

The other case is in substance an exact counterpart, though more openly blasphemous and revolting, from the sensual tone which pervades the passage. Adrienne has just taken poison, and is addressing Prince Djalma, to whom she was to be married, who has also taken poison, having in a fit of jealousy murdered a person whom he believed to be Adrienne. 'Thou seest, (she says) heaven smiles on our union, and nothing is wanting to our delight, for this very morning, the holy man, who was in two days more to have united us, received from me in thy name and my own a royal gift, which will gladden the hearts of many who are suffering misfortune. Then what have we to regret, my beloved?' . . .—Vol. x. ch. 16.

A brief outline of the story and the methods by which the plot is worked out, will give some notion of its moral, and of the direction in which it will influence readers' minds. Yes, we speak of the moral and influence of novels—as we should of poetry. For a good novel is poetry in prose. And works of fiction do greatly influence public taste and feeling. Neither is this an unintelligible notion. We suppose no one of any reflection could hesitate about what sort of moral influence Sir Walter Scott's Novels have—or such a Novel as the *Promessi Sposi*—or those of *La Motte Fouqué*.

The story of the 'Wandering Jew' is founded on a tradition that our Lord, bearing His Cross, paused to rest himself at the door of a mechanic's workshop, who rudely and cruelly bade him go on. Our Lord turned to him and said, 'And thou shalt walk without ceasing to the day of thy redemption.' To this is added another legend, of the daughter of Herodias being condemned to the same punishment, for having asked the Baptist's head. Once a-year these two unhappy beings meet, and in prayers and penitence lament their sin. In their wanderings they devote themselves to works of mercy, and to make men love one another, and especially watch over and befriend the Jew's descendants. This gives occasion to some supernatural incidents in the narrative; but the plot and story of the novel, which are quite independent of this traditionary matter, may be

sketched in the following extract, which is given as the copy of the note that was placed in the archives of the Society of Jesuits, a century and a half before the period at which the narrative of events in the novel commences :—

‘ M. Marius de Rennepont, one of the most active and formidable chiefs of the reformed religion, and the bitterest foe of our society, had, for the sole object of saving his property, which had been confiscated on account of his religion, re-entered the pale of our holy church. Proofs of this having been furnished by several members of our society, his majesty, Louis XIV., confiscated the property of the said Rennepont, and condemned him to the galleys, which punishment he evaded by committing suicide, and for this abominable crime his body was thrown to the dogs. Having explained this, we now come to a secret that deeply affects the future welfare of our society. When his majesty confiscated the property of Rennepont, he, in his paternal kindness for the church, and for our order in particular, granted it to us, as a reward for the assistance we had given in unmasking the apostate. It has, however, just been discovered, that a house in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, Paris, and 50,000 crowns, have been kept back; from which it follows that our society has been defrauded. The house, owing to the culpable connivance of one of the friends of Rennepont, who pretended to purchase it before the latter had forfeited his property, has been walled round, and is, according to the will of the reprobate, not to be opened for a century and a half. As to the money, it has been placed out at interest, but in whose hands we have not been able to discover; and at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will by means of the interest, have increased enormously, it is to be divided among the descendants of Rennepont. This apostate has, from motives that we are ignorant of, but which he has explained in his will, concealed from his family all knowledge of the money that he has put out at interest; but he has enjoined them to endeavour to transmit to their offspring, from generation to generation, his desire, that at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, his surviving descendants should assemble in the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of February, 1832; and in order that this should not be forgotten, he has commissioned some one whose condition is unknown, but of whom we possess a description, to cast bronze medals, with his wish engraven on them, and to cause each member of his family to be supplied with one of them; which precaution is the more necessary, as, from some hidden motives, which it is supposed he has explained in his will, he has bound his descendants that may survive, to appear in the Rue St. Francis at the appointed hour, under pain of forfeiting all claim to his property.’

The accumulated interest upon the 50,000 crowns, which has been always invested and added to the principal, at the end of the 150 years, amounts to two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. This residue of the De Rennepont property, which had been confiscated to them, the Jesuits regard as their due. They are not aware of its immense amount, though they know it to be very considerable, and are determined to have it. But there are seven descendants of Marius de Rennepont, who, if they appear on the appointed 13th of February, will be entitled to share, viz. Blanche and

Rose, twin daughters of Marshal Simon,—Adrienne de Cardoville,—M. Hardy, a wealthy manufacturer,—Prince Djalma,—Jaques de Rennepont, an artisan,—and the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont. But Gabriel, whose bronze medal they had gained possession of by chance, when a child, is one of their order; for, finding who he was, the Jesuits undertook his education, with a view to making him one of themselves. They pretended to Frances Baudoin (Dagobert's wife), the poor woman who had brought him up, that they incurred the expense of educating the boy simply from motives of charity. However, Gabriel was unwilling to become a priest, and his foster-mother had some disinclination. So one priest was instructed to represent to Dagobert's wife that Gabriel's heart was set upon it, only he did not like to broach the subject to her; another to Gabriel, that she would never be at ease, unless he became a priest. This succeeds; Gabriel is ordained, and so his share in the inheritance falls to the order, as, by his vow, he can possess no property of his own. The whole plot is to detail the villanies by which the Jesuits set themselves to the acquiring this enormous property.

The 13th of February draws on; let us see how the claimants are disposed of.

Rose and Blanche have safely reached Paris, under the escort of Dagobert, a faithful old soldier, their father being in India, their mother, a Pole, having died, about a year before, in banishment in Siberia, where they were born. They are in their sixteenth year, and are brought by Dagobert to his wife's lodging. They have never been baptized, and, though brought up by their mother, who is represented as a paragon, have no more notion of religion, than that they should pray to their mother, and that she would send guardian angels to protect them. D'Aigrigny and Rodin, the two leading members of the Order in Paris, get scent of their arrival; so a letter is forged, desiring Dagobert's presence out of Paris, on special business relating to General Simon. Next, Dagobert's wife's confessor, the Abbé Dubois, is directed to write a note to her, that he will not be able to see her for confession, as usual, on Wednesday or Saturday (which is a lie); and therefore, unless she come that morning, she must remain a week without confession. She goes, and is there terrified by him about the judgments hanging over her for having unbaptized persons in her house, without seeking to have them baptized and taught. Then, to soothe her, the priest offers, out of pure love for their souls, to have the two girls conveyed to a convent for education, upon condition of her solemnly promising to disclose to no one, not even to General Simon, their father, in the event of his

return,—where they are. This promise is given, and thus two claimants are put '*hors de combat*.'

Adrienne, upon a conspiracy between her aunt, the Princess de St. Dizier, Abbé d'Aigrigny, Dr. Baleinier, a physician, and the Baron de Tripeaud, a sort of trustee or guardian of Made-moiselle de Cardoville's property (all Jesuits), is confined in a madhouse. M. Hardy is removed out of the way by a letter from his dearest friend, M. de Bressac (a Jesuit, who writes the lie for the good of his order), beseeching him to come to him, hinting broadly that he is in such a state of spirits as to purpose committing suicide. By the way, this is another resort to the author's favourite expedient. Jaques de Rennepont is removed out of the way by being arrested for debt, through the arrangements of the society. And Prince Djalma, who has been seriously bruised in reaching the shore from a shipwreck, has Dr. Baleinier despatched to him at the Chateau de Cardoville, on the coast of Picardy, with orders to administer his medicines so judiciously that the Prince shall not be in a state to travel to Paris.

So the 13th of February arrives, and there is no producible claimant to the property but the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont, who is entirely ignorant of the purpose for which he is to appear in the Rue St. Francis, his foster-mother having been strictly charged by her confessor never to divulge anything about the bronze medal, which is nevertheless represented to her as a thing of no importance. But a hitch threatens in this quarter. The Abbé desires to renounce the order. His resolution had been gradually forming. As a boy, he had been dissatisfied with the system of mutual espionage, which the children, by his account, are directed to exercise over one another in the Jesuit seminary. But the most serious shock to his adherence to the order was when he was desired to prepare himself for the exercise of the confessional. The books which were put into his hand to study entirely unsettled him. They became the means of filling his own mind sinfully with imaginary details, and causes, and suggestions of gross vice. His mind was so disturbed and overwrought as to bring on a serious illness. Upon recovery, he requested and obtained permission to go as a missionary to America. On arriving at Charleston, he had opportunities, through the Superior of their order in that town, of making further investigations into the objects of the society; and in particular, he was so shocked and distressed with the manner in which cases of casuistry are discussed and dealt with in their authorized books, that he concludes:—'I made an oath to my Maker, that I would, on reaching home, break for ever the ties which united me to it.' This resolution, carried into effect, would be fatal to the claims of the Order. Thus the prize seems on the point of escaping them.

The Abbé d'Aigrigny is speechless and in despair. But Rodin, who quite embodies the notion of the chorus of aged Thebans,

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοῦδὲν ἀν-
θρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.

παντοπόρος ἄπορος
ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται—

has slipped a note into the Abbé Marquis' hand; and the tables are turned. The Abbé pretends to acquiesce in Gabriel's resolution, and to be ready to write to Rome to ask consent for Gabriel's quitting the Order. Then he artfully sets out the motives which he pretends to believe have led Gabriel to this step, viz. the persecutions and evil name under which the society suffers, and the prospect of a 'modest independence,' (*i. e.* the 212,125,000 francs, which, it is needless to say, is not mentioned in figures). Gabriel, stung by this base insinuation, at once, and without further inquiry, executes a deed handing over to them whatever his interest may be in this unknown bequest. They then adjourn to the house where the will is to be read, and no other heir of the family appearing, Gabriel is pronounced sole heir; but having freely and legally transferred his claim to the Marquis d'Aigrigny, for the Order, the Marquis is declared by the notary, who read the will and executed the deed, to be the legitimate possessor of the wealth.

At this moment enters Dagobert, with his arm in a sling, leaning on Agricola Baudoin, his son, having failed and been wounded in an attempt to rescue General Simon's daughters from the convent where they had been secreted. By the time he has made Gabriel comprehend the act of injustice towards the two young ladies and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, to which he has been unconsciously a party in the extorted deed of gift, some one appears, revealing a like claim on the part of Prince Djalma, and another on behalf of M. Hardy. All the victims of the conspiracy are transported with the greatest surprise and indignation, and break out accordingly, when

'D'Aigrigny, anxious to terminate this scene, said to the notary, "This, sir, has lasted long enough. Why should the absence of the other heirs be ascribed to the influence of intrigue? Is it not more likely they have been prevented from coming here by other causes? I say again, this has lasted long enough. And I think, sir, that in justice you will allow that I am the lawful possessor of all this wealth."

"Sir," replied the notary, "I declare, in the name of the law, that by the act of Gabriel de Rennepont, you are the sole owner of this money, which I shall now place in your possession."

Gabriel clasped his hands, and exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh God! wilt thou permit the triumph of this iniquity?"

'At this moment the door of an adjoining apartment was suddenly opened, and a woman appeared. Gabriel uttered a loud cry, and stood as if thunderstruck, while Samuel and Bathsheba, the faithful guardians of

the De Rennepont house and papers, fell on their knees. All the other actors in this scene were quite amazed; even Rodin recoiled a step or two, and replaced the cedar box on the table. Although the appearance of this woman was of itself only a simple occurrence, it was followed by profound silence. Surprise and fear were felt by most present; for the woman seemed to them the living original of the portrait which had been placed in that chamber a century and a half before. She advanced slowly, without appearing to notice the profound sensation caused by her presence, to a piece of furniture overlaid with brass, and took from a secret drawer a sealed packet, which she placed before the notary. She then regarded Gabriel with a look of melancholy and kindness, and turning to Samuel and Bathsheba, who were still on their knees; she inclined her beautiful head, and casting on them a glance of tender solicitude, held out her hand for them to kiss, and slowly retired.—Vol. v. ch. 8.

This mysterious being, as will be guessed, is the wandering Jewess. The sealed packet contains a codicil, adjourning the execution of the will until the 1st of June, when the same form is to be gone through about the meeting of the heirs, at the settled time and place, under pain of forfeiture. The notary pronounces the codicil incontestable, and so everything must remain suspended for more than three months. Thus closes the first great scene in the drama. The game has to be played again by the Jesuits, and under every disadvantage. All is unmasked. All the parties concerned will be aware of the stake they are playing for, and what kind of persons they are playing against. They have energy, zeal, and resources. How will the Jesuits bring about that the Abbé Gabriel shall, nevertheless, be the only claimant to appear on the 1st of June, that they may yet have all the benefit of his deed of gift in favour of the Order?

The two discomfited Jesuits return to the hotel of the Princess de St. Dizier, and D'Aigrigny dictates to his secretary a note to the authorities at Rome, that the affair has hopelessly and irrecoverably miscarried. Hereupon Rodin throws down the pen, rises, walks slowly to the fireplace, raises himself to his full height, looks fixedly at D'Aigrigny, 'his hideous countenance suddenly displaying the greatest contempt for his superior.'

'D'Aigrigny was too well acquainted with the customs of his order to believe that his secretary had assumed this air of superiority without proper authority. He saw, when it was too late, that his subordinate might have been placed as a spy, with power to supersede him whenever he should exhibit any signs of incapacity. From the moment that Rodin had taken his stand before the fireplace, D'Aigrigny's manner, usually so haughty, instantly underwent a change; and although his pride was severely wounded, he said, addressing Rodin with great deference, "You have, no doubt, authority to command me, in the manner I have hitherto commanded you?"

'Rodin, without replying, drew from his greasy pocket-book a slip of paper, on which were written a few words in Latin. When D'Aigrigny had read them, he raised the paper respectfully to his lips, and then returned it to Rodin with a profound bow.—Vol. v. ch. 9.

Rodin is now to take the lead. He begins by lecturing his late principal, in such language as such a man would be likely to use, upon the clumsy stupidity of his contrivances; then he details the importance of the crisis, and their difficulties, which he confidently declares he will surmount. Upon an exclamation from D'Aigrigny, that it is impossible, he administers this wholesome rebuke:—"Impossible! and pray what were you 'yourself, sir, but fifteen years ago?—A worldly, impious, 'and debauched character.' We wonder the author threw away the opportunity of sketching the respects in which his friend had changed for the better. Then he gives them an inkling of the methods which his greater sagacity will employ for subduing this whole 'cursed family.' Not brute force. No! No! 'Have we not skill enough to obtain 'this end without ill-timed acts of violence or crimes that can 'compromise us? Are you then ignorant of the immense 'resources for mutual or partial extermination which may be 'found in the play of the human passions, skilfully combined, 'opposed, thwarted, let loose, roused? more especially when, 'perhaps, thanks to an all-powerful helper,' added Rodin, with a strange smile, 'these passions may redouble their violence and intensity.'—(Vol. v. ch. 9.) And the old blasphemer intimates that this all-powerful helper, which he looks to turning to such account, is the cholera, which, he trusts, will shortly break out in Paris.

He commences operations by ingratiating himself with all the parties concerned, in order to allay suspicions, and gain a hold over them. He releases Adrienne from the mad-house, the daughters of General Simon from the convent. He restores to Dagobert a silver cross and old faded red ribbon, which had been stolen from him, (the theft having been committed in gaining possession of some other papers, under the direction of the said Rodin as secretary to d'Aigrigny), which gives occasion to the following:—

"You then value this cross?"

"It is for me a holy relic," cried the soldier, kissing it; "he who gave it to me was my saint, my idol!"

"What!" exclaimed Rodin, feigning to look on the cross with respect and admiration, "did the great Napoleon touch, with his own victorious hand, this noble star of honour?"

"Yes, sir, with his own hand he placed it on my bleeding breast, and I hope to have it there when I die. Yes, yes," added the soldier, while a tear stole down his cheek, "I am overjoyed at having found the cross, which the emperor gave me with his own victorious hand, as this worthy man says."

"Blessed, then, be my old hand, for having restored to you this glorious treasure!" said Rodin, with great emotion. "This will be a fortunate day for us all."—Vol. v. ch. 2.

Further, he gets the profligate young mechanic Jaques de Rennepont released from prison, taking care that he (Rodin) may thereby establish a sort of acquaintance with the person he lives with, called the Queen Bacchanal (Cephyse). This is brought about through a companion of Cephyse in the same vicious life, in whose neighbourhood he has a lodging, in a sort of St. Giles's of Paris; for Rodin, like the ghost in Hamlet, is *hic et ubique*. He preaches morality thus to her:—

“My dear girl, I would not like to be the bearer of any other than good news respecting this worthy fellow, whom I love in spite of his follies: for,” added he, indulgently, “who is there without them? I like him even better on account of his follies; for no matter what they may say, my dear girl, there is always something good at the bottom of the hearts of those who spend their money generously.”

“You are a good soul,” said Rose, enchanted with Rodin's philosophy. Vol. v. ch. 4.

Then he unmasks to M. Hardy the treachery of his bosom friend Monsieur de Bressac, who, it will be remembered, played the spy upon M. Hardy, under direction of Rodin himself. And lastly, he secures in his interest Faranghea, a Thuggist strangler, with whom some Jesuit business in Java has brought him into acquaintance. He places him as confidential attendant on Prince Djalma, with directions how to indoctrinate the young Indian in the notions which regulate civilized (*i. e.* we suppose, Parisian) society. Thus—

“Amongst civilized people, as you term them, Monseigneur, if a man marry in the bloom of innocence, he is overwhelmed with ridicule.”

“You lie, slave, he would not be ridiculed, without he married a girl that was not chaste like himself.”

“In that case, Monseigneur, he would be regarded as doubly ridiculous.”

“You lie, or if you are telling the truth, who has informed you?”

“I have seen Parisian women at the Isle of France, and at Pondicherry, Monseigneur; besides, I learnt a good deal on our passage, from an officer, while you were talking with the young priest.”—Vol. v. ch. 5.

In this strain the dialogue goes on. We will not quote more of it; but the reader will easily see its tendencies.

Djalma is a mere heathen, but noble and pure. But these and other words of like brutish sensuality are made to produce a violent excitement in him, on which the author comes forward in his own person, to make reflections, which are perfectly intolerable, and of which we can only ask, How in the name of common decency can such a writer be tolerated? Who are these translators, who are not ashamed to offer with praise to the English public a book whose pervading turn is licentious, immodest, and irreligious, and containing, moreover, passages and expressions which they have not dared to translate? One of them, Mr. Aird, announces himself as author of a French Grammar, Sketches in France, &c. We

hope he is a Frenchman. We heartily wish he had not sought to recommend his countrymen's writings among us: and that publishers such as Chapman and Hall, to take the best of them, would not compromise their characters as respectable tradesmen, for the sake of the profit on such a work. Is it really come to this, that people do not mind what they read in the way of amusement, as long as the book has a kind of feverish exciting interest? Is it so, that husbands and fathers do not care what their wives and daughters read? Is it well to tell them, though in a novel, that female virtue is scarce to be met with? and make the sort of dances and masquerading conversation that may be imagined to take place at a drunken revel of prostitutes and their companions interesting? There are in this novel somewhere about a hundred pages of this kind, interspersed with appropriate jokes from Scripture, about the colour of the wine at the marriage in Cana, and from S. Paul, &c. And these, it is specially noted, proceed from a drunken writer, employed by priests to conduct a religious newspaper, who describes the terms of his agreement:—

"I am the editor of a religious journal, and consenting to be a saint for twenty-seven days out of thirty, they give me three holidays and a month's pay in advance."

"What is the name of the journal?"

"'The Love of our Neighbour,' my sweet flower—the Extermination of Incredulity, with the epigraph of the great Bossuet, Those who are not for us are against us."—Vol. v. ch. 1.

Do people who buy, and read, and circulate this book, consider for a moment the sort of blasphemous ribaldry it contains? Can Christians tolerate a book which turns our Lord's first miracle into a joke, and quotes, and ingeniously argues, on words of S. Paul, to justify prostitution? It is necessary to speak out plainly. There are a very great number of persons, who would never think of reading or buying this book, if they knew what it contained. They would fling it behind the fire if they knew. M. Eugene Sue has no wish to expose vice, except in Jesuits. In others he treats it with kindly forbearance. Cephyse, Soliveau, and Rose Pompon, are what they are by force of circumstances, and could hardly have been otherwise, and are amiable and interesting, and with noble qualities. And it is all the master manufacturer's fault that Jaques is a profligate sot. And M. Hardy is not the less amiable, sensitive, benefactor of mankind, for being an adulterer. Benevolence is represented as his striking characteristic, notwithstanding he inflicts the deepest injury on his neighbour possible.

'In our previous sketch of M. Hardy's character, we endeavoured to portray his extreme kindness, susceptibility, integrity, and generosity; and now we recall to mind those endearing qualities.'—Vol ix. ch. 2.

The only sincere religious character is Dagobert's wife, whom the reader is meant to despise for a weak, superstitious, bigoted, priest-ridden old fool. What becomes of people's common instincts of right and wrong, that they are not indignant at such thinly clad, infidel, profligacy?

But we must go on with our unpleasing task. Rodin has established himself in the good graces of all his intended victims, and prepares to set to work; but a sudden check occurs. The Princess St. Dizier gives a very choice collation, the principal object in the introduction of which chapter is, to describe the gluttony of a Cardinal, and a fat apoplectic looking Bishop, and what choice dishes there are to indulge in during Lent, in their pride, and bigotry, and gross hypocrisy. Thence the passage is easy from the particular to the general, and Bishops, as a class, are pretty roundly lectured. But no appropriate place could be found for a joke on the subject of the elements in the Holy Communion, so it is squeezed into a note. (Vol. vii. ch. 10.)

In the next chapter Rodin is seized with cholera, which he at once suspects to be poison administered by the Cardinal. This suspends the course of the story, but is turned to good account by the author, in the way of instilling disgust and contempt for the priests and officers of the Church to which he belongs, or at any rate, which is the established religion of his country. Rodin is thought to be dying, so the Cardinal, who suspects him of ambitious caballing at Rome, and treason against the independence of the Order, comes to confess him. Hearing that Rodin is likely to die under an operation which is just going to be performed, he pauses to make the following arrangement before going into the sick man's room.

"It is indispensable that the reverend father receive the sacrament with the most striking solemnity, in order that he may make, not only a Christian end, but one that will produce a sounding effect; all the people in the house, and strangers even, must be invited to witness this spectacle, so that his death may produce an edifying sensation. . . . for in these times of revolutionary impiety, a solemn christian end will produce a salutary effect on the public; it would even be expedient to embalm his reverence in the case of death, and expose him, according to the Roman custom, to the public for several days. My secretary will give the design of the *catafalque*—it is very splendid and imposing; for, from his reverence's rank in the Order, it cannot be too superb; and, afterwards, tracts may be distributed among the people, giving an account of the pious and ascetic life of his reverence."—Vol. viii. ch. 10.

He then proceeds to the sick-room. There he endeavours to extract some admissions of his treasonable designs, by alleging (which is false) that Rodin, in his delirium, has made very important disclosures. Their mutual manœuvring is detailed, while they are made to bandy words on the awful topics which would naturally pass between a priest and a dying man. Finally, the

Cardinal is baffled, and concludes his pastoral visit with these words, "Curses . . . this infernal Jesuit has divined my intention," and he stamped his foot with rage.' But his zeal for the Order quickly does away with all private piques, for the next words he utters are these, addressed to D'Aigrigny, upon a sudden accession of strength in the patient.

"Ah! my dear father," whispered the Cardinal; "what a pity it is we are the only witnesses of this scene. This is a miracle which ought to have been witnessed by many. A man, in extreme agony, so suddenly changed. In representing this, in a certain manner, it would almost equal the miracle performed on Lazarus."

"An excellent idea, Monseigneur," said D'Aigrigny; "it must not be abandoned."—Vol. viii. ch. 6.

Meanwhile Rodin's schemes have begun to work. Jaques de Rennepont has been killed with drinking, by the man whom Rodin had engaged for this work. His death is brought about at a revel masque, of the most profligate male and female population of Paris, got up to make a public joke of the Cholera, which is raging in the city. All the profaneness and infidel spirit shown in this is graphically described by the author. It is one of the low-lived sketches in which he seems wonderfully at home. M. Hardy has taken refuge in one of the Jesuit houses of retreat, broken-spirited at the destruction of his factory, which has been burnt by a mob stirred up by Jesuit preachers, and at the sudden departure for America of the lady, with whom his adultery has been discovered. But the Abbé Gabriel does his best to hold the rest together, and makes an attempt to rescue M. Hardy out of their hands. Rodin, however, is able to take the field, and baffles him. Enfeebled in mind and body, partly by state of health, and partly by judicious medicines administered by the Jesuit physician, and still more by the influence on his mind, through the theological treatment of his case, M. Hardy, in a sort of paroxysm of mesmeric devotional excitement, gives himself up entirely to their direction, and is carried off to a dismal retreat, (where he dies,) that he may pass his time in uninterrupted devotional rhapsodies,—the passion for which is created in his mind by Rodin, in a dialogue on prayer. He gives a sketch of the life of De Rancé, principal of the abbey of La Trappe, as having retired from the world upon the sudden death of a person whom he had seduced. He sketches imaginary visions of this person appearing to him in torment, and invoking curses on him; which produce an overpowering effect on M. Hardy, because, says M. Sue, according to the religion of Catholics, a woman thus guilty 'may be condemned to eternal flames.' Rodin then gives a turn to his description, how by his prayers and austerities De Rancé obtained visions of the same person in bliss, and then this blasphemous recital of nine pages (for really it should be

called nothing less) is concluded thus. 'Elle sourait à son amant avec un ardeur ineffable, et ses yeux rayonnants d'une flamme humide; elle lui disait d'une voix tendre et passionnée: "Gloire au Seigneur, gloire à toi, oh mon amant bien-aimée! Tes prières ineffables, tes austerités m'ont sauvée; le Seigneur m'a placée parmi ses élus." . . . Alors, dans sa félicité, elle se baisait et effleurait de ses lèvres parfumées d'immortalité les lèvres du religieux en extase . . . et bientôt leur âme s'exhalait dans un baiser d'une volupté brulante comme l'amour, chaste comme la grâce, immense comme l'éternité.'—(Vol. ix. ch. 10.) And as if this whole description, as of a Mahometan paradise, over which he gloats, were not outrage enough, the miserable unbeliever adds in a note, which is not translated in the English version, that it would be impossible to cite the amatory ravings of Sister Theresa, 'à propos de son amour extatique pour le Christ.'

In handling M. Hardy's case, M. Sue unmasks himself more than in the rest of his book. He cannot leave matters in the mouths of his imaginary characters. The overflowings of his own thoughts burst in. Thus there is one chapter specially dedicated to the demolishing of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitatio Christi*. There are readers who may be taken in by the rest, as if M. Sue was trying to expose *only* Jesuits, or *only* practices and doctrines of his own Church, whose eyes will be opened to what M. Sue is, when they find him assailing with all the bitterness of personal hatred a book, which has ever been a received book in our own Church, which Bishop Taylor and Bishop Wilson have evidently used so much. With M. Sue it is a work 'd'impitoyable desolation,' its maxims enclose the mind in a fatal, despair-producing circle—it is 'un livre effrayant' in which are found 'a thousand terrors to scare feeble minds, a thousand slavish maxims to enchain and bring into bondage the pusillanimous.'—It is as if his hair stood on end, and he was seized with a paroxysm of terror at the bare thought of the sentences of this book. Like the school-boy who goes whistling through the Church-yard, but dares not turn his head for fear of what he may see,—so M. Sue uses big words to re-assure his courage. The hardy smith Agricola Baudoin, who just before had made no more of taking a live Jesuit Abbé by the collar, and sending him spinning across the room, is seized with the panic. 'Ah, my brother, . . . read those maxims . . . you will comprehend all . . . What man, remaining in complete solitude, with such desolating thoughts, would not fall into the most frightful despair, would not even, perhaps, proceed to suicide . . . Ah! it is horrible, it is infamous,' added the mechanic with indignation, it is a moral assassination.' Nothing but being in company would give him nerve to deliver himself so energetically, in the very presence of these terrible sentences. Then the Author's model priest takes

up the tale. But he is not to be so terrified, he cannot 'repress a smile of scorn,' and rushes boldly to demolish the flimsy theology. Off he starts, 'Man is not born to suffer: no!'—And then encouraged by the commendation of his brother, the smith, who cries out 'he is also a priest . . . but a true, a sublime priest,' he lays about him vigorously. "This book was written to rivet 'poor monks' chains, in the renunciation, in the isolation, in the 'blind obedience of an indolent, barren life, this book, in preaching 'the withdrawal of the affections from every thing, self-contempt, 'mistrust of one's brethren, an overwhelming submissiveness, 'aimed at persuading these unhappy monks, that the tortures 'of this life imposed on them—a life utterly opposed to the 'eternal purposes of God for mankind—would be acceptable to 'the Lord. Blasphemy, impiety . . . sacrilege . . . Ah! my 'brother," added Gabriel, moved even to tears, as he pointed to 'the maxims which hung round the room, "this terrible book has 'done you much harm . . . this book, which they have had the 'audacity to call the Imitation of Jesus Christ—this book—the 'Imitation of the word of Christ! this desolating book, which 'contains only thoughts of vengeance, of contempt [of the 'world], of death, of despair.'"

Probably there has not been such an outpouring against the book since it first appeared. The book seems to have the effects of His word, whose pattern it expresses, upon a demoniac. The unclean spirit raves, and tears himself foaming.

But the reader will like to know what has occasioned all this rage and terror. And most fortunately M. Sue has given us these writings 'upon the wall,' which have so scared and excited him. He has printed them in large letters, to draw the execration of mankind. But we will confront the phantoms. We will take them one by one—and what is more, will give with each one the charm which enables us to gaze upon them without fear or hatred, nay to accept them—though neither Monks, nor Jesuits.

Here is M. Sue's bane.

1. 'He is vain that putteth his trust in man or creatures.'—B. i. c. 7.

2. 'Very quickly there will be an end of thee here; look what will become of thee in another world.'—B. i. c. 23.

3. 'To-day the man is here, to-morrow he hath disappeared; and when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.'

Here the antidote.

'Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm.'—Jer. xvii. 5.

'My days are swifter than a post.'—Job ix. 25.

'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.'

'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment.'

'He flourisheth as a flower of the field, for as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.'—Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

4. 'When it is morning think thou mayest die before night. And when evening comes, dare not to promise thyself the next morning.'—*Ibid.*

5. 'Who shall remember thee, when thou art dead? and who shall pray for thee?'—*Ibid.*

6. 'Thou art deceived, thou art deceived, if thou seek any other thing than to suffer tribulations; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and signed on every side with crosses. . . bear these crosses, chasten and keep under your body, despise yourself, and desire to be despised by others.' [We have not been able to find these last words, though the substance of them may be derived from various separate passages.]—B. ii. c. 12. § 8, 9.

7. 'Know for certain, that thou oughtest to lead a dying life. And the more any man dieth to himself, so much the more doth he begin to live unto God.'—B. xii. c. 16, § 14.

8. 'It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not at our own disposing.'—B. i. c. 9.

9. 'It is much safer to obey, than to govern.'—*Ibid.*

10. 'It is well to depend on God only in the person of superiors who represent him.'

We have not been able to verify this one as it stands—but the sentiment is in substance to be found, though not in the form of expression of the last words, which are printed in particularly inviting characters by M. Sue. But it is no more than

'In the morning it is green and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.'—Ps. xc.

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'—Prov. xxvii. 1.

'They are destroyed from morning till evening; they perish for ever without any regarding it.'—Job. iv. 20.

'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble.'—Job xiv. 1.

'The misery of man is great upon him.'—Eccles. viii. 6.

'If a man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross.'—Matt. xvi. 24.

'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.'—Acts xiv. 22.

'I die daily.'—1 Cor. xv. 31.

'Let him take up his cross daily.'—Luke ix. 31.

'For Thy sake also are we killed all the day long.'—Luke ix. 3.

'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'—Gal. ii. 26.

'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.'—Col. iii. 3.

'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask more.'—Luke xii. 48.

'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as they that must give account.'—Heb. xiii. 17.

and for the expression '*Qui tiennent la place de Dieu,*' it is no more than is said of all lawful civil authority—'it is God's minister.'

11. 'Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. The imagination and change of places have deceived many.'—B. i. c. 9.

'Hold thee still in the Lord.'

'The meek spirited shall possess the earth.'—Ps. xxxvii.

'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts.'—Mal. ii. 7.

These parallel passages were certainly not written merely 'to rivet poor monks' chains in the renunciation, violation, and blind obedience of an indolent barren life.' The order of Jesuits did not call them forth.

Very little more need be said upon the plot of the novel, though it may be as well just to sketch how it is brought to a conclusion. There remain four of the Rennepont family, for Rodin to remove out of the way before the 1st of June. He has not much difficulty with Rose and Blanche, Marshal Simon's two daughters. By a careful system of anonymous letters, dropped by an apparently half-witted servant in the interest of the Order, he contrived to make the daughters think themselves a restraint and burden on their father, and the father that his daughters are indifferent to him. Then he contrives to draw the old marshal into a political intrigue, in favour of young Napoleon. In this way he manages to get him away from Paris. Then, by help of the Princess S. Dizier, these two young girls are trepanned into a cholera hospital, under pretence of taking them to seek their attendant, who had been attacked. They both take the infection and die.

This leads to an episode in the way of a bit of private business on Rodin's part; for which, however, we have no space. As to the main plot of the story, matters still wear an uncertain aspect. The 1st of June draws on, and, as yet, Prince Djalma and Mademoiselle de Cardoville have escaped the snares laid for them. They are deeply attached to one another. Their prospects appear bright. They are to be united shortly. But Adrienne has had difficulties to surmount which she states in a scene of most unequalled originality, considering the speakers and their respective positions. The lovers are *tête-à-tête* when Adrienne opens the proceedings 'in a grave and tender tone.'

"My friend, you have often and impatiently demanded when the trial we imposed on ourselves should be brought to a close. That trial is approaching its end. . . . our hearts have been open to each other; we have

read them, and we have faith in each other: but something is wanting to consecrate our union, and in the eyes of the world there is only one way—by marriage—which is binding for life."

Djalma looked at the young girl with surprise.

"Yes, for life; and yet who can answer for the sentiments of a whole life? A Deity, able to look into futurity, could alone bind irrevocably certain beings together for their happiness; but, alas! the future is impenetrable to us; therefore, we can only answer for our present sentiments. To bind ourselves indissolubly, is a foolish, selfish, and impious action—is it not?"

"That is sad to think of," said Djalma, after a moment's reflection; "but it is true." He then regarded her with an expression of increasing surprise.

Adrienne hastily resumed, in a tender tone—"Do not mistake my meaning, my friend; the love of two beings, who, like ourselves, after a patient investigation of heart and mind, have found in each other all the assurances of happiness: a love, in short, like ours, is so noble, so divine, that it must be consecrated from above. I do not hold the religion of the Mass, as does my venerable aunt; but I hold the religion of God, from whom we derive our ardent love—for this he must be piously adored. It is, therefore, by invoking his name, with deep gratitude, that we ought to promise, not to love each other for ever, not to remain always together."

"What?" cried Djalma.

"No," resumed Adrienne; "for no one can take such an oath without falsehood or folly; but we can, in the sincerity of our hearts, swear to do faithfully everything in our power to preserve our love. Indissoluble ties we ought not to accept; for if we should always love each other, of what use are they? and if not, our chains are then only an instrument of odious tyranny. Is it not so, my friend?"

Djalma did not reply, but, with a respectful gesture, he signed to the young girl to continue.

"And, in fine," resumed she, with a mixture of tenderness and pride, "from respect to your dignity as well as my own, I would never promise to observe a law made by man against woman with brutal selfishness—a law which seems to deny to woman mind, soul, and heart—a law which she cannot obey without being a slave or a perjurer—a law that deprives her of her maiden name, and declares her, as a wife, in a state of incurable imbecility, by subjecting her to a degrading state of tutelage; as a mother, refuses her all right and power over her children; and, as a human being, subjects her son even to the will and pleasure of another human being, who is only her equal in the sight of God! . . . But I have never been guilty of falsehood in my life, and our love is too holy, too pure, to be subjected to a consecration which must be purchased by a double perjury. . . . Oh! my heart, my heart, how proudly it throbs! Blessed be thy name, oh God! for having awarded to me such a lover. Thou wishest to astonish the world by the prodigies of tenderness and charity which such love may produce! We know not yet the almighty power of free, ardent, and happy love. Oh! Djalma, what hymns of gratitude and delight will ascend to heaven the day on which our hands shall be joined! The world knows not with what a boundless desire for joy and happiness two lovers like ourselves are possessed! It knows not of the inexhaustible store of kindness which is emitted from the celestial halo round their fervent hearts! Oh! I feel that many tears will be dried up—many hearts that have been deadened by sorrow will be revived by the fire of our love!"

This (suitable as it is for a female Socialist lecturer) has foot-notes of the author's, with proofs and illustrations, from

which it is to be supposed that he considers it an important view. The young lady then proceeds:—

“Every evening, after your departure, my only thought is, to devise how to make our engagement, in the sight of God, but independently of laws, and within those limits only which reason approves; and this without shocking the requirements and customs of the world, in which it may suit us to live by and by, and whose apparent prejudices ought not to be wounded. Yes, my friend, when you know by what noble hands I shall propose that ours be joined—who it is that shall bless and glorify God for this union—a sacred union, which, nevertheless, will leave us free, that it may leave us worthy; you will, I am sure, say with me, that never could purer hands be laid upon us.”

We really thought some kind of classic rites of Hymen were intended for these nuptials, and felt a great curiosity to know how the matter would be arranged; but not so. It comes out in another place that the Abbé Gabriel, the author's model priest, has consented to perform this novel rite. How we wish the author had favoured the public with the new ritual, which should satisfy such conflicting requirements; which should bind, yet leave free: satisfy the prejudices of society, and yet be only ‘durante bene placito’ on either side: be a vow and covenant ratified in the sight of God, and yet be left wholly to the caprice of man: bind them with a solemn blessing, yet leave each one free to depart at any time. Why not have given a draught, at any rate, of the projected service? Depend upon it the author has one in his head, and some day we may read of this project for a new Marriage Act before the Chamber of Deputies. We wonder whether he has wife or daughter to apply his instructions.

Unhappily the course of events in the plot dispenses with any further reference to this discovery. Two or three days after this edifying dialogue, Rodin hits off a scheme by which these two last claimants on the Rennepont property are carried off. The Prince Djalma, under colour of a story from his attendant, the Thuggist strangler, volunteers accompanying him to a lodging, to which, by means of an anonymous letter, Agricola Baudoin has been summoned, as upon a matter of importance to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The Prince has been locked into a room, and then, from outside, the strangler rouses his suspicions about a clandestine meeting between Adrienne and Agricola, who he knew had once been secreted in Adrienne's chamber, but had not been told that it was upon a sudden emergency, to save him from an unjust arrest. A person enters the adjoining room dressed like Adrienne. At the moment of Agricola's arrival, the door of the room where the Prince is, is opened, and in a fit of ungovernable fury, he rushes out, strikes the woman dead with

a dagger, and wounds Agricola. Thence he hastens to Adrienne's hotel, where he takes poison. He has no sooner done so than Adrienne herself enters, and learning all that has passed, she hastily swallows the remainder of the poison, which is in a phial on the table, and they die in one another's arms.

So Rodin, having slain all, proceeds to take possession on the 1st of June—but previously an order has arrived from Cardinal Malapieri at Rome, to the Father Caboccini, to carry a preconcerted token to the strangler, on receipt of which it had been arranged some months before, that he was to make away with Rodin. This is done by the strangler, by means of poison put on the brush (*goupillon*), which he offers to Rodin, as he approaches to dip his finger in the holy-water vessel (*bénitier*), as he comes out of chapel. But the poison is subtle, and so Rodin is able to repair to the place where the fortune is to be made over to him, as representative of the Jesuits, (in favour of whom Gabriel had executed the deed of gift,) having in his pocket a despatch from Rome, announcing his being made General of the Order. Nothing remains but to hand over the casket containing the notes, to the amount of 212,000,000 francs—when by some process, according to a direction of the Abbé Gabriel to the old Jew, in whose custody they were, they are ignited, and the whole are consumed. Rodin dies, and the Princess S. Dizier, who comes in to make inquiries about D'Aigrigny, goes mad, and so the tale concludes.

Thus is brought to a close what Mr. Aird calls 'the admirable exposé of the Jesuits, which will go far to secure for the work a permanent reputation.' It will be remembered, that in the commencement of these remarks we said, our quarrel with M. Sue was not on account of his charges against the Jesuits—with which we have not concerned ourselves. We leave those charges where they are. We have not touched them. We have done battle on other grounds. It is because his book is immoral and irreligious, that it is now attacked. For the truth is, the Jesuits are only his stalking horse. Under pretence of attacking them, he attacks the whole clerical body of the Church of his country—all ministers of the established religion of France. It is not a portion of the clergy, those attached to the Order of Jesuits, or to their principles, (as distinguished from any other principles in the clergy of France,) which he endeavours to set forth in the blackest and most odious colours, but the clergy in general—there is no distinction. He *talks* about poor country curates, earnest, faithful men, and about others, who are ready to hazard their lives in missionary labours. But this is mere talk; these are but sentences thrown in here and there, the better to set off the bitterness of his invectives, to aggravate the wickedness and hypocrisy of the priests in general,

(as being utterly set against all these earnest faithful men,) and, by an air of candour, to dispose persons to receive his statements with less suspicion. Let it be observed, this story presents an unbroken mass of clerical crime—not as of individuals, but of the compacted, harmoniously working body. The authorities at Rome are represented as venal, corrupt, and unprincipled. No crime hinders their promotion to the highest offices—Cardinals, Bishops, Abbés, and Abbesses—not one here and there, but the class in general, are banded in one common guilt. Lying, murder, gluttony, hypocrisy, the basest venality, and profane jesting about holy things, are made their characteristics. Their office, as in charge over Christian people, is represented as made by them a mockery—a thing about which they are really in no concern. This will be seen by just supposing the case of a novel in England against High Church, or Low Church. In either case the party written against would be represented as untrue to their Church, as dishonest men, holding a place they had obtained under false colours: and they would be contrasted with real characters, of what were judged the genuine Church of England ministers, characters drawn out as really and energetically as those sought to be exposed. The offenders would be represented as being what they are, in spite of, and against, the system they unworthily represented. With M. Sue it is quite the reverse. The infamous priests are the genuine fruit and offspring of their system—its natural development. They are corrupted by it into being these monsters of vice. They escape being such as by a miracle. Like the Abbé Gabriel, their moral sense barely resists the strong stream of iniquity, which has all but swept them away. If this be not so, why are all Bishops and Abbés made so dreadfully alike in atrocious wickedness? Why has he assailed such a book as the *Imitation of Christ*, as bitterly as if it were blasphemous and immoral? Why has he spit his venom against the Saints of the Church? How has he dared to place our Lord's name side by side, and on a level with Plato, as the opinion of one of his characters, whom he has represented as a most upright, generous-hearted, worthy man? How is it that Christianity, in any open acts of church-membership, is made in his book to be the profession of hypocrites, or of weak, gossiping fools? How is it that his best characters are utterly irreligious? How is it that he represents the deadliest sins consistent with characters, noble, generous, and even pure in a certain way? Why does he so labour to make it appear, that true religion (as he understands religion) may be in its highest and most devoted forms, without any external Christian profession? Why does he represent those whom the Church has, for sixteen centuries, honoured as martyrs, as so magnified out of a spirit of bigotry

priestcraft, while in truth they are scarce worthy to be compared in true Christian heroism and Christian love, with the *firemen* of Paris? The reader will of course deem this an exaggeration, unless he have the passage under his eye. We could not expect credit to such a statement unsupported. So here are the author's reflections. He is speaking of acts of generous self-devotion, during the time of the cholera, in waiting on the sick, and takes occasion to deliver the following lecture to the clergy for their general selfishness.

'If you listen to them (priests and monks) there is, for example, nothing to be compared to the courage and self-devotion of the priest, who goes to minister to a dying person. Nothing more admirable than the Trappist, who, could any one believe it, pushes Évangélical self-denial, even to clearing and cultivating the lands that belong to his order! Is not this inconceivable? Is it not Divine? To prepare and crop the ground, *whose produce is for yourself*. Truly this is heroic: and we too admire it with all our powers.

'Only, at the same time that we recognise what is good in a priest, we will ask humbly whether they are monks, ecclesiastics, or priests: those physicians of the poor, who at all hours, by day or night, hasten to the wretched pillow of the afflicted: those physicians, who during the cholera, &c., those men of science, those young practitioners who . . . braved death in Spain when the yellow fever decimated the population . . . Are those millions of labourers Trappists . . . who clear and water with their sweat ground which is not theirs, and that for wages insufficient for the simplest wants of their children?'

'Lastly, (though perhaps this will appear puerile, but we hold it to be indisputable) are those intrepid men monks, ecclesiastics, or priests, who at all hours, by day or night, dash with a fabulous intrepidity into the midst of flames, scale the blazing beams and burning ruins to save property that does not belong to them, to rescue people unknown to them, and that in simplicity, without pride, without privilege, without affected solemnity, without remuneration beyond the ration of bread which they eat, without any mark of distinction beyond the soldier's dress they wear, and all this without in the least pretending to any exclusive claim to courage, or self-devotion, or to being some day almost framed and canonized? And yet we consider that these so many hardy Sappers, (Firemen, we call them) who have risked their lives in twenty fires, who have snatched old men, women, and children, from the flames, who have preserved whole cities from the ravages of fire, have *at least* deserved as well of God and man, as Saint Polycarp, Saint Fructuosus, Saint Privé(?) and others more or less sanctified.'

'No, no, it is not a few intriguing, swaggering ultramontanes, who alone retain, as they would have it believed, the tradition of devotion of man to man, of sacrifice of the creature for the creature: in theory, and in fact, Marcus Aurelius is as good as [*vaut bien*] S. John, Plato as Augustine, Confucius as S. Chrysostom. From antiquity to our times, the condition of mothers of families, friendship, love, science, glory, liberty, have independently of all orthodoxy, an army of glorious names, of admirable martyrs, to set against the saints and martyrs of the calendar. Yes: we repeat it, never did the monastic orders, who pique themselves most on self-devotion to mankind, do more for their brethren than during those terrible days of the cholera did so many young libertines, so many lax (coquettes) and charming women, so many heathenish artists, so many literary Pantheists, so many materialist Physicians.' . . . —Vol. x. ch. 5.

M. Sue is excommunicated, and he blusters and pretends to make fun of it. But when people make a great parade of not caring, and vent much abuse at what they affect to be quite indifferent about, it betokens inward annoyance. He calls the sentences of these Bishops against him 'comical ravings and grotesque anathemas,' and says that he has felt a keen, 'pleasant relish for this Ecclesiastical comedy,' (vol. x. ch. 22.) He makes merry at the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Bishops of Langres, Chalons, Chartres, &c. and tells them that he 'freely grants remission and absolution to the venerable and facetious Primate, for his facetiousness against him, if these pious pleasantries have a little enlivened his sheep.' (Vol. x. ch. 5.) We suspect, that though M. Sue so swaggeringly publishes his own sentence, he feels it at times when he would be very unwilling to own it, and very glad if he could help remembering it. He has not so entirely shaken off the Christian prejudices of his education, as he wishes to seem to have done.

Indeed it is evident that in some respects he wishes to keep up appearances, and uses good Christian words as if he meant them. Perhaps he feels his way, sounds what the public mind will bear, and will not go too far a-head, lest his books should not pay; just as his translators have doctored him, and lowered him to suit the English palate. Anyhow there are passages and sentiments scattered up and down his book, which seem to require some justification of the term 'infidel,' which we have applied. We will dispose of this difficulty shortly, by reference to a parallel case. Our readers are probably aware what Gibbon's principles are. They know that he was an unbeliever. Perhaps some may not know the tone of his remarks about Christianity in his history. We could imagine rather an unobservant reader perusing those chapters in which he treats of Christianity, without perceiving that his endeavour is throughout to bring the truth of it into question, and to make its professors either ridiculous, contemptible, or hateful. He maintains an air of candour, a sort of ironical respect, he uses the language of a believer, whilst he points out and laments, or affects to glory in, the slightness of proof on which the faith rests. He deplores the vices and infirmities of the early Christians; he describes them so as to make their scruples and practices ludicrous; he points out their errors with an air of philosophical compassion—pretends to draw a veil over things too bad for him to mention. He balances theological differences with such apparent impartiality, that either side seems involved in like uncertainty. Scripture miracles are alluded to, and wonder expressed, that though firmly believed afterwards, they were 'beheld by contemporaries with careless indifference,' or that they were entirely unnoticed by nearly all contemporary authorities. And in general he laments, that in God's

inscrutable purposes it should be, that those who were at once the most educated and virtuous of mankind should reject Christianity. He is distressed by the inhuman zeal of one, the unfeeling uncharitableness of another, among the Fathers of the church; he deplores the infirmity of human nature, shown in the violent dissensions on points of no consequence; he takes notice of the bad lives of many of the most eminent saints, before their baptism—of the grievous falls of many, through their aiming at an over-high purity—of the ‘missionaries of the Gospel, after the pattern of their divine Master, not disdaining the society of men, and especially of women, oppressed by the consciousness, and very often by the effects, of their vices,’ and the too common over-weening ambition and spiritual pride, resulting from their abandonment of the comforts of married life. With all this, his language is everywhere guardedly respectful about ‘the Deity,’ and ‘the divine Founder of Christianity.’ ‘Holy Bernard,’ ‘venerable Bede,’ ‘zealous father,’ ‘Cyprian, Doctor, and guide of all the western Church,’ ‘pious Christians,’ ‘most holy religion,’—are the kind of phrases with which he abounds; and, under cloke of these fair speeches, he endeavours to insinuate doubts everywhere. Now, this school and tone of infidelity seems being revived in France. M. Sue’s language partakes largely of it. So does that of another, whom we had intended to have noticed at large in this article had space allowed. We mean Michelet, who, in some respects, is more offensive and mischievous than M. Sue. They are of a like school; and, if we remember rightly, M. Sue somewhere in his novel refers to him approvingly. And so, in a few remarks we mean to make on this French Gibbonism, we may class them together.

The peculiarity, we believe, of Gibbon as an infidel writer is his affectation of candour. His is a covert infidelity: he insinuates doubts rather than states them.¹ He points and turns his sentences so as to suggest difficulties, then leaves them without drawing them out; he instils the poison, and leaves it to work quietly into the system; he is cautious not to alarm prejudices or awaken suspicions unnecessarily; but the work to which he addresses himself is to undermine the very foundations of belief in any revelation. The two French authors, also, in their way, are for keeping up appearances. They pretend respect for the original of Christianity, they are but exposing its monstrous recent corruptions. M. Sue respects and honours good, sincere priests; he would not attack them, he is only against the Jesuits; but we find by and by, that his Jesuitism embraces every part of the priestly office, as existing in the usages of the Church of his country. Vows, orders, confession, absolution, sacraments, spi-

¹ See Gibbon, chapters xv. xvi. xxiii. xxiv.

ritual guidance, authority, orthodoxy, discipline, are all merged in his comprehensive term of Jesuitism. You will find outbreaks here and there, in which all these are severally reviled or sneered at. M. Michelet is more open, or more clear-headed: he sees this, and unhesitatingly deals with them as they are. The priest, as such, is the object of his attack. Jesuitism only sustains the brunt and onslaught, because that order has been most forward in the theory and actual exercise of spiritual guidance. M. Sue seems to draw a line between the working clergy, the poor parish priests, and the objects of his attack. M. Michelet does not conceal that the one is as bad as the other in theory and in practice. The parish priests are likely to be worse, as, from being duller, more ill-bred, less qualified to take a part in society, or to have any literary pursuits or relaxations; they are more likely to be licentious and meddlesome; and are so, too, for that is what he sets himself to exhibit.

However, allowing for some slight differences, it may be said Gibbon gives the key-note, and these two disciples strike in, with variations, 'et cantare pares, et respondere parati.' Gibbon says, speaking, with his accustomed sneer, of the primitive Christians, 'The unfeeling candidate for heaven was instructed 'not only to resist the proper allurements of the taste or smell, 'but even to shut his ears against the profane harmony of sounds, 'and to view with indifference the most finished productions of 'human art. Gay apparel, magnificent houses, and elegant 'furniture, were supposed to unite the double guilt of pride and 'sensuality.'—Chap. xv.

M. Sue has a passage upon the irreligiousness of the monastic dress, on account of its coarse plainness, whereas all the elaborate arts of the female toilet, which occupy several pages in describing, are fulfilments of the divine purpose.

M. Michelet, to impress the reader with the dull, sombre, melancholy, deadening influence of the monastic life, tells a story of a lady who lost her way in the 'quartier des convents,' and was so overcome by the mere outside of the buildings, that she sat down upon a curbstone and wept (p. 66). The very buildings, he says, remind you of a 'priest' or 'old maid.'

Gibbon gives the note again: 'It was not in *this* world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful.'—(Chap. xv.) These lazy monks, these ill-dressed nuns, these houses of retreat, what use are they? echo the modern disciples. All energy is lost in them, and what there is breaks out in gossip, spitefulness, ill-temper, intrigue, and the endeavour to draw others into the same wretchedness. How selfish they are (cries M. Sue,) they work with their own hands for the bread they eat. Yes; and adds M. Michelet, it is nothing but a vicious principle

introduced into their devotional exercises that keeps them from ennui, and giving up the very purpose for which they are associated. Why does not the state interfere (cries M. Sue), and prevent money being given to any ecclesiastical establishment? You put a check upon gambling-houses and rouge-et-noir tables, why not upon these, the worst species of gambling-houses? for under pretence of persons doing a good deed by such bequests, 'certain priests have had the sacrilegious hardihood to devise a *game of hell or paradise*, to make themselves the croupiers at it, (Vol. ix. 3). Why are not such sums given to the poor? But if they were to do so, M. Michelet is keen enough to see through the purpose: they have some base, time-serving, crafty end in view. Look at S. François de Sales, what did he dispense so much money for among the poor Savoyards? It was to make the people 'abjurer leur foi pour organiser une guerre de séduction' (p. 28).

Once more Gibbon starts them, on a topic which he handles with peculiar zest—chastity and marriage. He tells you the primitive Christians had 'whimsical laws' about marriage, which, if he enumerated, 'would force a smile from the young, and a blush from the fair.' But M. Sue could not bring himself to quote '*même en les gâtant les élucubrations du délire érotique de Sœur Thérèse.*' And next M. Michelet, notwithstanding the touch of pleasantry with which he details the grossest profligacies in convents, yet could not venture to copy the letter, 'innocente à coup sûr, mais si imprudente,' which Bossuet wrote, when an old man, to Madame Cornuau, explaining a passage in the Song of Solomon (p. 128; English edition, p. 76.)

And this brings us upon a topic in these moderns which we can but just touch, in which they have far outgone their predecessors. Gibbon sneers and insinuates, but still 'gives good words with his lips.' The primitive Christians, according to him, were ridiculous, whimsical, extravagant, affecting to despise what was beyond their reach, and sometimes surprised into grievous sin through wantonly exposing themselves to temptation, but still sincere, and in the main, he would say, of course in the right. Again Bishop Butler speaks of the love of God being in his age called enthusiasm, as it will be everywhere by the generality of the world. But the modern infidel far surpasses this. Not content with sneering at and despising it, this school represents the love of God as *indelicate*. We would apologize for such a word, if there were not real cause for using it. These books are amongst us, and people are reading and talking of them, without perceiving what poison is being instilled. These Frenchmen make the love of God indelicate; they affect to be shocked by the expressions to be met with in prayers, meditations, and devotional exercises of holy people; that is to say,

with their thoughts and words raised in solitude unto their God and Saviour.

So too they affirm of letters written to persons in whom the writers reposed the greatest confidence and affection, as 'beloved in the Lord,' that their language is amatory, sensual, indelicate; and they quote a few lines, and readers are staggered; though, let it be observed that the expressions of 'Spouse' and 'Bridegroom,' as applied to our Lord, are *also* sneered at in Michelet. Here are persons who during their lives were honoured as holy, consistent Christians, by the generation in which they lived. Certain passages of their writings are now brought forward, some of them devotional expressions and thoughts, addressed to their Lord and Saviour; some in letters to those whom they judged companions in the same hope and faith, expressions, be it remembered, founded on Scripture images; and on the strength of these being capable of a sensual sense in the mouth and heart of a sensualist, we are called upon to pronounce, that they *were* thus used and intended: that these persons were in truth persons of grossly impure hearts and thoughts, and that their very prayers were tainted with a tone of sensuality.

In the name of common sense, can such a preposterous charge be sustained? If the church to which those persons belonged could not pronounce rightly on what kind of persons they were, who can? Is it believed that members of the Church of Rome do not know what purity and holiness mean? Is it believed, that her priests of station are in a firm compact to bless what God has cursed? Rather take the candid yet measured statement of the writer of an excellent little Ecclesiastical History.

'It would argue a prejudiced and uncharitable mind to close our eyes on several bright examples of Christian holiness, that have adorned the Roman communion in later ages, and refuse to recognise the impress of Divine grace in lives adorned with every virtue which can flow from a lively faith and charity.'—*Palmer's Hist. of the Christian Church*, ch. xxv.

Do we, then, utterly disbelieve all Michelet's statements? No! there are some fearful cases of depravity, which to us appear established, *e.g.* with respect to Molinos and his school, if so it may be called. Indeed, could it be otherwise, when the author, in his office of scavenger, is sweeping up such filth as he may collect together since the year 1600? Only fancy some infidel at home raking together all the stories he could of profligate fellows of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and criminous clerks abusing their trust in their parishes;—what should we say of such a book? Should we regard the author as having given a fair notion of the general state of discipline and morals in our church? What credit for fairness of intention can M. Michelet deserve, when he applies his broom first of all to sweep together

charges and insinuations against one, whose manner of life the historian before quoted thus describes:—

‘He laid down a plan of life, to which he ever after rigorously adhered. He resolved to wear no expensive clothing; to have no paintings except of a devotional character in his house; to possess no splendid furniture, to use no coach or carriage, but make his visitations on foot. His family was to consist of two priests, one to act as his chaplain, the other to superintend his servants and temporalities; his table to be plain and frugal. He resolved to be present at all religious and devotional meetings and festivals in the churches; to distribute abundant alms; to visit the sick and poor in person; to rise every day at four, meditate for an hour, read private service, then prayers with his family; then to read the Scripture, celebrate the holy Eucharist, and afterwards apply to business till dinner. He then gave an hour to conversation, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in business and prayer. After supper he read a pious book to his family for an hour; then prayed with them, and retired to his private devotions and to rest. Such was the general mode of life of this excellent man.’—*Palmer*, p. 316.

Of such an one, M. Michelet says: ‘S’il permet aux religieuses tel et tel petit mensonge, faut-il croire qu’il se les soit refusés toujours à lui-même;’ and that in his zeal to convert, he resorted to means scarcely honourable—‘interest, money, places, authority, intimidation’—(pp. 27, 28;) and labours, by fine inuendoes and insinuations, to make it appear, that his feelings towards Madame de Chantal were unbecoming their relationship to one another, and that, at any rate, Madame de Chantal’s passionate love for him was of that sort, that he was obliged to keep her at a distance, though it in no way altered his notions of her holiness. This is certainly a token of the spirit in which M. Michelet sets himself to examine facts. And it is not to be wondered at, that, with such predispositions, his moral vision has detected what others would never have suspected.

Here we take leave of Eugene Sue and his school, with the hope and conviction, that if ever there should rise up among us an infidel to rake] up slanderous accusations against time-honoured names in our Church (as *e.g.* if some one were gravely to revive the slander against Hooker,) and the book were to be translated for the similar edification of the French nation; there will not be wanting some French priest, who, for the love of truth, will lift up his voice, even without inquiry, and say, ‘Though these are not of our Communion, we will not believe that men who have been and are so honoured should have been of such corrupt minds, and have so made a “gain of godliness.”’

We have now completed our task, not a pleasant one, and at greater length than we had intended. But it seemed better to endeavour to give readers a just notion of the contents of our book at large; and ten volumes spread over a great space. It is well we should know what sort of writer one of the leading popular authors in France is.

ART. VI.—*The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans, compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish traditions. By DR. G. WEIL, Librarian of the University of Heidelberg, Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Paris, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German, with occasional Notes. By Rev. H. DOUGLAS, A.M. London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row, 1846.*

THE work before us is somewhat ambitiously presented to the English public, as an 'Epitome of Mahomedan theology and morals.' It is really a collection of the Mahomedan versions of Scripture narratives, as first sketched in the Koran, and afterwards filled in from the traditions preserved in the commentaries upon it. It is merely the Mussulman supplement to the Bible, correcting and explaining it.

The translator's object would appear not to have been merely a literary one. He observes, that the 'peculiar character of these legends, their constant allusion to scriptural facts, with which most Bible-readers strongly identify themselves, their novel and gorgeous and often sublime inventions, investing them at once with the *fidelity of historical detail*, and the freshness and fascination of Oriental fiction, seem to fit them especially for popular instruction. If it be asked what benefit may be derived from promulgating the tenets of a confessedly erroneous system, it is replied that a distinction ought to be observed between the false systems that have ceased to be believed, and those which are still maintained as divine truths by any portion of mankind.

It may be questioned whether the former ought at all to be taught, although there are reasons why even the exploded mythology of the ancients should be known; but respecting the second class, to which the religion of Mohamed belongs, there should be but one opinion.' (Preface, pp. iv. v.)

No doubt, the fact of Mahometanism is a mysterious one; and persons who go out to convert Mussulmen ought to know what their religion is. But why this should be a reason for making its legends matter of 'popular instruction,' and what more special 'benefit' there is in 'promulgating the tenets,' among general readers, of a living, rather than of a dead false religion, is not so clear. But the translator probably had no particular meaning in his words; and so we pass on to the book itself.

There is nothing very new in the book, except the idea of bringing all these legends together. They are all to be found in 'Sale's Koran,' and its notes; and many of them

have been made familiar to English readers by the extracts and illustrations given in popular poems. Every one knows how Lord Byron and Mr. Southey have used them; the one attracted by their glittering sensualism, and the other by the tone of deep and solemn religion so strangely mixed up with it. Dr. Weil has thrown the various accounts into the shape of connected narratives, and intends his book for popular reading. His preface, which gives a short statement of the sources from which these legends are derived, is written in the unimpassioned and equivocal tone of one to whom matters of popular belief are simply matters of historical criticism, but who rather shrinks from saying so.

We shall not enter here into any question about the origin of these legends. We shall merely state that Dr. Weil disclaims for them entirely the character of native or Arabian traditions. They thus lose the value or the interest which they would have if they came from an original source; if they represented the genuine recollections, however confused, of the children of Ishmael. In their present form they are simple inventions of Mahometanism, which, according to Dr. Weil, borrowed its materials in this case, not from Arabian but from Jewish tradition, or that of heretical Christians.

‘Respecting the origin of these legends, it will appear from what has been said, that, with the exception of that of Christ, it is to be found in Jewish traditions, where, as will appear by the numerous citations from the Midrash, they are yet to be seen. Many traditions respecting the prophets of the Old Testament are found in the Talmud, which was then already closed, so that there can be no doubt that Mohamed heard them from Jews, to whom they were known, either by Scripture or tradition. For that these legends were the common property both of Jews and Arabs cannot be presumed, inasmuch as Mohamed communicated them to the Arabs as something new, and specially revealed to himself; and inasmuch as the latter actually accused him of having received instruction from foreigners.’—*Introd.* pp. x. xi.

Dr. Weil considers it doubtful how far the Arabians were acquainted with their own origin:—

‘It is difficult to find out with precision how much of this last legend [of Abraham] was known in Arabia before Mohamed; but it is probable that as soon as the Arabs became acquainted with the Scriptures and traditions of the Jews, they employed them in tracing down to Mohamed the origin both of their race and of their temple. But that they possessed no historical information respecting it, will appear from the fact that, notwithstanding their genealogical skill, they confess themselves unable to trace Mohamed’s ancestry beyond the twentieth generation. It is, however, quite evident not only that the legends of Abraham and Ishmael, which related much that was favourable to the latter, concerning which the Bible is silent, but that all the others in like manner were more or less changed and amplified by Mohamed, and adapted to his own purposes. Yet to him unquestionably belongs the highly poetical garb in which we find these legends, and which was calculated to attract and capti-

vate the imaginative minds of the Arabs much more than the dull Persian fables narrated by his opponents.'—Intro. pp. xii—xiii.

Whatever interest therefore attaches to them as *legends*, as fragments of that mysterious and awful tradition which broods over the East, belongs to them as Jewish not Mahometan legends. Their interest in this latter character lies forward—in their effects. They seized at once on the Eastern mind, and have kept possession of it ever since. The religious temper of the East—so earnest and serious, and so wild and impatient of discipline, which Christianity tended to chasten, and limit, and refine—which the early short-lived heresies sported with and disquieted—which while it owned the severe greatness of the Church, was annoyed by its restraints, its purifying and sobering aims,—found at last its exact model and form in Mahometanism. In the absence of any thing else it was content with Christianity; but the religion that it yearned after was Mahometanism,—at once commanding, grave, stable, and yet intensely and exclusively Eastern;—extravagant but not progressive—without limits to imagination, but without impulse to change,—which relieved the Eastern mind from the discipline of continual though slow improvement, and left it to that stationary untamed wildness in which it delighted. How closely Mahometanism was adapted for those to whom it was preached, the experience of more than a thousand years has shown. And these legends are specimens of that adaptation;—of the temper of those who framed, and of those who so readily adopted them, and to whom they still represent the early history of the world.

The purpose of all these legends is, of course, to familiarize and reconcile the mind to the idea that the mission of Mahomet was the culminating point of God's dealings with man; and in their original place in the Koran, they come in directly with this object. But in the legends themselves there are two distinct characters to be traced. They are either controversial, or merely poetical. The first are direct falsifications of Scripture, for the benefit of Mahometanism, or histories of the old prophets, framed with a tacit and obvious reference to the circumstances of Mahomet's life. The second are bursts of Eastern feeling and imagination, impatient of a bare outline of fact, and seeking for an expression of its ideas,—grand, wonderful, or grotesque,—of the invisible world; and these are worked out on a ground, for the most part, of Jewish tradition.

Of this latter class is the legend of the Creation and Fall,—full of strange wild thoughts, and, in the midst of its extravagance, not without the shadows of great truths. This is the history of the formation of Adam:—

'The four most exalted angels, Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Israil, were commanded to bring from the four corners of the earth the dust out of which Allah formed the body of Adam, all save the head and heart. For these he employed exclusively the sacred earth of Mecca and Medina, from the very spots on which, in later times, the holy Kaaba and the sepulchre of Mohamed were erected.

'Even before it was animated, Adam's beautiful form excited the admiration of the angels who were passing by the gates of Paradise, where Allah had laid it down. But Iblis coveted man's noble form, and the spiritual and lovely expression of his countenance, and said, therefore, to his fellows, "How can this hollow piece of earth be well pleasing in your sight? Nothing but weakness and frailty may be expected of this creature." When all the inhabitants of heaven, save Iblis, had gazed on Adam in long and silent wonder, they burst out in praises to Allah, the Creator of the first man, who was so tall that when he stood erect upon the earth his head reached to the seventh heaven.

'Allah then directed the angels to bathe the soul of Adam, which he had created a thousand years before his body, in the sea of glory which proceedeth from himself, and commanded her to animate his yet lifeless form. The soul hesitated, for she was unwilling to exchange the boundless heavens for this narrow home; but Allah said, "Thou must animate Adam, even against thy will; and as the punishment of thy disobedience, thou shalt one day be separated from him also against thy will." Allah then breathed upon her with such violence, that she rushed through the nostrils of Adam into his head. On reaching his eyes they were opened, and he saw the throne of Allah, with the inscription, "There is but one GOD, and Mohamed is his Messenger." The soul then penetrated to his ears, and he heard the angels praising Allah; thereupon his own tongue was loosed, and he cried, "Blessed be thou, my Creator, the only One and Eternal!" And Allah answered, "For this end wast thou created: thou and thy descendants shall worship me: so shall ye ever obtain grace and mercy." The soul at last pervaded all the limbs of Adam; and when she had reached his feet she gave him the power to rise. But on rising, he was obliged to shut his eyes, for a light shone on him from the throne of the Lord which he was unable to endure; and pointing with one hand towards it, whilst he shaded his eyes with the other, he inquired, "O Allah! what flames are those?"—"It is the light of a prophet who shall descend from thee, and appear on earth in the latter times. By my glory, only for his sake have I created thee and the whole world. In heaven, his name is Ahmed, but he shall be called Mohamed on earth, and he shall restore mankind from vice and falsehood to the path of virtue and truth."

'All created things were then assembled before Adam, and Allah taught him the names of all beasts, of birds, and of fish, the manner in which they are sustained and propagated, and explained their peculiarities, and the ends of their existence. Finally, the angels were convoked, and Allah commanded them to bow down to Adam, as the most free and perfect of his creatures, and as the only one that was animated by his breath. Israfil was the first to obey, whence Allah confided to him the Book of Fate. The other angels followed his example: Iblis alone was disobedient, saying with disdain, "Shall I, who am created of fire, worship a being formed of the dust?" He was therefore expelled from Heaven, and the entrance into Paradise was forbidden him.

'Adam breathed more freely after the removal of Iblis, and by command of Allah, he addressed the myriads of angels, who were standing around him, in praise of His omnipotence, and the wonders of his universe: and on this occasion he manifested to the angels that he far surpassed them in

wisdom, and more especially in the knowledge of languages; for he knew the name of every created thing in seventy different tongues.—Pp. 1—4.

The legend is full of detail; details of greatness, beauty, magnificence, according to Eastern ideas. The East loves to be definite, to have size made intelligible, by however extravagant a comparison; it describes by measure and number, colour and substance. The legend tells of the seven hundred braids of Eve's hair, and of her beauty, which was two-thirds of all that was given to man; of the five hundred years, which was the period of innocence; of the 'hour of Paradise,' measuring eighty years of our time on earth, during which Adam resisted the temptation; of his stature at his creation, which reached to the seventh heaven, and afterwards dwindled down to sixty yards; of the green silken tent which stood in the midst of Paradise, with its golden pillars and its throne. The temptation is narrated with similar detail, inexpressibly grotesque, and yet with a deep moral running through it.

'But Iblis also had listened to Allah, and resolving to lead man into sin, wandered constantly in the outskirts of heaven, seeking to glide unobservedly into Paradise. But its gates were shut, and guarded by the angel Ridwhan. One day the peacock came out of the garden. He was then the finest of the birds of Paradise, for his plumage shone like pearl and emerald, and his voice was so melodious that he was appointed to sing the praises of Allah daily in the main streets of heaven.

'Iblis, on seeing him, said to himself, "Doubtless, this beautiful bird is very vain: perhaps I may be able to induce him by flattery to bring me secretly into the garden."

'When the peacock had gone so far from the gates that he could no longer be overheard by Ridwhan, Iblis said to him,—

"Most wonderful and beautiful bird! art thou of the birds of Paradise?"

"I am; but who art thou, who seemest frightened, as if some one did pursue thee?"

"I am one of those cherubim who are appointed to sing without ceasing the praises of Allah, but have glided away for an instant to visit the Paradise which he has prepared for the faithful. Wilt thou conceal me under thy beautiful wings?"

"Why should I do an act which must bring the displeasure of Allah upon me?"

"Take me with thee, charming bird, and I will teach thee three mysterious words which shall preserve thee from sickness, age, and death."

"Must, then, the inhabitants of Paradise die?"

"All, without exception, who know not the three words which I possess."

"Speakest thou the truth?"

"By Allah the Almighty!"

'The peacock believed him, for he did not even dream that any creature would swear falsely by its Maker; yet, fearing lest Ridwhan might search him too closely on his return, he steadily refused to take Iblis along with him, but promised to send out the serpent, who might more easily discover the means of introducing him unobservedly into the garden.—Pp. 7—8.

The peacock tells the serpent that it must die:—

'Now the serpent was at first the queen of all beasts. Her head was like rubies, and her eyes like emerald. Her skin shone like a mirror of various hues. Her hair was soft like that of a noble virgin; and her form resembled the stately camel; her breath was sweet like musk and amber, and all her words were songs of praise. She fed on saffron, and her resting places were on the blooming borders of the beautiful Cantharus. She was created a thousand years before Adam, and destined to be the playmate of Eve. . . .

'The serpent ran forthwith out of the gate, and Iblis repeated to her what he had said to the peacock, confirming his words by an oath.

'How can I bring thee into Paradise unobserved?" inquired the serpent.

"I will contract myself into so small a bulk that I shall find room in a cavity of thy teeth!"

"But how shall I answer Ridwhan, if he addresses me?"

"Fear nothing; I will utter holy names that shall render him speechless."

'The serpent then opened her mouth—Iblis flew into it, and seating himself in the hollow part of her front teeth, poisoned them to all eternity. When they had passed Ridwhan, who was not able to utter a sound, the serpent opened her mouth again, expecting that the cherub would resume his natural shape; but Iblis preferred to remain where he was, and to speak to Adam from the serpent's mouth, and in her name. After some resistance, she consented, from fear of Ridwhan, and from her anxiety to obtain the mysterious words. Arrived at Eve's tent, Iblis heaved a deep sigh:—the first which envy had forced from any living breast.—Pp. 8—10.

The evil one tempts her in the shape of a man, who had become an angel by eating of the forbidden fruit. The tree of temptation is described in the legend as the tree which gives eternal youth, and its fruit is wheat.

'Now before Adam's sin, wheat grew upon the finest tree in Paradise. Its trunk was of gold, its branches were of silver, and its leaves of emerald. From every branch there sprung seven ears of ruby, each ear contained five grains, and every grain was white as snow, sweet as honey, fragrant as musk, and as large as an ostrich's egg. Eve ate one of these grains, and finding it more pleasant than all she had hitherto tasted, she took a second one and presented it to her husband.

'Adam resisted long—our doctors say, a whole hour of Paradise, which means eighty years of our time on earth; but when he observed that Eve remained fair and happy as before, he yielded to her importunity at last, and ate the second grain of wheat, which she had constantly with her, and presented to him three times every day.

'Scarcely had Adam received the fruit, when his crown rose towards heaven—his rings fell from his fingers, and his silken robe dropped from him. Eve too stood spoiled of her ornaments, and naked before him, and they heard how all these things cried to them with one voice, "Woe unto you! your calamity is great, and your mourning will be long,—we were created for the obedient only,—farewell, until the resurrection!" The throne which had been erected for them in the tent thrust them away and cried, "Rebels, depart!" The horse Meimun, upon which Adam attempted to fly, would not suffer him to mount, and said, "Hast thou thus kept the covenant of Allah?"

'All the creatures of Paradise then turned from them, and besought Allah to remove the human pair from that hallowed spot. Allah himself addressed Adam in a voice of thunder, and said, "Wast thou not com-

manded to abstain from this fruit, and forewarned of the cunning of Iblis, thy foe!" Adam attempted to flee from these upbraidings, and Eve would have followed him, but he was held fast by the branches of the tree Talh, and Eve was entangled in her own dishevelled hair, while a voice from the tree exclaimed, "From the wrath of Allah there is no escape,—submit to his Divine decree!"

'Hereupon they were hurled down from Paradise with such precipitancy that Adam and Eve could scarcely snatch a leaf from one of the trees wherewith to cover themselves. Adam was flung out through the Gate of Repentance, teaching him that he might return through contrition; Eve, through the Gate of Mercy; the peacock and the serpent through the Gate of Wrath, but Iblis through that of the Curse.

'Adam came down on the island Serendib, Eve on Djidda, the serpent fell into the Sahara, the peacock into Persia, and Iblis dropped into the torrent Aila.'—Pp. 12—15.

The description of the effects of the fall on the creation is completely oriental in its mixture of deep feeling with luxuriant softness, glitter, and quaintness.

'When Adam touched the earth, the eagle said to the whale, with whom he had hitherto lived on friendly terms, and had whiled away many an hour in pleasant converse on the shores of the Indian Ocean: "We must now part for ever; for the lowest depths of the sea and the loftiest mountain-tops will henceforth scarcely preserve us from the cunning and malice of men."

'Adam's distress in his solitude was so great that his beard began to grow, though his face had hitherto been smooth; and this new appearance increased his grief, until he heard a voice which said to him, "The beard is the ornament of man upon the earth, and distinguishes him from the weaker woman."

'Adam shed such an abundance of tears that all the beasts and birds satisfied their thirst therewith; but some of them sunk into the earth, and, as they still contained some of the juices of his food in Paradise, produced the most fragrant trees and spices.

'Eve also was desolate in Djidda, for she did not see Adam, although he was so tall that his head touched the lowest heaven, and the songs of the angels were distinctly audible to him. She wept bitterly, and her tears, which flowed into the ocean, were changed into costly pearls, while those which fell on the earth brought forth all beautiful flowers.

'Adam and Eve lamented so loudly that the east wind carried Eve's voice to Adam, while the west wind bore his to Eve. She wrung her hands over her head, which women in despair are still in the habit of doing; while Adam laid his right hand on his beard, which custom is still followed by men in sorrow unto this day.

'The tears flowed at last in such torrents from Adam's eyes, that those of the right eye started the Euphrates, while those of his left set the Tigris in motion.

'All nature wept with him, and the birds, and beasts, and insects, which had fled from Adam by reason of his sin, were now touched by his lamentations, and came back to manifest their sympathy.

'First came the locusts, for they were formed out of the earth which remained after Adam was created. Of these there are seven thousand different kinds of every colour and size, some even as large as an eagle. They are governed by a king, to whom Allah reveals his will, whenever he intends to chasten a wicked people, such as, for instance, the Egyptians were at the time of Pharaoh. The black letters on the back of their wings are ancient Hebrew, and signify, "There is but one only God. He over-

comes the mighty, and the locusts are part of his armies, which he sends against sinners."—Pp. 15—16.

The account of Adam's repentance is of another character,—still grotesque in parts, but a solemn and awful blending of truth with falsehood.

'When at last the whole universe grew loud with lamentation, and all created beings, from the smallest insect up to the angels who hold whole worlds in one hand, were weeping with Adam, Allah sent Gabriel to him with the words which were destined to save also the prophet Jonah in the belly:—

'“There is no God besides thee. I have sinned; forgive me through Mohamed, thy last and greatest prophet, whose name is engraved upon thy holy throne.”

'As soon as Adam had pronounced these words with a penitent heart, the portals of heaven were opened to him again, and Gabriel cried, “Allah has accepted thy repentance. Pray to him, and he will grant all thy requests, and even restore thee to Paradise at the appointed time.” Adam prayed:—

'“Defend me against the future artifices of Iblis, my foe!”

'Allah replied:—

'“Say continually, There is no God but one, and thou shalt wound him as with a poisoned arrow.”

'“Will not the meats and drinks of the earth and its dwellings ensnare me?”

'“Drink water, eat clean animals slain in the name of Allah, and build mosques for thy abode, so shall Iblis have no power over thee.”

'“But if he pursue me with evil thoughts and dreams in the night?”

'“Then rise from thy couch and pray.”

'“Oh, Allah, how shall I always distinguish between good and evil?”

'“I will grant thee my guidance—two angels shall dwell in thy heart; one to warn thee against sin, the other to lead thee to the practice of good.”

'“Lord, assure me of thy pardon also for my future sins.”

'“This thou canst only gain by works of righteousness!—I shall punish sin but once, and reward sevenfold the good which thou shalt do.”

'At the same time the angel Michael was sent to Eve, announcing to her also the mercy of Allah.

'“With what weapons,” inquired she, “shall I, who am weak in heart and mind, fight against sin?”

'“Allah has endued thee with the feeling of shame, and through its power thou shalt subdue thy passions, even as man conquers his own by faith.”

'“Who shall protect me against the power of man, who is not only stronger in body and mind, but whom also the law prefers as heir and witness!”

'“His love and compassion towards thee, which I have put into his heart.”

'“Will Allah grant me no other token of his favour?”

'“Thou shalt be rewarded for all the pains of motherhood, and the death of a woman in childbed shall be accounted as martyrdom.”

'Iblis, emboldened by the pardon of the human pair, ventured also to pray for a mitigation of his sentence, and obtained its deferment until the resurrection, as well as an unlimited power over sinners who do not accept the word of Allah.

'“Where shall I dwell in the mean time?” said he.

'“In ruins, in tombs, and all other unclean places shunned by man.”

"What shall be my food?"

"All things slain in the name of idols."

"How shall I quench my thirst?"

"With wine and intoxicating liquors?"

"What shall occupy my leisure hours?"

"Music, song, love-poetry, and dancing."

"What is my watch-word?"

"The curse of Allah until the day of judgment."

"But how shall I contend with man, to whom thou hast granted two guardian angels, and who has received thy revelation?"

"Thy progeny shall be more numerous than his—for every man that is born, there shall come into the world seven evil spirits—but they shall be powerless against the faithful."

Allah then made a covenant with the descendants of Adam. He touched Adam's back, and lo! the whole human family which shall be born to the end of time issued forth from it, as small as ants, and ranged themselves right and left.

At the head of the former stood Mohamed with the prophets and the rest of the faithful, whose radiant whiteness distinguished them from the sinners who were standing on Adam's left, headed by Kabil [Cain], the murderer of his brother.

Allah then acquainted the progenitor of man with the names and destinies of each individual; and when it came to King David the prophet's turn, to whom was originally assigned a lifetime of only thirty years, Adam inquired, "How many years are appointed to me?"

"One thousand," was the answer?

"I will renounce seventy if thou wilt add them to the life of David."

Allah consented; but aware of Adam's forgetfulness, directed this grant to be recorded on a parchment, which Gabriel and Michael signed as witnesses.

Allah then cried to the assembled human family, "Confess that I am the only God, and that Mohamed is my messenger." The hosts to the right made their confession immediately; but those to the left hesitated, some repeating but one half of Allah's words, and others remaining entirely silent. And Allah continued:—"The disobedient and impenitent shall suffer the pains of eternal fire, but the faithful shall be blessed in Paradise!"

"So be it?" responded Adam; who shall call every man by name in the day of the resurrection, and pronounce his sentence according as the balance of justice shall decide.

When the covenant was concluded, Allah once more touched Adam's back, and the whole human race returned to him.

And when Allah was now about to withdraw his presence for the whole of this life from Adam, the latter uttered so loud a cry, that the whole earth shook to its foundations: the All-merciful thereupon extended his clemency, and said—"Follow yonder cloud, it shall lead thee to the place which lies directly opposite my heavenly throne; build me a temple there, and when thou walkest around it, I shall be as near to thee as to the angels which encompass my throne!"—Pp. 16—21.

The Jewish legends, which the Mahometans have made common to the East, represent in various and striking ways the mingled judgment and mercy, the sorrow tempered by measured consolations, which became the rule of Divine government. Thus, though man is humbled, the creation still ministers to him. The brute animals, when they reprove him with his sin which has been forgiven, are struck dumb for ever. Death comes into the world, but the raven teaches man to bury his dead, and

receives a blessing from God. The grain of wheat diminishes in size, but angels are sent to teach man the arts of life.

Every one who has read the Arabian Nights knows the popular Mahometan belief about Solomon and his power over spirits and animals. The Eastern imagination seems quite to have revelled in visions of his wonderful history. The combination of monarch and wizard is quite true to the Oriental imagination. He is to the East what Charlemagne was to the West: the loftiest impersonation of royal wisdom and greatness. We will give one or two extracts from the legend.

The feelings of wonder at the sight and thought of the world, its remote and unknown provinces and islands, its strange and numberless tribes of creatures, and the invisible powers of Nature,—all dependent on the will and power of the Most High,—seem to find their expression in the legends about Solomon.

‘ After Solomon had paid the last honours to his father, he was resting in a valley, between Hebron and Jerusalem, when suddenly he swooned away. On reviving there appeared to him eight angels, each of whom had immeasurable wings of every colour and form, and thrice they bowed down to him. “ Who are you ? ” demanded Solomon, while his eyes were yet half closed. They replied, “ We are the angels set over the eight winds. Allah, our Creator and thine, sends us to swear fealty, and to surrender to thee the power over us and the eight winds which are at our command. According to thy pleasure and designs they shall either be tempestuous or gentle, and shall blow from that quarter to which thou shalt turn thy back; and at thy demand they shall rise out of the earth to bear thee up, and to raise thee above the loftiest mountains.” The most exalted of the eight angels then presented to him a jewel with this inscription: “ To Allah belong greatness and might : ” and said, “ If thou hast need of us, raise this stone towards heaven, and we shall appear to serve thee.” As soon as these angels had left him, there came four others, differing from each other in form and name. One of them resembled an immense whale; the other, an eagle; the third, a lion; and the fourth, a serpent. “ We are the lords of all creatures living in earth and water,” they said, bowing profoundly to Solomon, and appear before thee at the command of our Lord to do fealty unto thee. Dispose of us at thy pleasure. We grant to thee and to thy friends all the good and pleasant things with which the Creator has endowed us, but use all the noxious that is in our power against thy foes.” The angel who represented the kingdom of birds then gave him a jewel with the inscription “ All created things praise the Lord ; ” and said, “ By virtue of this stone, which thou needest only to raise above thy head, thou mayest call us at any moment, and impart to us thy commands. Solomon did so instantly, and commanded them to bring a pair of every kind of animal that live in the water, the earth, and the air, and to present them to him. The angels departed quick as lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye there were standing before him every imaginable creature, from the largest elephant down to the smallest worm; also all kinds of fish and birds. Solomon caused each of them to describe its whole manner of life—he listened to their complaints, and abolished many of their abuses. But he conversed longest with the birds, both on account of their delicious language, which he knew as well as his own, as also for the beautiful proverbs that are current among them. The song of the peacock, translated into human language, means, “ As thou judgest so

shalt thou be judged." The song of the nightingale signifies, "Contentment is the greatest happiness." The turtle-dove sings, "It were better for many a creature had it never been born." The hoopoe, "He that shows no mercy shall not obtain mercy." The bird syrdak, "Turn to Allah, O ye sinners." The swallow, "Do good, for you shall be rewarded hereafter." The pelican, "Blessed be Allah in heaven and earth!" The dove, "All things pass away: Allah alone is eternal." The kata, "Whatsoever can keep silence goes through life most securely." The eagle, "Let our life be ever so long, yet it must end in death." The raven, "The further from mankind the pleasanter." The cock, "Ye thoughtless men, remember your Creator."

Solomon chose the cock and the hoopoe for his constant attendants. The one, on account of his monitory sentence, and the other, inasmuch as his eyes, piercing as they do through the earth as if it were crystal, enabled him during the travels of the king to point out the places where fountains of water were hid, so that water never failed Solomon, either to quench his thirst, or to perform the prescribed ablutions before prayer. But after having stroked the heads of the doves, he commanded them to appoint unto their young the temple which he was about to erect, as their habitation. (This pigeon pair had, in the course of a few years, increased so much, through Solomon's blessed touch, that all who visited the temple walked from the remotest quarter of the city under the shadow of their wings.)

When Solomon was again alone, there appeared an angel, whose upper part looked like earth, and whose lower like water. He bowed down towards the earth, and said, "I am created by Allah to manifest his will both to the dry land and to the sea; but he has placed me at thy disposal, and thou mayest command, through me, over earth and sea: at thy will the highest mountains shall disappear, and others rise out of the ground; rivers and seas shall dry up, and fruitful countries be turned into seas or oceans." He then presented to him before he vanished a jewel, with the inscription, "Heaven and earth are the servants of Allah." — Pp. 171—174.

The legend gives full scope for the oriental craving after the vast and enormous, exhibited in definite number and measure, as the representatives of greatness. The following is a specimen of this wild grandeur:

"One day, when all the spirits, men, beasts, and birds, had risen, satisfied, from their various tables, Solomon prayed to Allah that he might permit him to entertain all the creatures of the earth.

"Thou demandest an impossibility," replied Allah; "but make a beginning to-morrow with the inhabitants of the sea."

Solomon, thereupon, commanded the genii to load with corn one hundred thousand camels, and as many mules, and to lead them to the sea-shore. He himself followed and cried, "Come hither, ye inhabitants of the sea, that I may satisfy your hunger." Then came all kinds of fish to the surface of the sea. Solomon flung corn unto them, till they were satisfied, and dived down again. On a sudden, a whale protruded his head, resembling a mighty mountain. Solomon made his flying spirits to pour one sack of corn after the other into its jaws; but it continued its demand for more, until not a single grain was left. Then it bellowed aloud, "Feed me, Solomon, for I never suffered so much from hunger as to-day."

Solomon inquired of it — "Whether there were more fish of the kind in the sea?"

"There are of my species alone," replied the whale, "seventy thousand

kinds, the least of which is so large, that thou wouldst appear in its body like a grain of sand in the wilderness."

"Solomon threw himself down on the ground, and began to weep, and besought the Lord to pardon his senseless demand.

"My kingdom," cried Allah to him, "is still greater than thine: arise, and behold but one of those creatures whose rule I cannot confide to man."

"Then the sea began to rage and to storm, as if all the eight winds had set it in motion at once; and there rose up a sea monster, so huge, that it could easily have swallowed seventy thousand like the first, which Solomon was not able to satisfy, and cried with a voice like the most terrible thunder—"Praised be Allah, who alone has the power to save me from starvation!"—Pp. 176-178.

There is a legend of the 'kingdom of the ants,' which displays in the same manner, the *descending* infinitude of creation—the infinitude of littleness.

One of the remarkable features of the Eastern legends is the way in which they shadow forth in a kind of type, great spiritual truths concerning the probation of man. It is one which all readers of Thalaba will remember. The Northern legends, at least the modern imitations of them, do the same, but what they gain in subtlety they lose in strength; there is a broad simple severity which belongs characteristically to the East. The North and West loved to see and to exhibit human character and action: the East dwelt in indolent but not unfeeling contemplation on a scheme of Providence, simple but august, and on man merely as its subject, responding to or resisting it. Take, as a specimen, the legend of Enoch.

"He was the first who fought for Allah, the first who invented the balance to prevent deception in traffic, and the first also to sew garments, and to write with the Kalam. Idris longed ardently for paradise, still he was not desirous of death, for he was anxious to do good on the earth; and but for his preaching and his sword, the sons of Cain would have flooded the earth with iniquity. Allah sent him the Angel of Death in the form of a beautiful virgin, in order to see whether he would approve himself worthy of the peculiar favour which no man before him had ever received.

"Come with me," said the disguised angel to Idris; "and thou shalt do an acceptable work to Allah. My younger sister has been carried off by an ungodly descendant of Cain, who has confined her in the furthest regions of the West! Gird on thy sword and help me to deliver her."

Enoch girt on his sword, and took up his bow, and the club with which he had laid low at a single stroke whole ranks of the enemy, and followed the virgin from morn to eve, through desolate and arid deserts, but he said not a word and looked not upon her. At nightfall she erected a tent, but Idris laid himself down, at its entrance, to sleep on the stony ground. On her inviting him to share her tent with her, he answered, "If thou hast anything to eat, give it to me." She pointed to a sheep which was roving through the desert without a keeper, but he said, "I prefer hunger to theft; the sheep belongs to another."

Next day they continued their journey as before, Idris still following the virgin and uttering no complaint, though he was nearly overcome with hunger and thirst. Towards evening they found a bottle of water on the

ground The virgin took it up, and opening it would have forced Enoch to drink, but he refused, and said, "Some luckless traveller has lost it, and will return to seek for it."

"During the night, Idris having once more baffled all the wiles of the virgin, who had again endeavoured to draw him into her tent, Allah caused a spring of clear fresh water to gush forth at his feet, and a date tree to rise up laden with the choicest fruit. Idris invited the virgin to eat and to drink, and concealed himself behind the tree, waiting her return to the tent; but when after a long interval she came not, he stepped to the door and said, "Who art thou, singular maiden? These two days thou hast been without nourishment, and art even now unwilling to break thy fast, though Allah himself has miraculously supplied us with meat and drink, and yet thou art fresh and blooming, like the dewy rose in spring, and thy form is full and rounded like the moon in her fifteenth night."

"I am the Angel of Death," she replied, "sent by Allah to prove thee. Thou has conquered; ask now, and he will assuredly fulfil all thy wishes."

"If thou art the Angel of Death, take my soul."

"Death is bitter: wherefore desirest thou to die?"

"I will pray to Allah to animate me once more, that after the terrors of the grave, I may serve him with greater zeal!"

"Wilt thou then die twice? thy time is not yet come — but pray thou to Allah, and I shall execute His will."

"Enoch prayed:

"Lord, permit the Angel of Death to let me taste death, but recall me soon to life! art thou not almighty and merciful?"

"The Angel of Death was commanded to take the soul of Idris, but at the same moment to restore it to him. On his return to life, Idris requested the angel to show him Hell, that he might be in a position to describe it to sinners with all its terrors. The angel led him to Malik, its keeper, who seized him and was on the eve of flinging him into the abyss, when a voice from heaven exclaimed,

"Malik, beware! harm not my prophet Idris, but show him the terrors of thy kingdom."—Pp. 28-31.

After this, the Angel of Death conducts him to behold paradise:

"But the guardian would not suffer him to enter: then Allah commanded the tree Tuba, which is planted in the midst of the garden, and is known to be, after Sirdart Almuntaha, the most beautiful and tallest tree of paradise, to bend its branches over the wall. Idris seized hold of them, and was drawn in unobserved by Ridhwan. The Angel of Death attempted to prevent it, but Allah said, "Wilt thou slay him twice?" Thus it came to pass that Idris was taken alive into paradise, and was permitted by the most gracious One to remain there, in spite of the Angel of Death and of Ridhwan."—Pp. 31-32.

The story of the faith of Abraham, when thrown into the fire by Nimrod, is of the same sort; it represents not a character, but a great doctrine:

"At the same instant the heaven with all its angels, and the earth with all its creatures, cried as with one voice, "God of Abraham! thy friend, who alone worships thee on earth, is being thrown into the fire; permit us to rescue him." The angel that presideth over the reservoirs was about to extinguish the flames by a deluge from on high, and he that keepeth the winds to scatter them by a tempest to all parts of the world: but Allah, blessed be His name! said, "I permit every one of you to whom Abraham shall cry for protection, to assist him; yet, if he turn only to me, then let

me by my own immediate aid rescue him from death." Then cried Abraham from the midst of the pile, "There is no God besides thee; thou art Supreme, and unto thee alone belong praise and glory!" The flame had already consumed his robe, when the angel Gabriel stepped before him and asked, "Hast thou need of me?"

'But he replied, "The help of Allah alone is what I need!"

'Pray then to Him that he may save thee!" rejoined Gabriel.

'He knows my condition," answered Abraham.

All the creatures of the earth now attempted to quench the fire, the lizard alone blew upon it; and, as a punishment, became dumb from that hour.

At Allah's command, Gabriel now cried to the fire, "Become cool, and do Abraham no harm!" To these last words Abraham was indebted for his escape, for at the sound of Gabriel's voice it grew so chill around him, that he was well nigh freezing; and the cold had therefore to be diminished again. The fire then remained as it was, burning on as before; but it had miraculously lost all its warmth; and this was not only so with Abraham's pile, but with all fires lighted on that day throughout the whole world.—*Pp. 52—53.*

It is this faith which fitted Mahometanism to supplant Christianity—which has been the principle of its preservation. It is an instance, hung up before the world, of a faith without charity—a faith as real, and in this world as mighty, as that of Christianity, to warn men that the whole of religion is not faith; that there may be genuine greatness of character, a lofty heroism which cannot be gainsaid, which does not involve holiness,—which never approaches to it.

The power of Mahometan faith is shown in its view of death as it is expressed in several of these legends. It is not in them mere fatalism, whatever it may be with the multitude, it is clear trust and calm submission, triumphing over human weakness. Take the account of the death of Moses:

'Others relate the particulars of Moses' death as follows:—When Gabriel announced to him his approaching dissolution, he ran hurriedly to his dwelling, and knocked hastily at the door. His wife Safurija opened it, and beholding him quite pale, and with ruffled countenance, inquired, "Who pursueth thee, that thou runnest hither in terror and lookest dismayed? who is it that pursueth thee for debt?"

'Then Moses answered, "Is there a mightier creditor than the Lord of heaven and earth, or a more dangerous pursuer than the Angel of Death?"

"Shall then a man who has spoken with Allah die?"

"Assuredly, even the angel Gabriel shall be delivered to death, and Michael and Israfil, with all other angels. Allah alone is eternal, and never dies."

'Safurija wept until she swooned away; but when she came to herself, Moses inquired, "Where are my children?"

"They are asleep."

"Awake them, that I may bid them a last farewell."

'Safurija went before the couch of the children, and cried, "Rise, ye poor orphans; rise, and take leave of your father, for this day is his last in this world and his first in the next."

'The children started from their sleep in affright, and cried, "Woe unto us! who will have compassion upon us when we shall be fatherless? who will with solicitude and affection step over our threshold?"

'Moses was so moved, that he wept bitterly.

'Then said Allah to him, "Moses, what signify these tears? Art thou afraid of death, or departest thou reluctantly from this world?"

"I fear not death, and leave this world with gladness; but I have compassion on these children from whom their father is about to be torn."

"In whom trusted thy mother when she confided thy life to the waters?"

"In Thee, O Lord."

"Who protected thee against Pharaoh, and gave thee a staff with which thou dividest the sea?"

"Thou, O Lord."

"Go, then, once more to the sea-shore, lift up thy staff over the waters, and thou shalt see another sign of my omnipotence."

'Moses followed this command, and instantly the sea was divided, and he beheld in the midst thereof a huge black rock. When he came near it, Allah cried to him, "Smite it with thy staff." He smote it; the rock was cleft in twain, and he saw beneath it, in a sort of a cave, a worm with a green leaf in its mouth, which cried three times, "Praised be Allah, who doth not forget me in my solitude! Praised be Allah, who hath nourished and raised me up!" The worm was silent; and Allah said to Moses, "Thou seest that I do not forsake the worm under the hidden rock in the sea: and how should I forsake thy children, who do even now confess that God is One, and that Moses is his prophet?"

'Moses then returned reproved to his house, comforted his wife and children, and went alone to the mountain. There he found four men, who were digging a grave, and he inquired of them, "For whom is this grave?" They replied, "For a man whom Allah desires to have with him in heaven." Moses begged permission to assist at the grave of so pious a man. When the work was done he inquired, "Have you taken the measure of the dead?" "No," they said, "we have forgotten it, but he was precisely of thy form and stature: lay thyself in it, that we may see whether it will fit thee—Allah will reward thy kindness." But when Moses had laid himself down within it, the Angel of Death stepped before him, and said, "Peace be upon thee, Moses!"

"Allah bless thee, and have pity upon thee! Who art thou?"

"I am the Angel of Death! Prophet of Allah, and come to receive thy soul."

"How wilt thou take it?"

"Out of thy mouth."

"Thou canst not, for my mouth has spoken with God."

"I will draw it out of thine eyes."

"Thou mayest not do so, for they have seen the light of the Lord."

"Well then, I will take it out of thine ears."

"This also thou mayest not do; for they have heard the word of Allah."

"I will take it from thy hands."

"How darest thou? Have they not borne the diamond tablets on which the law was engraved?"

'Allah then commanded the Angel of Death to ask of Ridwhan, the guardian of Paradise, an apple of Eden, and to present it to Moses.

'Moses took the apple from the hand of the Angel of Death to inhale its fragrance, and at that instant his noble soul rose through his nostrils to heaven. But his body remained in this grave, which no one knew save Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Azrail, who had dug it, and whom Moses had taken for men.'—Pp. 140—143.

The extracts we have given are mostly instances of a poetical expansion of the austere narratives of Scripture, though in

many of them it is easy to trace their further object, and their hidden reference to Mahomet himself. But, as we have said, the legends are not all of this kind. It is remarkable how the sensual debasement, which was the brand of evil on Mahometanism from its birth, forces itself out in many of the versions of Scripture history. Independently of that softness which shows itself in their descriptions of what is beautiful and graceful, it alters the circumstances of a story to give a more indulgent moral. It is significant to contrast the stern Bible history of Joseph's temptation, with the romance of the Mahometan tradition about Zuleikha, whom Joseph is made to marry after she has been humbled and become repentant.¹ The same levity is shown in the history of David:—

'But David was not only a brave warrior and a wise king, but likewise a great prophet. Allah revealed to him seventy psalms, and endowed him with a voice such as no mortal possessed before him. In height and depth, in power and melody combined, no human voice had ever equalled it. He could imitate the thunders of heaven and the roar of the lion, as well as the delicious notes of the nightingale; nor was there any other musician or singer in Israel as long as David lived, because no one who had once heard him could take pleasure in any other performance. Every third day he prayed with the congregation, and sung the psalms in a chapel which was hewn out of the mountain-rocks. Then not only all men assembled to hear him, but even beasts and birds came from afar, attracted by his wonderful song.

'One day, as he was on his return from prayer, he heard two of his subjects contending, which of the two was the greater prophet, Abraham or himself. "Was not Abraham," said the one, "saved from the burning pile?" "Has not David," replied the other, "slain the giant Djalut?" "But what has David achieved," resumed the first, "that might be compared with Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his son?"

'As soon as David came home, he fell down before Allah and prayed: "Lord, who hast proved on the pile Abraham's fidelity and obedience, grant unto me too an opportunity to show unto my people that my love to thee withstands every temptation."

'David's prayer was heard: when three days afterwards he ascended his pulpit, he perceived a bird of such beautiful plumage, that it attracted his whole attention, and he followed it with his eyes to every corner of the chapel, and to the trees and shrubs beyond. He sung fewer psalms than he was wont to do; his voice failed him as often as he lost sight of this graceful bird, and grew soft and playful in the most solemn parts of the worship whenever it re-appeared.

'At the close of the prayers, which, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, were concluded on this occasion several hours sooner than usual, he followed the bird, which flew from tree to tree, until he found himself, at sunset, on the margin of a little lake. The bird disappeared in the lake; but David soon forgot it, for in its stead there rose up a female form, whose beauty dazzled him like the clearest mid-day sun. He inquired her name: it was Saja, the daughter of Josu, the wife of Uriah Ibn Haman, who was with the army. David departed, and on his return commanded

¹ The Mahometan divines even spiritualized the loves of Joseph and Zuleikha. (Sale.) Eve had 'two-thirds of all beauty,' of the remainder, Joseph had one-third.

the chief of his troops to appoint Uriah to the most dangerous post in the vanguard of the army. His command was executed, and soon afterwards the death of Uriah was reported. David then wooed his widow, and married her at the expiration of the prescribed time.

'On the day after his marriage, there appeared, at Allah's command, Gabriel and Michael in human form before David, and Gabriel said—"The man whom thou seest here before thee is the owner of ninety-nine sheep, while I possess an only one; nevertheless he pursues me without ceasing, and demands that I should give up my only sheep to him."

"Thy demand is unreasonable," said David, "and betrays an unbelieving heart, and a rude disposition."

'But Gabriel interrupted him, saying, "Many a noble and accomplished believer permits himself more unjust things than this."

'David now perceived this to be an allusion to his conduct towards Uriah; and filled with wrath, he grasped his sword, and would have plunged it into Gabriel, but Michael gave a loud laugh of scorn, and when Gabriel and himself had ascended above David's head on their angels' wings, he said to David, "Thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and called thy act that of a barbarous infidel: Allah will therefore bestow upon thy son a portion of the power which he had originally intended for thee. Thy guilt is so much the greater, since thou prayedst that thou mightest be led into temptation without having the power of resisting it."

'At these words the angels vanished through the ceiling; but David felt the whole burden of his sin. He tore the crown from his head, and the royal purple from his body, and wandered through the wilderness wrapt in simple woollen garments, and pining with remorse, weeping so bitterly, that his skin fell from his face, and that the angels in heaven had compassion on him, and implored for him the mercy of Allah. But it was not until he had spent three full years in penitence and contrition, that he heard a voice from heaven, which announced to him that the All-compassionate Allah had at length opened the gate of mercy. Pacified and strengthened by these words of consolation, David soon recovered his physical powers and his blooming appearance, so that on his return to Palestine no one observed in him the slightest change.—Pp. 157—161.

The unbridled love of the monstrous, which gives such wild exaggeration even to the Jewish traditions, comes out in the following, which is probably an Arabian legend. The prophet Salih is sent to the people of Thamud, and is asked for a sign:—

'The king took counsel with Shihab his brother, and Davud his high priest, who stood near him. Then said the latter, "If he be the messenger of Allah, let a camel come forth from this rocky mountain, one hundred cubits high, with all imaginable colours united on its back, with eyes flaming like lightning, with a voice like thunder, and with feet swifter than the wind." When Salih declared his readiness to produce such a camel, Davud added, "Its fore-legs must be of gold, and its hind-legs of silver, its head of emerald and its ears of rubies, and its back must bear a silken tent, supported on four diamond pillars inlaid with gold." Salih was not deterred by all these additional requirements: and the king added, "Hear, O Salih! if thou be the prophet of Allah, let this mountain be cleft open, and a camel step forth with skin, hair, flesh, blood, bones, muscles, and veins, like other camels, only much larger, and let it immediately give birth to a young camel, which shall follow it every where as a child follows its mother, and when scarcely produced exclaim, 'There is but one Allah, and Salih is his messenger and prophet.'"

"And will you turn to Allah if I pray to him, and if he perform such a miracle before your eyes?"

"Assuredly!" replied Davud. "Yet must this camel yield its milk spontaneously, and the milk must be cold in summer, and warm in winter."

"Are these all your conditions?" asked Salih.

"Still further," continued Shihab; "the milk must heal all diseases, and enrich all the poor; and the camel must go alone to every house, calling the inmates by name, and filling all their empty vessels with its milk."

"Thy will be done!" replied Salih. "Yet I must also stipulate that no one shall harm the camel, or drive it from its pasture, or ride on it, or use it for any labour."—Pp. 42-43.

The miracle is described with the same fulsomeness of detail. Fountains, fragrant with musk, spring forth; the green tent of Adam descends; the camel makes the confession of Islam; the trees bend before it; and the story concludes in the same strain. An unbeliever wounds the camel;—

'At that moment all nature uttered a frightful shriek of woe. The little camel ran moaning to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, and cried, "May the curse of Allah light upon thee, thou sinful people!" Salih and the king, who had not quitted him since his conversion, went into the city, demanding the punishment of Kadbar and his accomplices. But Shihab, who had in the meantime usurped the throne, threatened them with instant death. Salih, flying, had only time to say that Allah would wait their repentance only three days longer, and on the expiration of the third day would annihilate them like their brethren the Aadites. His threat was fulfilled, for they were irreclaimable. Already on the next day the people grew as yellow as the seared leaves of autumn; and wherever the wounded camel trod there issued fountains of blood from the earth. On the second day their faces became red as blood; but on the third, they turned black as coal, and on the same day, towards nightfall, they saw the camel hovering in the air on crimson wings, whereupon some of the angels hurled down whole mountains of fire, while others opened the subterranean vaults of fire which are connected with hell, so that the earth vomited forth firebrands in the shape of camels. At sunset, all the Thamudites were a heap of ashes. Only Salih and king Djundu escaped, and wandered in company to Palestine, where they ended their days as hermits.'—Pp. 45, 46.

The legend of Nimrod is like a story from the Arabian Nights:

'Still Nimrod was far from being reclaimed; he even resolved to build a lofty tower, wherewith, if possible, to scale the heavens, and to search therein for the God of Abraham. The tower rose to a height of five thousand cubits: but as heaven was still far off, and the workmen were unable to proceed further with the building, Nimrod caught two eagles, and kept them upon the tower, feeding them constantly with flesh. He then left them to fast for several days, and when they were ravenous with hunger, he fastened to their feet a light closed palanquin, with one window above and another below, and seated himself in it with one of his huntsmen. The latter took a long spear, to which a bit of flesh was attached, and thrust it through the upper window, so that the famishing eagles flew instantly upwards, bearing the palanquin aloft. When they had flown towards heaven during a whole day, Nimrod heard a voice, which cried to him, "Godless man, whither goest thou?" Nimrod seized the bow of his huntsman, and discharged an arrow, which forthwith fell back through the window stained with blood, and this abandoned man believed that he had wounded the God of Abraham.

'But as he was now so far from the earth, that it appeared to him no larger than an egg, he ordered the spear to be held downwards, and the eagles and the palanquin descended.'—Pp. 54, 55.

The historical part of these legends is a medley of the wildest confusion. It is curious to see how the name of the first Western conqueror mastered the homage of the East, never humbled before except by its own sons. The Mahometan legend, in one form of it, makes him cotemporary with Abraham; it reminds us of the mythical character in which he appears in the middle age stories.

'One day while Abraham was engaged with Ismael in the building of the temple, there came to him Alexander the Great, and asked what he was building, and when Abraham told him it was a temple to the one only God, in whom he believed, Alexander acknowledged him as the messenger of Allah, and encompassed the temple seven times on foot. . . .

'Alexander was the lord of light and darkness: when he went out with his army the light was before him, and behind him was the darkness, so that he was secure against all ambuscades, and by means of a miraculous white and black standard, he had also the power to transform the clearest day into midnight darkness, or black night into noon-day, just as he unfurled the one or the other. Thus he was unconquerable, since he rendered his troops invisible at his pleasure, and came down suddenly upon his foes. He journeyed through the whole world in quest of the fountain of eternal life, of which, as his sacred books taught him, a descendant of Sam (Shem) was to drink, and become immortal. But his vizier, Al-kidhr, anticipated him, and drank of a fountain in the furthest west, thus obtaining eternal youth; and when Alexander came it was already dried up, for, according to the Divine decree, it had been created for one man only. His surname, the Two-cornered, he obtained, according to some, because he had wandered through the whole earth unto her two corners in the east and west; but according to others, because he wore two locks of hair which resembled horns; and, according to a third opinion, his crown had two golden horns, to designate his dominion over the empires of the Greeks and Persians. But lastly, it is maintained by many, that one day, in a dream, he found himself so close to the sun that he was able to seize him at his two ends in the east and west, and was therefore tauntingly called the Two-cornered.

'The learned are similarly divided respecting the time in which he lived, his birthplace, parentage, and residence. Most of them, however, believe that there were two sovereigns of this name among the kings of antiquity; the elder of these, who is spoken of in the Koran, was a descendant of Ham, and contemporary of Abraham, and journeyed with Al-kidhr through the whole earth in search of the fountain of eternal life, and was commissioned by Allah to shut up behind an indestructible wall the wild nations of Jajug and Majug, lest they should have extirpated all the other inhabitants of the world. The younger Alexander was the son of Philip the Greek, one of the descendants of Japhet, and a disciple of the wise Aristotle at Athens.'—Pp. 69—71.

Scripture history appears in these stories in the same manner. Names and incidents are confounded, exchanged, altered, in the strangest disorder. Much of this is the confusion of a man making use of fragments of a history with which he was not familiar. But a great deal is plainly intentional. Mahometanism is made to

take its place in the Bible history, and alters it accordingly. The most remarkable instance, in the Old Testament history, is the substitution of Ishmael for Isaac, as the specially favoured son of Abraham, whom he was called upon to offer up in sacrifice. By a strange invention, Samuel is made to prophesy the circumstances of the night-journey of Mahomet. But it is not merely in single incidents such as these that the falsification appears—a colour is given to the histories of Abraham, of Joseph, of Moses, of Samuel, to make them as close a parallel as possible to that of Mahomet, not merely in the faith which the prophets preached, but in the kind of people whom they addressed, and the dangers and obstacles they had to surmount. The falsification is still more gross and revolting in the case of the Gospel history. We need not do more than allude to the blasphemous legend of our Lord's life, made up from the dregs of the apocryphal gospels. It is remarkable that the mightiest and most imposing of false religions should instinctively select, like the first heresies, as its object of attack and denial, the reality of the Crucifixion, though it does not refuse to believe the miraculous birth of the Son of Mary.

It is remarkable how the allegory which St. Paul saw in the history of the 'son of the bond-woman' is fulfilled with increased exactness in Mahometanism. It takes that place in literal fact which Judaism held typically; when Judaism was overthrown, it seems to have asked for, and obtained, the portion which the Jews coveted, and which, though they sold their birth-right to obtain it, they were not allowed to have—the inheritance of the son of Abraham *according to the flesh*. The Jewish idea of a temporal Messiah has been allowed, in God's Providence, to be realized. Earthly conquest and greatness depending on religion, the cherished hope of the carnal-minded Jew, was assigned without stint to the children of the bondwoman Agar—and with earthly conquest, a law based upon ancient truth, yet 'gendering to bondage.' Mahometanism seems more than of earth, yet not of heaven. It stands like a foil and contrast in continual parallel to the Church—the children 'born after the Spirit.' And the strange legends which we have been noticing hold the same place in relation to their Divine counterparts. They resemble their own wild hierarchy of genii and demons—beings of a supernatural order; some, spirits of wickedness and deformity; some, of goodness, and beauty; with classes intermediate, in infinite variety, between the two—but not even the highest belonging to heaven.

ART. VII.—*Ecclesiastical Records of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Fifth Century till the Reformation: being an epitome of British Councils, the Legatine and Provincial Constitutions, and other Memorials of the olden time, with Prolegomena and Notes.* By the Rev. RICHARD HART, B.A., &c. Second Edition, much enlarged. Cambridge: Macmillan. Oxford: Parker. London: Bell. 1846. Pp. 1—xxxii. 1—408.

WE had prepared to read with some interest a work ushered in with this imposing title. We not only expected, upon a first reading, to find in it many important facts, but also a collection to which we might afterwards refer with some sort of reliance upon its accuracy and carefulness. Never were we more grievously disappointed. Not having seen, as we remember, the first edition, it is a matter of the greatest surprise to us, how the author of such a compilation could have ventured upon a 'second.' That it should even be supposed to be called for, proves this at least, viz.:—the great need which there is that some better sources of learning should be thrown open to the English clergy; and that they, on their parts, should not remain satisfied with the ignorant self-sufficient abridgments to which they commonly have recourse.

But the 'Ecclesiastical Records' of Mr. Hart lays claim, loudly and boldly, to a place among books of a higher class than mere abridgments. It is dedicated, as such works should be, we suppose, to all the Archbishops and Bishops of the provinces of York and Canterbury: it is a 'second edition corrected:' it is to 'bring within a narrow compass *all* that appears really valuable 'in the collections of Wilkins and Spelman:' to 'provide an entertainment sufficiently varied to gratify every palate;' (a curious aim in such an undertaking;) it is 'immediately to elucidate 'many of the rubrics which remain [*sic*] in our Book of Common Prayer:' and, to be brief, it is to be 'pre-eminently useful, by 'tearing off the mask from popery, and exhibiting her as she 'really is.'—*Preface.*

Now it certainly is excusable, that, with so many ends in view, the author of such a comprehensive work has not been able to arrange his materials, viz.: 'Wilkins and Spelman,' even in any shadow of order. Take for example the running titles of a few pages: 'Ignorance of the Clergy—Stipends—Pardoners—Preaching Friars—Taxation—Liberties of the Church.'—pp. 106, 107; again, 'Appeal from the Pope to the Council,' is followed by 'Golden Rose sent to King Henry VI.' pp. 56, 57. Once more: upon p. 210, 'Concomitance and half Communion 'modern;' and on p. 211, 'The six Stages of Human Life.' Nor is the matter which Mr. Hart cites to elucidate these ever-varying subjects always to the purpose: p. 161, is headed

'Usurpations,' *i. e.* of the friars; and we have a set of canons showing how the monks of Canterbury were punished by dining for several days on one kind of fish; that no broken meat should be wasted: that no spitting is to be allowed in lavatories, &c.

Mr. Hart tells us more than once, how anxious he is to present to the reader a faithful picture of the state of religion in 'the middle ages,' p. 325; also, 'to make his work complete,' p. 400: which is very difficult from 'the narrow limits of his work,' p. 402. And yet a very large portion of the volume is filled with stuff having an appearance of learning, but commonplace to the last degree, and not bearing in any way upon his subject. Thus we have whole pages filled with accounts of practices and customs of the *primitive* Church, which any one may find at much greater length, and far better explained in Bingham; notices of rites and observances of *foreign* Churches in the West, which Du Cange has supplied, a book neither excessively rare, nor out of common reach; descriptions of some books and vestments of the *Greek* Church; many pages, six and seven together, of *modern* Roman customs and abuses; giving a flat contradiction to the title-page by which we have been ourselves so misled, 'Ecclesiastical Records of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Fifth Century till the Reformation.'

Nor must we omit to speak, before we pass on to other points, of the vulgarisms with which the book abounds. How the clergy were to shave their heads 'according to the true *'canonical cut.'*'—Introduction, p. ix. That there was no difference between the *costume* of a bishop and archbishop; (except the cross.)—p. 64. Again, Mr. Hart speaks of the '*fancy* value of *'reliques.'*' p. 230; of books being outrageously dear, and the clergy ignorant, and much more to the same purpose; of delinquent monks being '*sent to Coventry,*'—p. 325; of the Confirmation and Baptismal Services being parts of the *Liturgy*,—p. 204—209: of people before the Reformation in England, being '*Roman Catholics,*'—p. 145, &c., and, to name no more, of the '*baptism* of bells,' p. 246. Now we say all these are *vulgarisms*; because they could not be committed by any writer who with any just pretensions to learning set about such a work as Mr. Hart's. Take the last for example: he ought to have known that it is most improper to speak of the *baptism* of bells: it may be a common but it is a stupid error; and if Mr. Hart will condescend to read it, we will refer him for a plain account why it is so, to Angelo Rocca, tom i. pp. 163, 164, who has written a treatise upon bells, which will repay his perusal.

We shall now proceed to point out some few of the gross blunders with which this work, if we may so dignify it,

abounds. But first, we must notice the following wise remark, which meets us almost at the beginning; we are being informed of the regulations, &c. of ancient synods and councils; upon which Mr. Hart's observation is, that 'in England, as well as everywhere else, the decision of the council was frequently 'biased by the opinion of one celebrated individual.'—P.6. Yet, clever and acute as this dictum is, it is but a diluted plagiarism from a really witty saying of Selden, we believe, about the Puritan divines at Westminster, that, whilst they talked much about the influence of the Holy Ghost, he had observed that their decrees were very often settled rather by the odd man.

We shall not attempt any classification of the errors which we are about to notice, but take them as we go on, here and there, a few from the many: they will be amply sufficient to decide the capabilities and qualifications of the author.

At p. 157 we are told, in a note, which is aptly attached to some Canons about the punishment of delinquent monks, that, 'according to Ingulphus, *'De Priore Eccl. Croylandiæ,'* (?) every 'monk of fifty years old was called a *sempecta*, and had a 'private apartment assigned to him, with a clerk or servant 'to wait upon him; and they had their meals privately,' &c. Ingulphus says nothing of the kind: if he had, much difficulty as there now is about the 'sempecta,' he would have made his account utterly incomprehensible. Half, at least, of the monks of Croyland would have been fifty years old, so that all the rest would have been employed in waiting upon them, or as their guests. What Ingulphus says, is:—'*Quinquagenarius autem in ordine sempecta vocandus.*'—*Hist. Croylandensis*, p. 49, every monk of fifty years' standing. And if Mr. Hart had read the entire chapter, he could not possibly have made so ridiculous a blunder. It was an opportunity, however, not to be lost, of displaying some acquaintance with Ingulphus, and this is the result. To mislead readers as ignorant as himself, is of trifling consequence.

P. 176, we find, (although the work professes to be about England before the 16th century,) 'The eucharist is not administered to the people in the Church of Rome during the 'celebration of the Mass, when the priest alone communicates, 'but at a separate time.' Now, strictly, this is a mere and absurd truism. Of course, if the priest alone communicates, the people do not receive, and Mr. Hart might really have given his reader credit for sufficient acuteness to find out this for himself. But we presume that the learned author means us to understand, that the Eucharist is never administered during Mass to the people; which is untrue; as a reference to the *Ritus celebr. Missæ*, prefixed to the Roman Missal, will assure him, Tit. x. 6, beginning, 'si qui sint communicandi in Missâ.' We

recommend, by the way, before Mr. Hart publishes a third edition, that he should purchase or borrow a copy of the Roman Missal: he will find it useful.

P. 177. 'The celebration of Mass barely occupies half an hour, yet in Picart's *Religious Ceremonies* there are thirty-five engravings, each representing some distinct *gesture* of the priest during its continuance.' Picart's engravings represent High Mass, which occupies nearly two hours.

P. 178, we are favoured with explanations of certain varieties of the Missa. '*Missa Præsanctificationum*, celebrated on Good Friday, with elements previously consecrated and reserved.' The consecrated Host only is reserved; the chalice, never. Any instance to the contrary, *if it can be found*, is an abuse. 'The *Missa Sicca*, or *Navalis*, celebrated on shipboard, in which all the usual ceremonies were retained, with the exception of the consecration and communion.' Much more was omitted; and this is an untrue account of the Missa Sicca. 'The *Missa Privata*, offered up by a priest for the repose of the soul, in the presence only of the assisting acolyth.' The 'repose of the soul,' as a distinction, has nothing to do with the Missa Privata. 'The *Missa Bifaciata*, or *Trifaciata*, in which, that he might gain several stipends for one sacrifice, the priest recited the service over and over again as far as the offertory, and concluded with one *Canon*.' This is sufficiently correct: but the Church of Rome, for there is no evidence of any introduction of this Missa into England, has always protested against, and reprobated, so great an abuse; and it only prevailed in a few places for a short period. 'The *Missa Votiva*, celebrated in consequence of a vow.' Never: vows have nothing to do with the Missa Votiva. 'And the *Viaticum*, offered up upon a portable altar near a dying bed, were the principal varieties, independently of High and Low Mass.' That is, the *Missa Privata* above is *not* Low Mass, which it unquestionably is. And as to the '*Viaticum*,' it is really too absurd an account of it for us to criticise. There are numerous canons which forbid the Eucharist to be consecrated in a sick-room, which may be seen in Wilkins' *Concilia*, (another work which we recommend Mr. Hart to read, if he can,) and the '*Viaticum*' was the reserved Host, administered to the dying. Now we will venture to say, that it will be difficult to match, in so small a space, so many blunders as there are in the above few lines, from any book of the like pretensions. Always, however, excepting the learned author himself; 'none but himself can be his parallel:' and this parallel we are frequently enabled to find in the '*Records*.'

P. 194, is a good specimen of Mr. Hart's logic. Some quotations are given from Egbert's '*Penitential*,' directing what is to be

done in case the Host should be unhappily, from any cause, vomited, or eaten by an animal, or should it become corrupt. And the *Note* tells us, 'The above extracts furnish us with a strong argument against *transubstantiation*, for can it be believed that the 'real body of Christ should become corrupt, or be swallowed 'by a mouse?' We do not think that Archbishop Egbert did know any thing of the error of transubstantiation, and we believe that he held the true Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist: but Mr. Hart's argument would prove that the modern Church of Rome does not hold Transubstantiation; for rubrics to the same effect are in her Missal to this day. *De defectibus, Tit. x.* Once more we ask, why did not Mr. Hart borrow a Roman Missal? But even Wilkins, if he really had read his *Concilia*, would have supplied him with ample cautions directed to the same point, long after the doctrine of Transubstantiation had been received in the Church of England. But before we part from the Roman Missal, what are we to say of a writer who has the arrogance to publish such a work as that we are reviewing, with the title, 'Ecclesiastical Records of the Church of England,' and yet knows no better than to talk of *French rubrics* in the Roman Missal? 'There is still,' we are told, 'a rubric in the Roman Missal, "Le prêtre mêle dans le calice une petite partie de l'hostie qu'il a rompu en trois, et dit."'"—P. 202. Surely the force of ignorance and of impudence can no further go.

We have already spoken about the *Viaticum*: now let us hear Mr. Hart, again, upon Altars:—'*Altaria portatilia* were 'consecrated slabs of stone, with reliques enclosed for the celebration of the *Viaticum* mass (!) in a sick chamber. It was also 'called *altare gestatorium*, or *viaticum*, and was laid upon an 'ordinary table near the dying man's bed.' P. 228. Is it possible that Mr. Hart could not even construe Du Cange to whom he himself refers, and Durand there quoted: '*ALTARE VIATICUM*, quod 'per viam portetur, propter quod portatile, vel viaticum, appellatur?' The *Altare Viaticum* has no connexion whatever with the *Viaticum* given to the dying, and the pretended placing of it near the dying man's bed, is a mere foolish, if not treacherous, invention of Mr. Hart.

P. 244, we find, 'Singularly enough, the *pulpit* is not included in any catalogue of Church furniture set forth in this 'country during the middle ages.' This is a mild repetition of a startling fact, which, at p. 72, is impressed upon us in all the dignity of italics. 'It is a very remarkable fact that, among all 'the ancient catalogues of church furniture, I have never found any 'mention of a *pulpit*.' Has Mr. Hart found the Church-tower included among the items, or the doors and windows? And

what say the Sarum, Bangor, and Hereford Missals? books of some little importance in their day, and not likely to give directions about things not in existence in English Churches *during the middle ages*. 'Subdiaconus in pulpitu[m] accedat.' 'Diaconus ad pulpitu[m] accedat.' 'Et sic procedat diaconus ad pulpitu[m].'—Maskell's *Antient Liturgy of the Church of England*, pp. 16, 18, 19.

Let us pass on to p. 248: where begins an account of 'Liturgical and Devotional Books.' Mr. Hart, in his usual logical way, argues, if his words mean anything, that, because he has seen some service books written upon vellum, beautifully illuminated, and splendidly bound, with covers of massive silver, chased, gilt and embossed, that, therefore, 'the expense to a parish of the books mentioned in Winchelsey's "Constitution," must have been enormous.' And, in the next paragraph, we find eleven books enumerated which, we are to conclude, form a part only of those ordered in that famous Constitution; which, Mr. Hart, for his own purposes, does not quote here, but some fifty or sixty pages afterwards, where it is not so much in place, and does not even refer his reader to it in any way. Now, out of these eleven books, *four* only, (taking the *Rituale* to be the same as the *Manuale*) are in Winchelsey's 'Constitution.' But let us hear his explanation of some of these books, premising that there are in it several *Greek* books, which have nothing to do with his subject. '*Bibliotheca*, a summary of the Old and New Testaments, compiled by Jerome.' The *Bibliotheca* was the Bible itself. '*Consuetudinarium*, the Ritual, q. v. or the Portifory, q. v.' It was neither the one nor the other. So, he also says, the '*Directorium* was the Ritual,' which it was not. '*Emortuale*, a book containing the office for the visitation of the sick, the service of the viaticum mass, extreme unction, commendation of a soul departing, and the burial office.' For an authority we are referred to the 'Supplement to Du Cange,' by Carpentier, who, as may readily be supposed, talks no such egregious nonsense; and, moreover, is describing a particular volume of a particular foreign Church. '*Enchiridion*, the 'Ritual,' again: which it was not, though the name was a likely trap to fall into. '*Horæ*, something like the Breviary, but 'without the lessons.' The *Horæ* always included the lessons of their proper offices. '*Necrologium*, often contained a catalogue 'of Church furniture.' So do Family Bibles, as they are called, often contain lists of family deaths and baptisms. '*Obituarium*, contained the burial office, which it did not: 'and the names of the deceased were often registered in the blank pages at the end.' This last happens to be the exact object and purpose of the *Obituarium*. '*Ordinale*, the same as the Portiforium.' It was a totally

different book. '*Portiforium*, a book of rubrical directions, &c.' which it was not: and 'sometimes the word is used to 'signify a '*breviary*:' which it *always* means. But really there is no use in continuing to point out these absurd proofs of total and blank ignorance.

But even in speaking of English books, Mr. Hart cannot help making guesses about their contents, and as surely proving that he is ignorant of everything about them, except their titles. Thus, p. 397, we have the proclamations, cited from Wilkins, Tom. 3, p. 719 and 729, which suppressed and condemned some heretical books. And we are told that of these, 'the "*Book of Beggars*," 'the "*Kalender of the Prymar*," and the "*Prymar*," have nothing remarkable in them.'—P. 398. Now, independently of the extracts which even Wilkins supplies from these books, and which involve doctrines, whether true or false, of the highest importance, Mr. Hart ought to have known, before he ventured to lay down his opinion upon them, that these three books (if we look upon the Calendar as a separate volume), were accompanied with the most considerable effects upon the people, because of their remarkable contents. The '*Prymar*' alluded to in the Proclamation, was the unauthorized and heretical compilation, which usurped the name of the genuine book. Copies of it still exist in our public libraries, which Mr. Hart ought to have referred to; to say nothing of the reprint of two such '*Prymars*,' by Dr. Burton, the late Regius Professor at Oxford: and, as if to leave Mr. Hart without excuse, not only might he have seen the '*Supplicacyon of the Beggars*,' in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, but it has also been separately reprinted from the original, within the last two years. But Mr. Hart tells us, moreover, that 'among books prohibited, A.D. 1530, there are two, the 'titles of which savour of blasphemy, viz., *The Old God and the New*, and, *A disputation between the Father and the Son*.'—P. 399. Now, although these books were full of heresy, yet they had nothing in them *blasphemous* in the sense in which Mr. Hart, in his almost inconceivable stupidity, explains them. The full title of the first is, '*A worke entyled of the olde God and the newe, 'of the old doctrine and the newe, or orygynale begynnyng of 'Idolatrye*:' and is a comparative view of the two teachings, then advocated: on the one hand by the extreme Reformers, on the other by the existing Church rulers. In short, there were many such books put out at that time, with similar titles: as, for example, a translation of one by Urban Regius, called '*A comparison betwene the Olde learnynge and the Newe*.' And the '*Dialogue between the Father and the Son*,' which has so much that alarmed our very learned author, is nothing more, nor less, than a short Catechism, between a father and his little boy; 'the '*chylde*,' as he is called in the Catechism itself.

Our space is very limited, or we had marked many more passages, and nearly every page supplies one, for castigation : and Mr. Hart may thank his stars (to use his own correct style) that it is limited. Among these, we intended to have shown his incapacity for even giving a fair translation of the text of Wilkins. Thus, 'Confessiones mulierum audiantur extra velum,' is rendered, 'Let the confessions of women be heard without the (lenten) veil.'—P. 341. Which is downright nonsense. But, we trust, enough has been exposed fully to satisfy our readers ; and we shall make but one more remark.

It struck us once or twice, that, although Mr. Hart's book has his name upon the title-page, yet that it must have been written by some female friend, to whom he has lent his name, if we may so speak. There is so much in it, exactly like what a clever lady, who had some smattering of Latin, and had read Burnet, and Fosbrooke, and Fuller, the great authorities cited in the notes, might have produced. It has all the characteristics of a lady-author. But we are assured that no woman could have been the author, by proofs which create another doubt, whether it can possibly be the work of an English clergyman. There are some parts of the volume so abominably and unnecessarily indecent, so gross in the selection, so filthy, that we would not defile our pages even with a word of them. If Mr. Hart had been writing a controversial book, upon the subject of Confessions, such extracts might have been in place, and, so, excusable from the necessity of the case. But here they have, we assert, no bearing upon his subject. He professes to give us Ecclesiastical Records of the Church of England ; and what have the works of Burchardus and Sanchez to do with them ? Such extracts can but show the natural tendency of a prurient imagination, which even in historical inquiries, at least so called, cannot refrain from foisting in disgusting details on which it loves to meditate. To say that such an obscene extract as that from Burchard (p. 321) was 'fortuitous,' is utterly incredible ; it was *sought after diligently, and carefully selected.* Let Mr. Hart deny it, if he dares to do so. We speak strongly, because we cannot but feel that Mr. Hart, by thus, without any reason flowing from his subject, and therefore gratuitously, filling his pages with such extracts, even the passing thoughts of which defile a man, has offered an open insult to the Church of which he is a Priest. We again repeat, for let us not be misunderstood, that in controversial works of a certain sort such extracts may be ; and no one can look with greater suspicion than ourselves upon a morality and casuistry which will venture to lay down such rules and propose such meditations. But they are allowable in those works only : and not in books, which, as Mr. Hart's, are intended to be popular digests for the use of young clergy, and

that with the pretence of an authority, by being dedicated to the Bishops of the Church.

Herein then lies our most grave objection to the 'Ecclesiastical Records.' Even though the sheer ignorance and incapacity of its author were not sufficient to do away with any interest which might attach itself to a collection, however ill-arranged, of extracts from so great a work as the 'Concilia,' yet Mr. Hart has rendered his book, for no excusable object which we can imagine, totally unfit to be placed in the hands of any student. Even though it had merits in other respects, though it had been a careful and learned book, and useful, we should condemn it, as unhesitatingly and entirely as we do now, when we know that it is also ill-digested and full of blunders and absurdities.

It is very unpleasant to expose a pretender after this fashion, but it is often a plain duty to society to do so. This is the only reason which induces us to devote any more time or space to such an author. But it will not a little strengthen the foregoing condemnation, if it be shown, that in yet another branch of his subject—if indeed 'architectural antiquities' and 'the furniture of churches' can be considered fairly to fall within its limits—Mr. Hart is equally arrogant and ill-informed.

Chapter V. is headed 'on churches and church-furniture, vestments, &c.' It opens with some common-place remarks on the earliest wooden churches, such as are found in every book. Here they are paraded as quotations from Spelman, Wilkins, and Camden. Then comes a meagre and unintelligent account of the office for the dedication of a church; in Mr. Hart's own words, 'a very sketchy and imperfect outline of a ceremonial, the full description of which occupies some sixty pages in duodecimo.' We do not presume to understand how an office can be called a description of a ceremonial; nor how the very important fact—great powers of observation as it may show in Mr. Hart to have discovered it—that it 'occupies some sixty pages in duodecimo,' can excuse him for having substituted an incomplete and faulty abstract of the modern Roman rite for an account of the ancient English ceremony, which he might have found in Martene, and which would really have been included in the province defined by the title of the volume.

Can anything be more absurd than this passage? 'The custom of building churches in the form of a *Greek* cross, *i.e.* with the nave longer than the chancel, was first introduced into this country during the reign of Edward the Confessor.' (p. 216). Now a church in the form of a Greek cross is one in which the nave is *not* longer than the chancel. Probably no sentence equally short ever contained proof of so much ignorance.

It is scarcely worth while to follow the writer in his descrip-

tions of the various styles of English Church architecture; for he has adopted neither an intelligible nomenclature, nor any accurate assignment of dates. People ought not to write about what they know nothing of. For one example: our unfortunate author stumbles (p. 217) on some account, very far from a lucid one, of long and short work, as a mark of the Anglo-Saxon style. This he forthwith confuses with the pilaster strip-work of the same style, and quotes Bloxam's description of the latter as if it meant the former. We pass over many pages of trash. 'There are many very early specimens of the Palm Cross'—he means the churchyard cross—'in Cornwall,' (p. 223); for which statement the authority is given in the note as 'Lysons' *'Magna Britannia, passim.'* The Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1747, is quoted for the fact that 'our ancestors used to hang 'garlands over the graves of their deceased relations.' (p. 225). Why, flowers are still planted or placed on graves in more than half the church-yards of England.

Inaccuracies of all sorts abound. So unsafe an authority as Fosbrooke is cited (p. 228,) for an erroneous account of what was required for the consecration of an altar. If Mr. Hart had consulted his 'some sixty pages in duodecimo,' he might have seen the rubrics on this subject. 'The *Tabernacle* (called by modern writers the *Ciborium*)' p. 230. What modern writer, except perhaps some former Mr. Hart, ever called a *Tabernacle* a *Ciborium*? 'In the draft of a primitive church given 'by Beveridge, and also by Wheatley, there are two circular 'vestries on the sides of the apse with a credence-table in each.' What a description of a smaller apse is the phrase 'a circular vestry:' and the north one only was appropriated to the Prothesis, the other being the *Diaconicum*, as every one knows who is at all conversant with the Greek Liturgy. The following fact is amusingly absurd. 'Lockers are sometimes arched 'recesses, but most commonly square(?)' (*sic.*) Of course such a statement must be backed by some great name. So we have a reference to Fosbrooke I. 96. After these proofs of Mr. Hart's accuracy and depth of ecclesiological learning we shall appreciate the modest remark, (p. 243,) 'My catalogue of Saints' Emblems, 'published in the first number of the *Archæological Journal*, will 'materially assist the reader in the interpretation of ancient art.' At any rate this is more than the three plates which illustrate this volume will do. We never saw anything worse, more absolutely ridiculous, than these pictures. Perspective, proportion, and keeping, as well as accuracy, are equally neglected. We read 'Gothic tracery: window tracery is the simplest criterion 'of style, and I have turned the back ground of this plate to 'some account by exhibiting the *general* features of English

'Church Architecture in illustration of p. 218, &c. of my work.' And actually windows of the four styles are represented in the back ground of the room in which his ecclesiastics are grouped; all as badly drawn as possible, and full of mistakes. The vestments are unworthy of notice: but one figure, looking like a lady in Parisian morning costume, seems rather out of place, till you find it is meant for '10. A Canon regular, who is also 'chaplain, or cambuccarius to a Bishop. This figure is introduced 'to show the manner of girding the albe, &c.' Unfortunately the albe is represented as a sort of dark riding-habit. But we could forgive the badness of even the other plates—a set of miscellaneous buildings, and an altar shown with all kinds of vessels and utensils of Mr. Hart's own design—were it not for the insufferable conceit of the descriptions attached to them. A *Chapelle Ardente*, which is unworthy of a Methodist religious posting-sheet from Seven Dials, is described as 'compiled from 'the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," Browne's "*Repertorium*," and Picart.' And so a disgraceful print of a rood-loft is thus explained, 'The general character of the loft is taken from that of Totness Church, Devon. The *Images* are supplied from foreign examples, 'and I have endeavoured in the lower part to represent the 'general character of our Norfolk painted Rood-Screens.' One more specimen of Mr. Hart's wonderful acuteness and knowledge. He gives a view in his third plate of 'a PERTICA, or some *unknown* instrument, from which reliques or medals might be suspended.' Mr. Hart is clearly not scholar enough to know what *pertica* means, though a dictionary might perhaps have helped him, or he might even have seen many a *pertica* in shop-windows with things suspended from it: but though, from want of Latin or want of eyes, the *pertica* is still to him an '*unknown* instrument,' yet his fingers can draw what his mind cannot conceive, nor pen describe; and on plate 3, appears—*oculis subjecta*—a PERTICA itself: something resembling a strong crossbow with a shield on the middle.

We leave this book with the conviction that its author is a charlatan.

We have been the more particular in our notice of this book, because, in some portions of it, the 'Christian Remembrancer' is quoted two or three times in every page. It seems that Mr. Hart contributed some of these lucubrations to this journal, in 1839. We desire to divest ourselves of all responsibility attached to those papers. Critical infallibility is inseparable, of course, from all periodical literature by the nature of the case: our predecessors, doubtless, claim the same infallibility as ourselves. But when the two separate claims happen to clash, will our readers give us the charitable benefit of the doubt? It must

be borne in mind that ours is the 'New Series.' We have long desired to say this, since, occasionally, we see ourselves quoted in advertisements as approving of works which we should be loth to be thought even to have read. Not seldom we are cited as recommending a tract to be 'distributed by handfuls.' We beg to assure its author that he is one of the very last writers whose productions we should like to see distributed. And we are not so enamoured of Tracts, in general, that we are ready to suggest this broad-cast manipulation. Let purchasers look to the dates of the recommendations which are fathered upon us.

ART. VIII.—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent: A Sermon, mostly preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, and late Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: John Henry Parker. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1846.*

To any one who was within the walls of the Cathedral at Oxford when this sermon was delivered, the scene must have been an arresting one. When a voice speaks for the first time after a long silence, there is an interest added simply by that fact. Any long interval naturally throws the mind into a meditative state, and gives, of itself, an importance and a character to what it gradually brings upon us. A long interval at Oxford has, moreover, a serious effect in another way. There the generations of men come and go very quick; the academical body is not a stationary but a moving one; and three years are an undergraduate's life. The majority of those who heard Dr. Pusey on the first of February, must have heard him for the first time. They had heard of him; had seen his name in newspapers; had heard his theology talked of in this or that spirit; had had him presented to their mind in one or other colour; but they had never actually had him before them, or come into contact with him. They now saw him; and there is something in the mere circumstance of seeing and hearing for ourselves, that often relieves apprehension, and puts us into a new relation toward the person in our minds. The *omne ignotum* is not seldom a great part of that atmosphere of unfavourable prepossession and colouring in which our minds are, with respect to persons of whom we have only heard by report. We do not say that a university audience would come, as a whole, with such prepossessions to hear Dr. Pusey: as a whole, it would not: but probably some would. There was, of course, on such an occasion, a number of minor circumstances which served to stamp an image on the minds of those present. There was a crowded church; nave, aisles, and transepts full; there was a procession unable to perform its march, and doctors unable to get their robes. And, from the small quantity of seats which the place supplied, the scene exhibited the, to English eyes, rather unusual exhibition of a crowded church standing to be taught.

But the circumstance distinguishing this particular sermon was,

of course, the fact that it was preached after a suspension. It was the end of a kind of imprisonment. Dr. Pusey had been under a ban; and he was now so no longer: he was in his proper place again: he was teaching again in person, and not by pen only. And this was felt the more from the fact that the memory of the suspension was not allowed gradually to die away, but received a sudden revival only a week or two previously. It was doubted, as the time when Dr. Pusey would have to preach approached, whether some impediment would not be raised; and university statutes were talked of, which seemed, on a *prima facie* reading, to arm the Vice Chancellor with irresponsible control over the university pulpit. But a letter from that functionary, which appeared in the public papers, put an end to these doubts; Dr. Pusey was allowed to enter the university pulpit unopposed; but with the accompanying hint that, if any objectionable matter appeared in his sermon, the delator's charge would meet with neither an uncandid nor a reluctant reception in the university council.

There is something in Dr. Pusey's tone and manner of preaching especially calculated to meet such an occasion as this. It may be asked how a preacher, who has none of what we may call the arts and accomplishments of preaching, who has not pliability of voice, or command over accent, time, or tone; who does not change from fast to slow, or pause, or look off from his pages; who, instead of facing an audience, in the way in which extempore preachers can do throughout a sermon, and which most preachers try to do more or less, keeps his eyes fixed down, and sustains an unvarying note throughout a long period of delivery; can impress, or raise feeling, or keep up attention? But the question would not show much depth of insight into the real avenues to people's minds, and the real causes which operate in moving feeling, and deepening attention. What keeps a congregation fixed and absorbed, is a preacher's feeling what he says, and being himself, as it were, in the words which come from him. Reality is the powerful and moving element on such occasions. Reality is of itself always striking, always effective. There is a sympathetic impulse always felt, as soon as ever the mind recognises the fact, that the person speaking is in earnest; he is immediately the centre of all minds around him, when this is seen: there is life and intentness in the whole scene of thought, just as when a wire vibrates, or a spring leaps and fastens the stray material that comes near it. The wandering, scattered, restless images of human fancy are stayed; the thoughts that go in and come out, and come near and are lost again; the flitting shadows of ideas, the imperfect, half-formed, and ever-changing scenery, which goes on within every ordinary

human mind, are then for once, in a way, stilled and fixed. A difficulty is mastered; and a great difficulty too. A common undisciplined human inside is a confused and scrambling scene indeed. How few are there who, walking, sitting, standing, taken at any time when they are not forced by some dire necessity to fix themselves on some one subject, retain any thought for half a minute upon their minds together? We go from place to place, we stand, we sit: objects are before our eyes, images of some sort or other are within our minds: sometimes a stray object catches the eye, sometimes a casual idea comes over the brain: a succession of momentary, uncontinuous, fragmentary impulses, ideas, and feelings; conjectures, reminiscences, sadnesses, jokes, wearinesses, disgusts, hopes, consolations, apprehensions, reasonings, all of the very smallest possible description, and the greater part of which any one person would be ashamed to acknowledge to any other, compose an ordinary unemployed human interior. It might seem, at first sight, that it was absolutely impossible for any natural power to subdue this chaos, and get hold of these slippery multitudinous activities. A large number of persons, with their several mental interiors, assembled in one place, reminds one of the Lucretian world of atoms, where the original particles of the universe are going direct and aslant, forward, backward, curving, shooting in the infinite vacancy, meeting one another, and making endless and multiform combinations. But there is one power that can conquer this difficulty. It is the power of earnestness. There is an instinct by which persons feel when the mind, from which the thoughts are issuing, is a real one; one not wanting to unfold itself, but to do them good, one that is absorbed in a task, and identified with a purpose of love. This is seen and felt by the internal sense, as much as any outward object is by the external. And when it is seen and felt, the effect is immediate. This temper comes into solid contact with their souls, in a way in which no other can. It touches, and it calms them. Intensity is the want which human nature feels. She is right glad to enjoy it by substitute, though it be for an hour. She has no pleasure in the wanderings and disturbance of her own inward domain: she tolerates it only because she is weak and frail, and cannot stop it; she has not resolution to master her own disorders and inconstancy, and therefore she carries them about with her. But let any come and do this for her; let any power come forward which only requires her passive acquiescence, and she will sit and give it gladly. Let any one arrest her attention, and she is obliged to him for it.

We will not apply these remarks more pointedly than is necessary to the present case. For it is very difficult, in speak-

ing of an individual, and especially of one like him of whom we are speaking, to be quite clear, and at the same time to maintain that delicacy which is necessary. Nevertheless, those who have had the fact before them, will be able, without much difficulty, to test these comments of ours. It may be said, without venturing beyond those strict bounds of decorum which ought to limit such observations, that Oxford has had, and has a voice within her, that speaks in this tone and with this power, to her sons; a voice which, without art or manner, or any of the advantages of oratorical discipline or nature, is powerful by intensity, and impressive by the single-minded force of love and a penetrating purity of will; a voice which always speaks amid the perfect silence of arrested and subdued thoughts; which is allowed always to still and fix, for the time that it is speaking, the waywardness, dissonance, and wanderings of inward nature; which imparts to its hearers, for the time, somewhat of that serenity, awe, and singleness, out of which itself issues; and which creates, amid the confusions and bustle of the mind's common-place intellectual life, a temporary calm; during which ideas, hopes, and longings, which were never entertained before, find an entrance into many a mind, to produce their living and permanent fruits afterwards.

It is not our purpose, at the present, to enter into the particular subject of the sermon before us, or to follow out the line of thought which it offers to the members of our Church. That line of thought, when once naturally, earnestly, and in harmony with the course of events in our Church, begun, is upon ordinary principles, morally certain to go further. A political eye sees an idea come in, and gain just a standing room in the political world; the statesman argues, that if it has got there, it will do more than merely stand still there; that the fact of its getting there shows some strength; and that if strength more or less exists, it will be more or less productive. Thus he predicts changes, movement, progress in this or that direction, in a country. It is the same, though in a more quiet and less sensible way, in the religious world. A Church gets into a certain state. A particular average standard of opinion prevails; people think on a level with that standard, and neither much higher or much lower. Religion presents itself to their minds, in certain accustomed shapes, and imposes the duties, and imparts the consolations which the standard sanctions and authorizes. There is, in short, commonly existing, with its own degree of goodness, effectiveness, and depth, whatever that may be,—the religion of the day. Persons go on, for the most part, in that train of thought on which this religion puts them. Other ideas do not come into their heads. Even very obvious ideas, ideas *i.e.* that appear very obvious afterwards, do not at all suggest themselves in this state of

things. If they exist at all, they do not exist in practical form; they are not considered living and real ones; they are not part of the existing religious sentiment. A person may go on, for a whole life, in this way, without the propriety and suitableness of some acts of religion ever even occurring to him. He has, perhaps, no definite reason to allege against them, but he does not, in fact, think really enough of them to have such hostile reasons. The act lies out of his world—and that is everything. But there is such a thing as an established religious sentiment having a new or revived idea thrown into it, just as a new virtue may be imparted to a soil. The new chemical ingredient, which the agriculturist throws into his land, mingles with it, and the soil becomes a different one from what it was before. A new, or revived idea, in proportion as it stands its ground, alters the established religious sentiment in its own direction. And in this altered stage of thought, a class of actions, which was unreal before, becomes real. It comes as a new thing upon us, that such an act is a real one to do, if we can muster strength of mind for it. It no longer presents itself to us as a nominal or impossible thing, nor can we blame the religious atmosphere in which we live, if we do not do it, but ourselves only. The change, so far as the former is concerned, has taken place, and the effect of it is felt; the idea is no longer an unreal, but a natural idea to us. And if it is a natural idea, then it enters, according to circumstances, into our natural and approved sphere of duty.

It is by an idea first gaining admittance, getting an introduction, that such a change as this, in the tone of opinion, takes place. And, putting ourselves into the position of spectators, we seem to see a revived idea coming in, by a solid and natural way, in Dr. Pusey's present sermon. If this is true, we may reasonably expect that, like ideas in the political, or the scientific or literary world, having come in it will do something; that it will penetrate into particular minds, and through them into others, and so produce its results. We may reasonably expect, upon natural principles, that it will have a course; and we will not interfere with those auspices under which that course has begun.

We shall concern ourselves now, not so much with the particular duty and doctrine themselves which Dr. Pusey puts forward here, as with the course of mind by which he seems to have been brought to them. Dr. Pusey is not a teacher who has gone on by chance, or irregular will, in the course he has pursued. On looking back at his publications, and retracing his line of thought and teaching, we find it exhibiting much unity and singleness of purpose. In saying that it exhibits unity, we do not mean to assert that he has held exactly the same opinions

always; or that a former stage of his teaching would not be found to omit what a later has supplied, and would not have to be modified in its theological tone by the latter. That is, indeed, the very fact that we wish to point out; and it is a fact which, so far from proving an irregularity or inconsistency in his course, shows its regular, continuous, and successive progress. A former stage did, more or less, omit what a later has supplied; but then the later has supplied it. And, in taking a retrospective view of Dr. Pusey's teaching, we seem to have a steady and natural course before us, not deliberately preparing its steps, but going through them with as much continuity as if it did, and making a whole by the unconscious consistency and unity of truth.

The first observation, then, that will naturally suggest itself to persons on comparing some of Dr. Pusey's present with his past works, is the greater severity of the former, which the latter have softened. Without any literal opposition between the two in doctrine, the former exhibit certainly a more unqualified view than the latter do. There is a perceptible superinduction of not an opposite but a new tone, in his later sermons, and especially in the one before us. The change is not so recent a one. The Sermon 'on the Holy Eucharist a comfort to the Penitent,' was cast in a mould of thought, softer if we may say so, and more lenient than that in which his first Tracts were cast. And in Dr. Pusey's teaching, the severe has prepared the way for the mild. There was something of what appeared, to many, over-austere in his first religious works: his last show anything but this. Here is then a difference before us which some will be inclined to call an inconsistency; others only a natural consecutiveness. Some will say, the teacher's mind has altered, and that he has changed his ground; others, that he has only first given one side of the truth and then the other. So far however may be allowed, that, when one side of the truth is first given, the omission does give a *primâ facie* appearance of opposition to the other, when the other comes out. But whatever we may call this change or this modification in Dr. Pusey; that it has taken place on a most natural principle, and has been, in him, only the legitimate development of one line of thought, is quite clear. There has been essential unity, consistency, sequence in his course of teaching, though that unity has come out in successive sides, and not appeared at once as a whole. It has only unfolded itself, in agreement with the religious wants of the times, in having a former as well as a latter stage: and it has been the more serviceable and effective, from having come out thus successively, and by parts.

Dr. Pusey has devoted himself to one main line of thought in

his religious teaching. He has devoted himself to the consideration of Sin ; its awful nature ; its antagonism to God ; its deep seat in our nature ; the remedy provided for it by our Lord's meritorious sufferings and death, and the application of that remedy in the ordinance of Baptism. The subject of Baptism winds up the line of thought. 'We are buried with Him by Baptism unto death ; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.' Baptism is a new birth, an entrance into a new world, the communication of a new nature. And Sin is in Baptism pardoned : we are washed and made clean ; and the evil is met and provided for. So far is clear, and the subject appears to close. But then comes the fact, that men live after baptism. Sin comes up again, and has to be dealt with again. Deadly sin after Baptism has the guilt and misery of a relapse, over and above that of sin simply ; and those sad and fearful thoughts come over us, which are suggested by the passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews : 'It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and of the power of the world to come ; if they shall fall away to renew them again unto repentance.' There is no absolute renewal provided, after that of Baptism has been received and has been fallen from. Here the easy way to peace ends, and a rough and difficult one begins. The first state is past, and any subsequent state of favour must be a hard-earned one. Innocence is over, and repentance follows. True, the mercy of God has not left us desolate even in this last and most forlorn state. For His church is endowed with a power, though not an absolute and complete one, of restoration ; and the sinner is allowed, after sincere repentance and a course of self-mortification, after much self-revenge and humiliation, to enter into the re-enjoyment, though not so entire a one as that which he has lost, of baptismal privileges. But that repentance must appear in some solid form ; it must have proved itself to have gone through difficulties, made real sacrifices, and shown itself in deeds, and not in words only. Till this is done, the judgments of God are alone before us, and we have no right to be easy or comfortable. Here then is a stage in the progress up to spiritual life, in which we are upon indefinite ground, and have no fixed standard to go by. Some minds will be more severe, others more lenient, in their view of repentance. One age of the Church has given a harder, another a milder standard. Repentance is, essentially, an indefinite thing ; and when a subject matter is indefinite, there will be room for shades of feeling, variations, degrees, all within one main circle of doctrine, and all on one agreed and acknowledged religious basis. Different tempers will more or less differ, and the same person

will have a different feeling on the subject at one time of his life, from what he had at another. Nothing is more natural, more certain, we may say, to happen, than this. It is what does and what must take place, in such a region of religious thought; and that especially where there is reality and seriousness.

It is true, then, that Dr. Pusey's first publications do exhibit a more severe and less qualified mode of dealing with the sinner, than his later ones do. But he has followed, in such a course, the natural progress of thought in a real spiritual mind; and taken those successive steps, which the religious atmosphere around him naturally and fitly called for and elicited. He has followed, we say, in the first place, that line which the earnest mind naturally does, in its own internal feeling. In the progress of the sense of sin within the mind, simple pain comes first, the consolation next; first comes self-revenge, then hope; first severity, then relief; first abasement, and then ascent. When the heart is first under the sense of its own wickedness, and is fresh stung by the recollection of past sin, it thinks of its sin and of that only. It is fit that it should do so. Guilt is fastened on its feelings, as if it were irradicable and eternal. Conscience strikes on the same spot with continuous and unvarying force; the evil carries a sense of perpetuity with it; and the guilt of an act seems an essential and immovable consequence of it, to follow us with illimitable power and force of adherence, through all time. With the first sense of sin the sense of pardon does not mix: the soul is weighed down, and simply oppressed. We do not say there is an absolute and definite feeling of unpardonableness in the mind; or that the soul with conscious intention excludes the idea of God's mercy from itself. For that would be an heretical feeling: and no heretical feeling is natural to us. But negatively it does this. It does not think of God's mercy, because it thinks only of its own guilt. It is under a dark cloud, a vague oppressive weight of pure grief. But out of this cloud and this oppression the sense of the Divine mercy proceeds; and then arises that other aspect of truth, and that other side of the spiritual world. The sense of the Divine mercy as naturally springs out of the sense of guilt, as a plant grows out of the soil. The sense of pardon and the sense of sin are correlatives; the former cannot be produced without the latter. It can only be after such real unmingled humiliation as the full sense of sin naturally inflicts, that the idea of the positive infinity and unfathomableness of God's attribute of mercy can be admitted. An unreal, oblique, hollow, superficial sense of guilt in the man, makes a poor, weak, and finite mercy in the Deity. On the contrary, a deep and real sense of guilt, makes an infinite mercy. But then the one sense must be had before the other comes; they do not arise simultaneously, but successively. It is the fault of a

popular religion that it makes them simultaneous. The sense of pardon, sanctioned by a popular religion of the day, comes in before it ought, and an original amalgamation of the two feelings destroys, from the first, the depth, refinement, and solidity of both. A man brings the sense of pardon to the sense of sin in the first instance, and he confesses, not like the Publican, who would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven, but like a pardoned and beatified man already. This ought not to be. There are two stages in this business, which, if we are true to ourselves, we must go through. Dr. Pusey, as a public teacher, has, by a natural sympathy, gone through these two stages. He has, in following his subject, been a preacher of humiliation and of pardon successively; and he has given, though not designedly, that line and sequency to his thoughts which the real subject-matter of them itself takes.

We turn from this inward ground to an outward and public one, to the general state of religious opinion among us, the peculiar wants of the times in which Dr. Pusey has written; and we find that they have been such as naturally to impose such a course of teaching upon him. He has given the age what it wanted, and given when it wanted it. Persons know what the strong tendencies in our Church were at the time when Dr. Pusey began to write; what had grown dead and wanted especially reviving. The idea of the reality of Baptismal privileges appeared to be getting more and more faint. One large party in the Church totally denied them; another made them very nominal and external. There was wanted a restoration of the doctrine of Baptism. It had to be brought out afresh, and put strongly before people's minds; the whole current language about it had to be deepened and enriched; a whole sentiment had to be awakened. Dr. Pusey did this work. He was exactly the person to do it. The patristic language was one with which he felt instinctively at home; he had been an early disciple of the Fathers; he dwelt with a congenial love upon their mysterious intuitions, their dark sayings, their awful windings of thought, their large field of spiritual analogies, their lights, their shadows, their oracular hints, their sacred fancy, their force and their feeling. He had a sympathy with all this; and all these features in their writing came strikingly to bear upon the subject of Baptism. The Fathers are deep and powerful, if on any subject, especially on that of Baptism. It is one which brings out all that holy poetry which so peculiarly belongs to them: their thoughts gather around the fountain-head of Christian life, as instinctively as memory reverts to early scenes, and streams flow into their parent ocean. Dr. Pusey brought all this to bear, with genuineness and life, upon the restoration of the doctrine.

The consequence was, that the deep view of Baptism received a remarkable impulse; such an impulse as perhaps no other mind in our Church could have communicated to it. Dr. Pusey's tone, style, and whole inward taste and bias did justice to it. But then followed the necessary corollary to this doctrinal view. The immediate consequence of the idea of Baptism being deepened was, that sin after baptism was deepened too. The greater the privileges of the new birth, the greater the fall from them. There was not so much in falling away from a form; in falling away from a nominal state. But to fall away from a new life, to undo a new nature, to defile the temple of the Holy Ghost, was a serious and awful thing. Thus in close connexion with the explanation of Baptismal privileges, went the intensifying of post-baptismal sin. That is to say, the sins of all Christians were brought out, and put in their strong appropriate light, and made to appear indeed exceeding sinful. Their position after baptism suggested their intensity, rather than their relief, at first; and the fact of sin being viewed in connexion with such a subject, attached necessarily peculiar strength and severity to the view of it.

A few passages from Dr. Pusey's first writings will illustrate our meaning better than more words of our own would do. We will extract a few, and then take others from his more recent ones further on. We must remark beforehand, however, that no single extract from the Tract on Baptism can give the whole deep, mysterious, patristic genius of that Tract. The patristic source is perpetually coming up, but not in any one single stream. The following passage is, however, quite in the tone and spirit of one of the Fathers:

'When people read (Col. ii. 11,) of our "being circumcised with the circumcision which is made without hands,—buried with CHRIST in Baptism, raised together with Him through faith of the operation of GOD, who hath raised Him from the dead," they probably think of the circumcision of the heart which we *ought* to have, of the complete extinction of all sinful tendencies, at which we *ought* to aim, of the power of the faith which we *ought* to cherish. Yet this again is but a portion of the truth: it tells us of the end which we are to arrive at, but not of the means, whereby GOD gives us strength on our way thitherward: it speaks of the height of GOD's holy hill, but not of the power by which we are caught up hither. Not so St. Paul. He is persuading the Colossians to abide in the state in which they had been placed; to rest upon the foundation on which they had been laid; to root themselves in the soil in which they had been planted; to be content with the fulness which they had received from Him by whom they had been filled, and in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; to abide in Him whom they had received. For he feared lest they should be taught by the vain deceit of a false philosophy to take other stays than their SAVIOUR, or to lean on the now abolished tradition of circumcision. To this end he reminds them that they needed nothing out of CHRIST; for they *had been* filled with Him, who filleth all in all, the Head of all rule

and all power; therefore they needed no other power, but only *HIS*,—they *had* received the *true* circumcision, and so could require no other; they *had* been disencumbered of the sinful mass, with which they were naturally encumbered, “the body of the sins of the flesh” by the circumcision which *CHRIST* bestowed: their old man *had been* buried with Him in Baptism; they *had been* raised with Him, (as they ascended out of the water,) by a power as mighty as that which raised Him from the dead: all their old sins *had been* forgiven, and they themselves re-born from the dead, and *been* made partakers of the life of *CHRIST*, “quickened with Him;” the powers of darkness *had been* spoiled of their authority over them, and exhibited as captives and dethroned. All these things had been bestowed upon them by Baptism; the mercies of *GOD* had been there appropriated to them; sins blotted out: their sinful nature dead, buried in *CHRIST*’s tomb: death changed into life: and therefore, as they had no need, so neither were they to make void these gifts by trusting in any other ordinances, or looking to any other Mediator. St. Paul dreads that through false teaching and a false self-abasement they should not hold to the Head. (v. 18.) But does he depreciate their baptismal privileges? or, because they were tempted to lean on circumcision, does he disparage outward ordinances? or dread that the exaltation of the ordinance should lead to a depreciation of *CHRIST*? Rather, he shows them how every thing which they sought, or could need, was comprised, and already bestowed upon them in their *SAVIOUR*’s gift, in *His* ordinance: that this ordinance was no mere significant rite, but contained within itself the stripping off of the body of sin, death, resurrection, new life, forgiveness, annulment of the hand-writing against us, despoiling of the strong one, triumph over the powers of darkness. We also have been thus circumcised, have been buried, raised, quickened, pardoned, filled with *CHRIST*: all this *GOD* has done for us, and are we not to prize it? not to thank *GOD* for it, “stablished in the faith which we have been taught, and abounding therein with thanksgiving?” (v. 7.) and are we, for fear men should rest in outward privileges, to make the *LORD*’s Sacrament a mere outward gift, deny His bounty, and empty His fulness? or rather ought we not, with the Apostle, to tell men of the greatness of what they have received, and repeat to them His bidding, “since then ye have been raised together with *CHRIST*, seek what is above, where *CHRIST* sitteth at the right hand of *GOD*?” ye have died; slay then your earthly members: ye *have* laid aside the old man, and *have* put on the new, and that, in its *CREATOR*’s image, again restored to you: “put ye on then, as having been chosen and loved of *GOD*,” the ornaments befitting this new creation in you, mercy, gentleness, and the other graces: ye have been forgiven, forgive.”—*Tract on Baptism*, pp. 31—33.

The greatness of the sin involved in a fall from such a state; the difficulties of a return; the pains and self-mortification necessary in such an upward progress, then follow.

‘There is no second regeneration,’ (*i.e.* no second Baptism,) ‘no reformation, no restoration to our former state, yea, though we seek this most earnestly, with many groans and tears. For how great tears shall we bring before *GOD*, that we may equal the fountain of Baptism?’

‘The Fathers urge the difficulty of the cure of sin after Baptism, at the same time that they urge men to seek it: they set side by side the possibility and the pains of repentance: they urge against the Novatian heretic, that there is still “mercy with *GOD*, that He may be feared:” they urge this truth against our own fears, and the insinuations of the evil one, who would suggest hard and desponding thoughts of *GOD*, in order to keep in

his chain those more energetic spirits, who feel the greatness of their fall, and would undergo any pains whereby they might be restored: but the Antient Church consulted at the same time for that more relaxed and listless sort, (of whom the greater part of mankind consist,) who would make the incurring of eternal damnation, the breaking of Covenant with GOD, the forfeiture of His SPIRIT, the profanation of His Temple (ourselves) a light thing and easy to be repaired. Therefore, while they set forth the greatness of GOD's mercy, they concealed not the greatness of man's sin, in again defiling what GOD had anew hallowed: they concealed not that such a fall was worse than Adam's, since it was a fall from a higher state and in despite of greater aids: that though GOD's mercy was ever open, yet it required more enduring pains, more abiding self-discipline, more continued sorrow, again to become capable of that mercy. GOD is always ready to forgive: the sins can be forgiven; and yet they are not! why? but because to rise again after falling from Baptismal grace, is far more difficult than the easiness with which men forgive their own sins, leads them to think; the frame of mind which would really seek forgiveness, requires greater conflict, more earnest prayers, more complete self-abasement, and real renunciation of self, than men can bring themselves to think necessary or comply with. Men will not confess to themselves how far astray they have gone: they cannot endure that all should be begun anew; and so they keep their sins and perish! But on that very account did the early Church the more earnestly warn them of the greatness of the effort needed. While she affectionately tendered the hopes of pardon held out in GOD's word, she faithfully warned men not to build those hopes on the sand. She called on men to return—not as if now they could at once lay down all their burthen at their SAVIOUR's feet, but to wash His feet with their tears; to turn—not with the mockery of woe, but with weeping, fasting, mourning, and rending of the heart.—*Tract on Baptism*, pp. 55, *et seq.*

The easy notions of repentance, which fashionable religion fostered, were thus strongly rebuked:—

‘How are we not open to the indignant burst of Tertullian, after speaking of the luxury of *his* day, “Seek the baths or the glad retreats of the sea-side; add to thy expense; bring together large store of food; choose thee wines well refined; and when they ask thee, on whom bestowest thou this? say,—I have offended against GOD, I am in danger of perishing eternally, and therefore I am now distracted, and wasted, and agonized, if by any means I may reconcile GOD, whom, by my iniquities, I have offended.”

‘But what one does mourn, is the loss of that inward sorrow, that overwhelming sense of GOD's displeasure, that fearfulness at having provoked His wrath, that reverent estimation of His great holiness, that participation of His utter hatred of sin, that loathing of self for having been so unlike to CHRIST, so alien from GOD; it is that knowledge of the reality and hateful-ness of sin, and of self, as a deserter of GOD; that vivid perception of Heaven and hell, of the essential and eternal contrast between GOD and Satan, sin and holiness, and of the dreadful danger of having again fallen into the kingdom of darkness, after having been brought into that of light and of GOD's dear SON,—it is this that we have lost: it was this which expressed itself in what men would now call exaggerated actions, and which must appear exaggerated to us, who have so carnal and common-place a standard of a Christian's privileges, and a Christian's holiness. The absence of this feeling expresses itself in all our intercourse with the bad, our tolerance of evil, our apathy about remediable, and yet unremedied, depravity; our national unconcernedness about men's souls; our carelessness amid the spiritual starvation of hundreds of thousands of our own people.

We are in a lethargy. Our very efforts to awake those who are deeper asleep, are numbed and powerless. *Until we lay deeper the foundations of repentance, the very preaching of the Cross of CHRIST becomes but a means of carnal security.*

'It is indeed a hard and toilsome path which these Fathers point out, unsuited to our degraded notions of Christianity, as an easy religion, wherein sin and repentance are continually to alternate, pardon and Heaven are again and again offered to all who can but persuade themselves that they are sorry for their sins, or who, from circumstances, from time of life, or any other outward cause, have abandoned the grosser of them. But who empowered us to say that CHRIST'S is an easy yoke to those who have again drawn back to the flesh? Our GOD has indeed once rescued us: our GOD will still receive those "who, with hearty repentance and true faith, turn unto Him." But the GOD of the New Testament is not different from the GOD of the Old. "Our GOD is a consuming fire." "Repentance," says St. Ambrose, "must be not in words but in deed. And this will be, if thou settest before thine eyes from what glory thou hast fallen, and out of what book of life thy name has been blotted, and if thou believest that thou art placed close by the outer darkness, where shall be weeping of eyes and gnashing of teeth, endlessly. When thou shalt have conceived this in thy mind, as it is, with an undoubting faith, that the offending soul must needs be delivered to the infernal pains, and the fires of hell, and that after the one Baptism no other remedy is appointed than the solace of repentance, be content to undergo any affliction, any suffering, so thou mayest be freed from eternal punishment."—*Tracts on Baptism*, pp. 61—63.

'Let any one teachably consider these words, and not put himself off, or stifle his conscience by mere generalities of the greatness of GOD'S mercy; and he will, I trust, by that mercy, be brought to think that wilful sin, after Baptism, is no such light matter as the easiness of our present theology would make it. And so also will it appear that repentance is not a work of a short time, or a transient sorrow, but of a whole life; that, if any man say that he have repented of any great sin, (thereby meaning that his repentance is ended, or sufficient,) he has not yet repented, perhaps not yet begun to repent as he ought: that,—I say not earnest-minded cheerfulness, but—what the world calls gaiety, is ill-suited to the character of a penitent: that his repentance, although its anxiety may by GOD be removed, ought to increase in depth and sharpness: that things which were allowable in those who are "heirs of Heaven," ill become one who must now enter in, not through the way of plenary remission, but of repentance for a broken covenant.—*Tract on Baptism*, p. 81.

Such was the tone in which Dr. Pusey dwelt on post-baptismal sin and its consequences, in his first writings. It was a true tone, though a stern one; it only did not represent the whole of truth. There was a something on the other side, also true, which was wanted. It had that one-sidedness which practical truth must always have at some stage or other of its progress, though mathematical truth need not.

That complement, that counter-balance, that other side, are now given; that void is filled up. The want, in the view of the *Tract on Baptism*, was its omission of, or but faint and rare allusion to, the Church's forgiving powers. That which is termed theologically the power of the keys was not dwelt on then, and is now. The benefits of absolution, by an unconscious

reserve, delayed till a fit time came for speaking of them, and till hearts subdued by a sense of sin were ready to appreciate them, are spoken of now. Now comes in, with natural suitableness, that more compassionate and overflowing feeling, which is able to look up from the greatness of human guilt to the greatness of Divine mercy, and, from man's misery and helplessness, to the Divine absolute and infinite power. The Church now puts forward her brighter and more loving side: she raises us, lifts us up, takes us by the hand; she bids us not be faint-hearted, not be downcast, not be distrustful; she brings the light out of the darkness; she bids and encourages us to dwell on the thought of God as a God of love, and to think of man, not in his lowliness or vileness, but as rising from the land of the shadow of death to heaven, and from dust and ashes to glory. She puts herself forward too, as performing a part in this Divine scheme of mercy, and as the present visible channel of God's love to us. That she has such an office committed to her, is itself characteristic of such a merciful scheme; for it argues a great grace, and a new dignity conferred upon man, that he can become the instrument of such forgiveness to his fellow-men. The whole opens out before us as one field of Divine condescension and human exaltation, of God dwelling among us, and making us partakers of His nature; of the mystery of the incarnation, consummated, but not ceasing; going on from age to age, and raising man, even in his earthly state, to new privileges, as receiver, and to new powers, as the channel, of God's blessings.

Dr. Pusey now brings before us this line of religious thought, as the complement of his former writings. A sense of the absolute illimitableness of the Divine pity, and the infinite pardonableness of sin, as necessarily following from that infinity of pity, seems to pervade his late sermons; and they are transparent with the glow and brightness of hope. His language has a mystical depth, and the metaphysical idea of an absolute infinite attribute fills him. There is a passage in the sermon, on the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, preached in Margaret Chapel, where he exhibits Scripture as powerfully inculcating this idea by negation. Scripture, in his view, laying down one sin, which alone is unpardonable, and which is so only because it will not sue for pardon, because it absolutely will not put itself within those possibilities within which the gift of pardon lies, leaves the whole universe of possible, *i. e.* not self-contradictory action on the part of God, one scene of mercy, one field of boundless endless forgiveness. He is speaking of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and why it is unpardonable:—

‘The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost was then not one sort of guilt, but many in one; it was the guilt of those, who had the very Presence of

their Lord, who witnessed His Love and Holiness, who saw the Power of God, but out of envy and malice obstinately resisted the light, and ascribed that which was the very working of the Spirit of holiness to the "unclean spirit." And this sin was in its very nature unpardonable, not because God would not pardon it upon repentance, but because it cut off repentance from itself, turning into sin the very miracles of mercy which should have drawn it to repentance. It was a fruit of such desperate malice, as blinded itself wholly.—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 15, 16.

'We see in the Gospels how they who are the types of it, went on unchecked from one wickedness to another; how the rebukes of the loving Saviour incensed them, His acts of love increased their hatred. There is no pause, no misgiving, no faltering in their sin. Mercy and love harden them the more, as though impenitence had been the very proper fruit of love. When our Lord performs an act of healing, "straightway they take counsel against Him to put Him to death;" they have not the compunctions of a heathen judge; nothing diverts, nothing moves, nothing startles them; they go on, as blind men insensible of any hindrance; the suggestions of Nicodemus, the expostulation of the blind man healed, the witness of their own servants, "never man spake as this man," the testimony of John, the love of the multitude, the works of the Father, His wisdom, their own shame, all which could arrest their course, is cast aside. How could they be healed, whose disease grew through the very means of its healing, His works of power and His love?"—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 20, 21.

To all other sins the following applies:—

'No course even of sin, no act of deadly sin, following even upon a course of sin, if it admits the pang of penitence, shuts out from pardon. What is really dead, feels not. No *past* sin hinders from penitence. "Remark," says a father, "all the sins which God threatens; thou wilt at once see that they are *present* sins." Feel thou thyself dry, seared, impenitent, without feeling, stupified, bewildered, yea, if any were harassed with the spectres of former sins, so that all holy truth at times came before him as a dream, and he could himself scarcely tell what he believed, or whether he believed at all, or did as the sad heritage of his sin seem to himself abandoned as it were to Satan, his very dwelling-place left of God, and "the cage of every unclean and hateful bird," unable to distinguish whether blasphemous or impure or rebellious or hateful or hopeless thoughts be of his own mind, or the darts of the evil one driven through him,—be this or all beside which can be imagined miserable, be he from head to foot covered with the ulcers of his sins, so that he seem to himself all one wound, unbound, unclosed, unsoftened, a very living death; yet if he have any longing to be delivered from the body of this death, if out of this deep he can but cry, though not in words yet by the agony of the heart, "Lord, save me, I perish," he has not committed the unpardonable sin. The faintest longing to love is love; the very dread to miss for ever the Face of God is love; the very terror at that dreadful state where none can love, is love. As yet those around may say, "Lord, he stinketh;" the heavy stone of earthly sins may lie very heavy upon him, and he lie motionless, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, so that he cannot even approach unto Jesus, and his eyes wrapped round that he should not see Him, yet He Whom he cannot seek, may yet, at the prayer of the friends of Christ, seek *him*; that Voice which awakeneth the dead can reach him yet, and he may hear the voice of the Son of God, and, hearing, live. The smouldering flax may seem extinct, yet if there be this one

spark left, He can again kindle it into a burning flame, glowing with His love.

‘And now, to approach the sacred text itself. Every step is full of awe, when we speak of man’s sinfulness and God’s overwhelming love. Yet ye are, we trust, in earnest, my brethren, and would hear of God’s mercies, only to magnify His love towards you, and kindle that zeal for all such as, outcasts in man’s sight, may yet be brought with you to praise Him, through Whose grace alone it is, that any are not even as they. How should not every part of that mercy be full of mystery and beyond all thought, stretching out into infinity every way, in length and breadth, and depth and height, infinite as His love, whereby God became Man to win His rebellious and fallen creatures from death to life, from hatefulness to His love? And here, because Satan would ever tempt to despair of God’s mercy those whom he has tempted through presuming upon it to sin, our good Lord accompanies the awful sentence on that one sin which hath no forgiveness, with the largest, almost boundless, assurance of mercy on all besides. As if (if we may so speak reverently) His infinite love, hemmed in on this one side by that which could not receive it, poured itself forth the more abundantly wherever it could be received.

‘There is perhaps no where else in Holy Scripture so large a declaration of God’s forgiveness as here, where mention is made of the one sin which finally shuts it out. “I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men,” or in part still more emphatically in St. Mark, “All blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme.” Ye know, my brethren, what very awful blasphemies against our Blessed Lord’s sacred Person the Gospels relate: so awful are they, that we may well shrink from naming them to you, and wounding your ears, save when Holy Scripture itself recites them, or ye would meditate on them in awe at His love; yet all, He says with such loving solemnity, “I say unto you,” all shall be forgiven. He against Whom they were uttered, He Who hath power to forgive sin, He the Righteous Judge of quick and dead, Himself says, “all shall be forgiven.”—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 11–13.

Thus again the passages specially on God’s love, in the sermon which bears the title ‘God is Love’:

‘The love of God, “seeks not its own.” He needed us not, to create us; He could gain nothing to the fulness of His love and blessedness, wherein through all eternity He reposed in the love of His coequal Son, in the Spirit Who is Love. Being above Being, Wisdom above all Wisdom, Beauty above all Beauty, Brightness above all Brightness, and wholly Love, yea Himself all these and all perfection in one, and all infinitely, what could He need of us, Who by His very Nature needed nothing, Himself the boundless object of all perfect Love, loving and loved infinitely, unceasingly, unchangeably, endlessly, in Infinite Love! And yet He went forth, (to speak reverently), out of Himself to love us. He formed us, redeemed us, God became man, in order to pour into man some portion of the Infinite Ocean of His love.”—*God is Love*, pp. 17, 18.

‘All created being liveth through His Love. “All live unto Him.” The all-embracing flow of His love circleteth through all creation, carrying every where life and gladness and light and joy unspeakable, ever flowing, never retiring, unless repelled, full in all, according to their measure, as though there were none beside, yet by its one Omnipresent Love binding all in one and to Himself. His love is every where, because it is Himself, and “there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.” It fills the countless Heavenly host and the spirits of the just, and each thrill or pulse of love, or calm absorbed rapture in Him, is of Its ceaseless Presence, ever going forth, yet ever full,

and filling all with Its fulness. And with us, more marvellous yet, waiting to find entrance, pouring itself around us this way and that, if at last it may find some crevice in our stony hearts, whereby we may admit Him, the everlasting Joy of the Blessed.'—*Ibid.* p. 19.

The sermon on 'The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent,' puts forward the benefits of that divine ordinance, with especial reference to the case of repentant sinners, and those who might, on a too anxious view, think themselves excluded from the full participation of it:—

'It may well suit, in this our season of deepest joy, to speak of that comfort, which, flowing from the throne of the Lamb which was slain, is to the penitent the deepest river of his joy, the Holy Mysteries; from which, as from Paradise, he feels that he deserves to be shut out, from which, perhaps, in the holier discipline of the Ancient Church, he would have been for a time removed, but which to his soul must be the more exceeding precious, because they are the Body and Blood of his Redeemer. While others joy with a more Angelic joy, as feeding on Him, Who is the Angels' food, and "sit," as S. Chrysostom says, "with Angels and Archangels and heavenly powers, clad with the kingly robe of Christ itself, yea clad with the King Himself, and having spiritual armoury," he may be the object of the joy of Angels; and while, as a penitent, he approaches as to the Redeemer's Side, he may hope that, having so been brought, he, with the penitent, shall not be parted from It, but be with Him and near Him in Paradise. "To the holier," says another, "He is more precious as God; to the sinner more precious is the Redeemer. Of higher value and avail is He to him, who hath more grace; yet to him also to whom much is forgiven, doth He the more avail, because "to whom much is forgiven, he loveth much." '—*The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent*, pp. 2, 3.

Again, in the same sermon he says, 'The penitent's joy, then, in the Holy Eucharist is not the less deep, because the pardon of sins is not, as in Baptism, its direct provision;' and he meets the difficulty of the sinner's presence at the Altar thus:—

'But where, one may feel, is there here any place for the sinner? Here all breathes of holy life, life in God, the life of God imparted to man, the indwelling of the All Holy and Incarnate Word, the Presence of God in the soul and body, incorruption and eternal life, through His Holy Presence and union with Him, Who, being God, is Life. Where seems there room for one, the mansion of whose soul has been broken down, and he to have no place where Christ may lay His head; the vessel has been broken, if not defiled, and now seems unfit to contain God's Holy Presence; the tenement has been narrowed by self-love, and seems incapable of expanding to receive the love of God, or God Who is love; or choked and thronged with evil or foul imaginations; or luxury and self-indulgence have dissolved it, or evil thoughts and desires have made room for evil spirits in that which was the dwelling-place of the Trinity?

Doubtless, God's highest and "holy" gift, is as the Ancient Church proclaimed, chiefly "for the holy." "Ye cannot be partakers of the Table of the Lord, and the table of devils." And as Holy Scripture, so also the Ancient Church, when alluding to the fruits of this ineffable gift, speak of them mostly as they would be to those, who, on earth, already live in Heaven, and on Him who is its life and bliss.'

' Yet although most which is spoken belongs to Christians as belonging already to the household of saints and the family of Heaven and the Communion of Angels and unity with God, still, here as elsewhere in the New Testament, there is a subordinate and subdued notion of sin; and what wraps the Saint already in the third Heaven, may yet uphold us sinners, that the pit shut not her mouth upon us. The same reality of the Divine Gift makes It Angels' food to the Saint, the ransom to the sinner. And both because It is the Body and Blood of Christ. Were it *only* a thankful commemoration of His redeeming love, or *only* a shewing forth of His Death, or a strengthening *only* and refreshing of the soul, it were indeed a reasonable service, but it would have no direct healing for the sinner. To him its special joy is that it is His Redeemer's very broken Body, It is His Blood, which was shed for the remission of his sins. In the words of the ancient Church, he "drinks his ransom," he eateth that, "the very Body and Blood of the Lord, the only sacrifice for sin," God "poureth out" for him yet "the most precious Blood of His Only-Begotten;" they "are fed from the Cross of the Lord, because they eat his Body and Blood;" and as of the Jews of old, even those who had been the betrayers and murderers of their Lord, it was said, "the Blood, which in their phrenzy they shed, believing they drank," so of the true penitent it may be said, whatever may have been his sins, so he could repent, awful as it is say,—the Blood he in deed despised, and profaned, and trampled under foot, may he, when himself humbled in the dust, drink, and therein drink his salvation. "He Who refused not to shed His Blood for us, and again gave us of His Flesh and His very Blood, what will He refuse for our salvation?" "He," says S. Ambrose, "is the Bread of Life. Whoso then eateth life cannot die. How should he die, whose food is life? How perish, who hath a living substance? Approach to Him and be filled, because He is Bread; approach to Him and drink, because He is a Fountain; approach to Him and be enlightened, because He is Light; approach to Him and be freed, because, where the Spirit of the Lord is, here is liberty; approach to Him and be absolved, because He is Remission of sins."—*The Holy Eucharist*, p. 15, *et seq.*

The remembrance of past sin, is described as the growth of love as well as of fear.

' Deep sins after Baptism are forgiven, but upon deep contrition which God giveth; and deep contrition is, for the most part, slowly and gradually worked into the soul, deepening with deepening grace, sorrowing still more, as, by God's grace, it more deeply loves; grieved the more, the more it knows Him Whom it once grieved, and through that grief and love wrought in it by God, the more forgiven. So then, by the very order of God with the soul, (except when He leads it in some special way, and by the Cross and His own overflowing love blots out the very traces of past sin and its very memory,) continued sorrow is not only the condition of continued pardon, but the very channel of new graces and of the renewed life of the soul. Sorrow, as it flows on, is more refined, yet deeper. To part with sorrow and self-displeasure, would be to part with love, for it grieveth, and is displeased, because it loves. Again, sins before Baptism come not into judgment at all; they belonged to one who is not; in Baptism he was buried and died, and a new man, with a new life and a new principle of life, was raised through the Resurrection of Christ. Grievous sins after Baptism are remitted by Absolution; and the judgment, if the penitent be sincere, is an earnest of the Judgment of Christ, and is confirmed by Him. Yet the same penitent has yet to appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that, according to his sincerity, the Lord may ratify or annul the judgment of His servants.'—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 25, 26.

A cheerfulness and almost triumph pervade the following picture of forgiveness realized and manifested to the world :—

' In healthful times, when discipline was observed, and people were in earnest about their souls, and felt the pressure of their sins, and the darkness of the absence of Divine grace, and a healthful fear of the wrath of God, there needed not proof that sins could be forgiven, because their forgiveness was seen, and witnessed, and felt, and shone forth in the renewed health and life of the soul. When the Church "with whom," in the language of a father, "there was one hope, one fear, one joy, one suffering, because there is One Spirit from One Lord and Father, grieved together" over the fall of "one of her members," "together laboured for its cure," and was gladdened by the holy conversation of restored penitents, and their victories in conflicts wherein they had before been vanquished, she knew that the gift of reconciliation was lodged in her, in which the whole body took part. Mourning with those who mourned, she knew the rather that they were comforted, whose restoration was furthered by her love and deep sighs and prayers. The discipline under which the penitent was brought and was humbled, was the very token of his restoration. He felt the power lodged in the Church to bind, and its very exercise assured him that he might be loosed. He saw those, once, with himself, oppressed by Satan, set free; and he knew that the inward bonds by which Satan held him, the cords of his sins and the iron chain of evil habits, might be loosed. The Church could give account of the source of her powers, to any who might be entitled to ask her, and could appeal to the commission given her by her Lord; the workings of that power were the pledge to individuals. When she, in her Lord's Name, said to the lame, "Arise, and walk," and to the leper, "Be cleansed," and to the blind, "Wash in the pool of Siloam, i. e. of Him Who is sent," and the palsy of past sin was healed, and men "ran the way of God's commandments," the leprosy and defilement of sin fell off, and "their flesh was turned to them like the flesh of a little child;" and they who had been dried up by the decrepitude of sin, became anew "like little children," "of whom is the kingdom of heaven;" and the blind through trespasses and sins, "saw every thing clearly," and those whose very senses were defiled, could taste anew the sweetness of heavenly things, "and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come;"—when through His gifts in the Church God wrought such spiritual miracles as these, no one needed to ask, "By what power or authority doest thou these things?" When by her healing she showed that she was clad with the power of her Lord, none needed to question whether she had the authority of her Lord Who by her healed. When the lame arose and walked, none after that asked Him, "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 15—17.

The new dignity conferred on man, as the channel of the Divine mercy and forgiveness, becomes, when looked at in this view, only another result of God's condescension to and exaltation of human nature in the Gospel.

' Why then do men shrink back from this plain meaning of our Lord's words? Why but for some imaginations of inherent unfitness, that they cannot reconcile to themselves how we should have such treasure in earthen vessels, how this power should be intrusted to those who might not use it aright, or might make it but an occasion of sin.

' It is indeed an awful "honour," to use the words of S. Chrysostom, "which the Holy Spirit hath vouchsafed to His Priests.—While conversant here on earth, they are commissioned to dispense the things of heaven, and

receive a power which God hath not conferred on Angels or Archangels; for to them hath it not been said, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." But is it then a new thing for God to "perfect praise through babes," or overcome wisdom by folly, or make weakness His strength? "O wretched unbelief," says a father, "who deniest to God His own proper qualities, simplicity and power!" Is it not, on that very account, more according to all the analogy of God's dealings since the foundation of the world? Hath not He, Who hung the earth upon nothing, and has made sand the bound of the proud waves of the sea, and man, of all the weakest, the Lord of this earthly creation, when He had breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and cast around him the robe of original innocency, hath not He ever shown His Almightiness in seeming weakness, that it might be seen that the excellency was of Him? What were the ark of Noah, and the rod of Moses, and his feeble, upstayed arms, which won victory over Amalek, but types of the Cross, mighty and victorious in weakness? What the line of the Redeemer's descent through the younger, as Seth, and Shem, and Abraham, and Isaac, begotten "of one as good as dead," and Jacob, and Judah, and David, and Solomon, but an image that God would choose "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty?" When has He not used means, inadequate, in order to bring about His ends? What was Israel itself, who were as grasshoppers in their own sight, to subdue the seven nations, images of the seven deadly sins which war against the soul, or the stone and sling of David, or "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," or Jael, or the hornet which He sent before Israel, or the children of the barren, as Isaac, and Samuel, and John Baptist, or the "feeble Jews," through whom He restored Israel after the captivity, but preachers of the one great truth, that God brings not about His ways as our ways? So that if in any case He makes use of might, He either subdues it, and Samson's strength becomes available through the Nazarite's vow, and Moses' through old age, or it is a type of Anti-Christ, hating Him, while serving His ends in purifying His people. What more strange thing is it, that He, through the voice of a man, should forgive sins, than that through clay, which would blind, He should give sight, or, through stopping the ears, should open them: or that His Voice should awaken the dead, who of themselves could not hear it; or that He should command the winds and sea, and they should obey Him? How is it stranger than that the Lord should hearken to the voice of a man, and the sun obey the voice of him who said, "Sun, stand thou still;" or that, through the indwelling of His Spirit, the voice of the tent-maker in bonds should make Felix tremble, and almost persuade a king in his pomp to belong to the "sect every where spoken against," or subdue the Imperial City, and silence the wise of this world, and run through the world, making Jew, and Greek, and Barbarian, obedient to the faith? "It is not ye that speak," saith our Lord, "but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." "That man from the earth," says S. Gregory the Great, "might have so great power, the Creator of heaven and earth came to earth from heaven, and that the flesh might judge spirits, the Lord, made Flesh for man, vouchsafed to bestow this upon him, because thereby did human weakness rise beyond itself, that Divine Might was made weak below Itself." It may be one of the fruits of the Incarnation, and a part of the dignity thereby conferred upon our nature, that God would rather work His miracles of grace through man, than immediately by Himself. It may be part of the Mystery of the Passion, that God would rather bestow Its fruits, through those who can suffer with us, through toil and suffering, than without them. It may be part of the purpose of His Love, that love should increase while one member suffers with another, and relieves another.—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 42—46.

We must close our series of extracts from Dr. Pusey's writings. If the reader has been able to follow their course, he will have formed some idea of our meaning, in speaking of the two sides and stages, and yet the unity and consecutiveness, of Dr. Pusey's teaching.

In retracing then Dr. Pusey's course, as we have done, he appears to have been preeminently a teacher for these times; one made to combat with the tendencies of a soft and luxurious age, and with latitudinarian and pietistic systems. His stern spirituality has met the one: his doctrinal depth, and his sense of mystery, the other. He revived the true doctrine of Baptism, when it had become dangerously faint and nominal among us: and his Tract on that subject brought the idea of Christianity as a mysterious dispensation, home to us, and undermined a vast mass of rationalistic prejudices which had overgrown our system. That Tract, in establishing the supernatural grace of Baptism, imparted that general sense of mystery, that general sense of the connexion of the visible with the invisible world, which the age especially wanted. With the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration, the doctrine of the Church goes along. Baptism, if it does any thing real for us at all, admits us into a spiritual society, and makes us members of a body: and with that body thenceforth we are united. The true idea of Baptism truly appreciated, destroys all that individual and insular position in which ordinary Protestantism reposes, and establishes that social and corporate, that authoritative and sacerdotal, basis which the Church claims. It is the key to a whole different religious system, and a whole different world of religious associations and feelings. Dr. Pusey took possession of this ground, and fixed this great doctrine upon people's minds. He came thus into vital contact with, and combated to effect with the rationalism, pietistic and latitudinarian, of the day. His deep doctrine of Repentance has in a like way contended with and reproved the habits of a soft and luxurious age: and brought before men a harder and self-denying standard of life. A practical reformer, one who makes a general amendment of manners and morals in his communion his great and leading thought and task, is a rare person. Dr. Pusey has been this. The great aim in his mind has been to make people better; to persuade them to discipline themselves, to induce them not to look on this life as a scene of pleasure and satisfaction, but of duty. But he has been a practical reformer upon a Christian basis; and this also has brought him necessarily into connexion with the doctrine of Baptismal grace; for Christians must be told what they have fallen from, in order to let them know that depth of sin out of which they have to rise: and amend-

ment of life in Christians must start with a perception of which they were to begin with, before they went wrong, *i. e.* a perception of the high privileges of the new birth and the Baptismal state. Dr. Pusey has thus been, in an especial way, a preacher of Baptism and Repentance. And this has prepared the way for the subject matter of his latter teaching, the doctrine of the 'Forgiveness of Sins,' and the 'Entire Absolution of the Penitent.'

NOTICES.

'THE Old Testament History ; or, a connected view of God's dealings with His people before the coming of our Lord. By a Country Clergyman.' (Rivingtons.) The object of this little work is, to present the facts and narratives of the Old Testament as a continuous history, in an interesting form, and in language suited to the capacity of children, at the same time drawing forth the moral and religious lessons of the events. Every one must feel how admirably the detailed particulars of the Old Testament are calculated to affect the minds of children, and to impress upon them the belief of the personality and providence of God, and of His moral government of the world. Yet most persons will have found, on trial, that the Bible cannot most profitably be used by being put, just as it is, into the hands of children, or by being read with them straight through. Hence we are almost inevitably led to select and arrange, and to comment upon the narratives in such a way as shall best secure the object we have in view—the knowledge of Scripture history, and its meaning. To do this well requires much pains and attention, and some special qualifications. Many serious evils are incident to such attempts, if made by unskilful or improper persons ; and these evils have led some to look with suspicion and distrust on everything of the kind. The thing, itself, however, as we have said, must be done somehow. The necessity of the case puts all teachers upon doing it, after a fashion. It is, in fact, oral teaching reduced to writing. We think this little work a very judicious and successful attempt. It has especially succeeded in some points of much importance, in exhibiting the connexion of events and the continuousness of the narrative ; in the combination of simplicity of language with the reverence due to the subject ; and the moral and religious instruction directly or indirectly conveyed is of a sound character without being forced or technical. The author has avoided the dryness and hardness of Mrs. Trimmer's work, and the fragmentary character of Schmid's. The book is illustrated by original drawings.

'Elective Polarity, the Universal Agent,' (Simpkin and Marshall,) is presented to us as the solution of the Problem of the Universe. A thin octavo, brilliant in type and margin, whose pages thickly chequered with emphatic capitals and imperative italics, proclaim the sex of the writer as distinctly as the name on the title-page, comprehends the mighty secret. The laws of polarity, by virtue of which the qualities of bodies vary according to their position, are assumed to depend on the inclination of the axis of the earth to the various heavenly bodies. Now, in consequence of the motion known as the precession of the equinoxes, after a lapse of about 12,000 years, a Lyre or Vega, the brightest star in our hemisphere, which now glows nearly in the zenith, will become the Pole-star. This is here assumed to have actually occurred 12,000 years ago, and to the influences of its brilliant aspect are ascribed all the wonders of the primeval world. To this we owe, not only

the mammoth and the megatherium, and the vast forests which compose our coal strata; but also that mightier race of men, whose gigantic powers are still visible in the temple of Juggernaut, and the Pyramids and Labyrinths of Egypt. We fear the sceptically-disposed may object to a theory which requires the contemporaneous existence of King Cheops and the Plesiosaurians, and assigns to the Delta of Egypt the antiquity of the coal beds of South Wales. As we have declined from the glowing splendours of Vega towards the comparatively faint light of our present pole-star in Ursa Minor, Nature has gradually drooped, till her feeble powers can generate no higher existence than the plants and animals of the present world, and the puny race of our human contemporaries. We need not however despair: the united forces of 'Rotatory Oscillation' and 'Spiral Courses' will bear us, in their sure advance, once more within the influences of our old ruler, and flagging nature will revive beneath its genial glow. 'Into sublimities like these,' we are told, (p. 32,) 'which render astronomy the sublimest of studies, and the most redolent of devotion, Sir Isaac Newton could not enter.' That glory was reserved for Frances Barbara Burton!

'The Influence of Christianity in Promoting the Abolition of Slavery in Europe. The Hulsean Dissertation for 1845. By Churchill Babington, B.A., Scholar of St. John's College.' (Cambridge: Macmillan.) A solid treatise, and full of sound historical information.

'The Novitiate; or, A Year among the English Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmetz,' (Smith and Elder,) is, in some respects, a rather less objectionable book on the subject of the Jesuits than those we have lately seen. The author, who appears to be a liberal in his present creed, shows no bitterness towards his former masters, and gives an account of his own Jesuit education, in a matter-of-fact style; except where he introduces his own reflections, which are rather dreamy, and not seldom conceited. We are bound however to denounce, in the most unqualified terms, certain passages on personal discipline. It seems a characteristic of all these Anti-Jesuit writers, to delight themselves with the very puriency which they affect to be denouncing.

'The Legacy of an Etonian. Edited by Robert Nolands, sole executor.' (Cambridge, Macmillan.) There was no occasion to publish this volume under a *nom de guerre*, and with the quaint introduction which it has; parts of which, however, are pleasing. The volume itself contains the ordinary good poetry of the day: perhaps above the average. The first piece, 'The Withered Mistletoe,' has beauty and feeling; with occasional poverties. The author has ventured on that difficult problem, the sacred drama; but without success. His 'Esther' is very dull. It is so, though he has taken liberties with the sacred narrative. 'I have taken the liberty of imagining that 'Esther, having been brought up in the strictest seclusion, was introduced 'at the proper age to a young Jew, her intended husband; that he was at 'first accepted by her, but subsequently rejected, in obedience to a Divine 'impulse.' This addition to the story develops into love scenes between Esther and 'Harim.'

'Memoir of the Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir Philip Durham, G.C.B. By his nephew, Captain C. A. Murray.' (Murray.) If this is the

only memoir that could have been written of this deserving naval officer, he had much better not have had one at all. For what interest can attach to the fact, that this Duke or that Marshal met Sir Philip Durham, and were courteous to him, and asked him to dinner? 'The Duc de Cazes was very attentive to the admiral in Paris'—'Marshal Macdonald invited Sir Philip to call at his hotel.' One piece of attention which the Admiral received was remarkable. 'His Majesty (Louis Philippe) showed the most marked civility to Sir Philip and Lady Durham. One day they received a letter containing two notes, one in a yellow and the other in a blue silk envelope, inviting them to attend the opening of the Chambers. On arriving at the Palais Bourbon, they found two large chairs prepared for them, next the throne, ornamented with silk, the same colour as the envelopes of the notes.'

'The Real Danger of the Church of England. By the Rev. W. Gresley, M.A. Prebendary of Lichfield.' (Burns.) The manliness and vigour of Mr. Gresley's thought and style are here applied to a subject which particularly suits and calls for them. A number of important facts, now going on before our eyes, illustrating the progress and efforts of a directly alien party in, but not of, our Church, are put forward; and the necessary inference from them is made, and a warning given. The doctrine upon which Mr. Gresley insists, and which he makes the touchstone, is that of Baptismal Regeneration. He says, this is undeniably a most fundamental and essential doctrine; it, and the denial of it, are the two bases of two totally opposite religious systems. It cannot, therefore, by the confession of both sides, be set down as unimportant. On this most important doctrine, then, what side does the Church of England take? The answer is, that she undeniably, unequivocally, literally and plainly holds and imposes it. So essential a doctrine then, thus literally imposed by the Church, is completely, openly, unreservedly denied and condemned by a large party in the Church; who preach against it from their pulpits, write pamphlets and books against it, and consider all those who hold it to have an inferior and a carnal religion. Now a party which openly rejects an important and fundamental doctrine of the Church, must be considered a schismatical party. This open rejection of Church doctrine is as sensible a fact as an actual secession would be; and the Church must consider such an open rejection to be a schismatical proceeding. How then, to continue Mr. Gresley's inquiry, is this schismatical body advancing? It has, in the first instance, a regular organized system of trusteeship, by which it has got possession, and is getting possession, of whole towns, and important posts in different parts of the country. It has, in the next place, a 'Pastoral Aid Society,' by which it has more or less control over the teaching of 253 parishes, containing in all nearly two millions, one-eighth part of the entire population of England and Wales. It has other channels of influence, which we need not enumerate. And how, adds Mr. Gresley, is this schismatical and very formidable and aspiring party in the Church treated? What do the Bishops of the Church say against these proceedings? The answer is—Nothing. Such is the argument of Mr. Gresley's pamphlet; and he has, moreover, very melancholy anticipations as to the future prospects of our Church if this silence should con-

tinue. We will append one remark to Mr. Gresley's argument, half in modification of, and half in the way of addition to, it. Our Church rulers have, on several occasions, expressed themselves against the peculiar *doctrines* of the party in question; the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Rochester, Bangor, and Exeter, have. But we do not remember that any have noticed their *proceedings*. For example, there has been now for some time an organized and public association between some of our clergy and the teachers of dissenting denominations, called 'the Evangelical Alliance,' having for its object the spread of those doctrines which they and the Dissenters hold in common; and which one of these two sides, viz. the dissenting, holds professedly in distinction to the doctrine of the Church, whatever the other side may do. This alliance is gathering names, convening meetings, eliciting and making speeches, passing resolutions, inserting reports, exhibiting itself in the public press. Has any Bishop remarked upon this Alliance?

Mr. R. C. Trench is a writer, as all must acknowledge, of very varied powers: he combines a picturesque, but peculiar, style, with considerable reading in quarters not accessible to the general run of readers. His book on the 'Parables' is popular, and we think deservedly so. But Mr. Trench's forte is, we think, literary rather than philosophic: he has more elegance than depth, he covers more ground than he ploughs. The very difficult question of 'Miracles' is, in our opinion, beyond Mr. Trench; at any rate in his recent volume, 'Notes on the Miracles of our Lord,' (J. W. Parker,) he has advanced some very questionable and almost dangerous speculations, especially on the criteria of miracles. Mr. Trench seems leaning to the Eclectic school; and there are now special calls on him to guard against the excess of a cosmopolite spirit.

The Cambridge Camden Society have brought out the sixth and concluding part of their 'Illustrations of Monumental Brasses,' containing the effigies of two priests, a knight and his lady, and a justice of the Common Pleas, together with four lithographed illustrations. Of the latter, one giving a perspective view of the wooden church of Little Peover, Cheshire, though not very valuable, is interesting, now that we are giving attention to the subject of churches in that material; another, showing the interior of the Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, taken by an amateur, Mr. Weston of Christ College, immediately after the restoration, and before Sir Jenner Fust had destroyed the altar, or the incumbent had set up his stove and 'tablets' has both interest and value. The views and illustrations of the series strike us as being better executed than the brasses themselves: though these are well-selected, and the memoirs attached to each subject are some of them very excellent, and all of them written in a good tone. Indeed, we conceive this to be the chief merit of the series: that it describes these beautiful memorials not merely as objects of antiquarian interest, nor as matters of taste, but as, what they really are, the last mementoes of Christians like ourselves. This feeling, particularly when the tombs of the departed are the subjects of examination, is the only safeguard from the heartlessness and diletantism which attach to archæology, as generally pursued. And it is this feeling which makes this series quite wholesome and refreshing in these days of Archæologica.

journals, and such like publications. The religious view in which the various authors have regarded their memoirs is expressed very happily in some Latin Leonines appended to the series as an epilogus. We extract the concluding stanzas:—

- ‘ Ubi semel ultimum ad Tribunal statur,
- ‘ In quo pœnitentiæ nullus locus datur,
- ‘ Reus coram Judice anæ gloriatur ?
- ‘ Servus coram Domino tale fabulatur?

- ‘ Apagæ papavera—apagæ mœrorem,
- ‘ Fractus aufer lapides—ferreum soporem ;
- ‘ Spem fidemque statuæ spirent et amorem,
- ‘ Marmor det angelicum, quod potest, decorem.

- ‘ Urnæ, tædæ, vincula quid cum liberatis ?
- ‘ Quidve flos deciduus habet cum Beatis ?
- ‘ Ubi ver perpetuum, expers vita fati,
- ‘ Et æternum gaudium Immortalitatis.

- ‘ Omnibus fidelibus requiem oremus,
- ‘ Et sic ad propositam metam festinemus,
- ‘ Ut cum illis, simulac cursum peragemus,
- ‘ In excelsis gloriam DEO conclamemus !’

The same initials identify the author of these verses, Mr. J. M. Neale, as the writer of a clever paper, illustrating the brass of Prior Nelond, of Cowfold, in the fourth number, in the form of a letter describing the Prior’s burial, supposed to be written by his brother. Dr. Mill has contributed, we perceive, a memoir of Dr. Hauford, Master of Christ College, containing a sketch of the academical history of his time ; and Mr. Webb’s memoir of Archbishop Harsnett, Master of Pembroke, gives some account of the Calvinian struggle in Cambridge in the time of James I. Archdeacon Thorp and Mr. A. B. Hope stand revealed as the authors of very elegant papers on an unknown priest from North Mimms, and Father Britellus Avenel, of Buxted. We believe that this work has done good service, by its way of treating the subject, as much as by the very varied scientific information it conveys. The illustrations also are very creditable to amateurs : but we must protest against the difference of scale, and even of style of execution, permitted in the different parts, and also against having some of the plates so large as to require folding. This is a blemish to any illustrated book.

‘The History of the Foreign Protestant Refugees settled in England, &c. by John S. Burn,’ (Longman,) contains much useful and accurate information, hitherto accessible only in remote and difficult quarters. This collection contains more than the title promises, since some notices of the Greek communion in England are included in it. The following passage seems worth extracting:—‘Upon the completion, in 1843, of the church, [for the use of the ‘French Calvinists, in St. Martin’s-le-Grand,] a question of great importance ‘occupied for some weeks the attention of the consistory, composed of the two ‘pastors, and the elders and deacons of the Church, namely, as to the mode

‘of consecration of their new temple. Some members of the consistory, animated by the truest zeal and anxiety, thought that it would add great importance to the ancient French Protestant Church, if the Bishop of London was requested to come and consecrate to God their new house of prayer. Others, however, grounding their opinion upon the Presbyterian principle, the basis of this, as well as of all the Protestant Churches of France, and recollecting the spirit of freedom and religious liberty which their fathers had transmitted to them, were opposed to such a consecration; and, while all were entertaining the utmost respect and deference to that representative of the English Church, it was decided that the consecration should be conducted according to the ceremonies of the Reformed Church of France. The consistory, therefore, chose the Rev. F. Martin to read the prayers, and the Rev. W. I. Daugars to preach the inauguration sermon. It was also determined to invite the Lord Bishop to the ceremony, which was done by a suitable letter written by the pastors. His lordship, in his reply, assured the consistory of his good wishes, and of the pleasure the invitation had given him; but being about to leave London on account of his health, he found it impossible to be present on the occasion *personally*, though he promised to be so with his *prayers*.’—Pp. 26, 27. It must be borne in mind that this communion have rejected the Apostolical Succession. We are aware that Edward the Sixth’s charter, in favour of the Walloons and John à Lasco, is ordinarily quoted as an enstasis against the Church of England, as well as the perpetual appointment of the Bishop of London as superintendent of these heretical bodies. But it must be remembered that Foreign Protestantism was not old enough to develop its natural tendencies at the time of the Reformation, and the fact that this superintendence has been less than nominal, together with the total cessation of all religious intercourse between the Church of England and these bodies, tells plainly in the opposite direction. There is not a more remarkable testimony to the difference in kind between the Foreign and English Reformations, than the gradual extinction of these Foreign Refugees, who are now reduced to a mere shadow, as we learn from Mr. Burn. Some of their temples are occupied by Dissenters, but of by far the majority not a trace and scarcely the name survives. The noble church in Austin Friars is the most sad memorial of the unprofitable sacrilege which even for a time recognised Swiss Protestantism. Among the many benefits which we owe to Archbishop Laud, was his most judicious recognition, in their true character, of these Protestant bodies: it forms a prominent grievance in Prynne’s attack.

—‘Revista Historica do Preselytismo Anti-Catholico exercida na Ilha da Madeira, pelo Dr. Roberto Reid Kalley. Por um Madeirense. Funchal, 1845.’ Pp. 92. This is a very sensible account of the beginning, progress, and (we hope) end of Dr. Kalley’s enterprise. It is not an unimportant history; as showing the innate hold that the Church, even when reduced as low as it well can be reduced, possesses on the minds of the poor, in resisting a vigorous, well-commenced, well-supported, attack of Protestantism: when the assault received all the assistance that the professional skill of the proselytizer could yield, in a country where medical skill is peculiarly prized;

where money, time, and labour, were freely devoted to the mission; and where the great and overpowering influence of the English population (on which the city of Funchal may be almost said to depend) was supposed to be (for in reality it was not) exerted in favour of the innovator.

Dr. Kalley, a Scotch physician, formerly, we believe, an Independent, but now a Presbyterian, visited Madeira, for the first time, in the October of 1838. Having acquired some degree of familiarity with the language, he dispensed medicine and advice gratis to the poor, and thus acquired a very great influence over those whom he relieved. He then commenced public reading, and expositions of the Bible, which were numerous attended; and, in answer to all objections, whether from English or Portuguese, solemnly protested that 'he would never teach anything in opposition to the 'religion of the State.' (*De não hostilizar jamais a religião do Estado.*) The government, however, took a different view of the subject; and a *portaria* was despatched from Lisbon to the then Bishop elect of Funchal, requiring him to put an end to the expositions of Dr. Kalley. Such was then the confidence of the Funchalese in his integrity and professional skill, that a memorial in his favour was very numerous and respectably signed; among its principal promoters was the author of the pamphlet we are noticing. The Bishop elect exacted a promise from Dr. Kalley, to interfere no further with religion, and contented himself with that step.

Dr. Kalley, having visited Scotland, and become a convert to the Free Church, returned to Madeira, in November 1842; and thenceforward openly attacked the religion of the country. His lectures were continued; those who appeared as his most regular attendants received gratuities of money, bread, and *milho*; and he soon persuaded two persons to leave the religion of their forefathers. We well remember the horror this event occasioned; it was the first instance of apostasy ever known in Madeira. Dr. Kalley's windows were broken by a mob; he gave himself out for a Confessor, but threw himself on the protection of the government: the Civil Governor issued (March 17, 1843) a very sensible proclamation, warning all persons against the infringement of the laws, and the doctor himself as one of their chief transgressors; and clearly proving that neither the Constitution, nor the treaty with Great Britain, of June 1842, authorized the system of proselytism which they were asserted to defend.

Dr. Kalley, on this, published one of the most imprudent pamphlets that we have seen, under the title of '*Una Exposição de Factos*;' in which he claims the benefit of the treaty, and, calling himself a member of the *Churches of England*, says, that he cannot be considered to enjoy the free exercise of his religion, unless he has the liberty of expounding it, in their own tongue, to the Portuguese. At the same time he expressly re-asserts that he in no respect contradicts the religion of the State; and yet a friend of his, a Mr. Kennedy, of Aberdeen, publishes, almost simultaneously, a letter on the subject, in which he says, 'Observe how strongly Dr. Kalley expresses himself against the Roman Catholic religion; I entirely agree with him,' &c.

The next step was the solemn excommunication of the two apostates (April 7, 1843), and the admonition of all such as should frequent Dr. Kalley's lectures, which were declared to be 'promotive of schism and heresy.'

Thus far the Church had acted with prudence and vigour: she then, unfortunately, took a false step. A Commission had been appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the copies of Padre Antonio Pereira's Translation of the Bible, as circulated by Dr. Kalley. Now the last edition of this, as published by Pereira, differs in almost every sentence from that which preceded it; the Bible Society had printed from one: the commission compared their edition with the other, and (not recognising the cause of the difference) condemned it as a false reprint; and the Bishop elect, in a Pastoral Epistle, (September 26, 1843), forbade its use.

Dr. Kalley, by a kind of infatuation, did not see where the mistake of the Commission lay: and (as his English and Scotch friends were now pouring in for the winter season) he was emboldened to publish 'A Proclamation to the Madeirese:' in which he asserted that the Bibles he distributed differed but slightly from Pereira's version:—for example, he said he had collated the Gospel of St. Matthew, and had found but *two* differences between the two. This is false: in a copy now lying before us we have noted *thirty*. The Doctor a few days after advertised, in a public paper, that he had received a cargo of Bibles, which he had for sale; and, by way of recommendation, added, 'These Bibles are of the same edition anathematized by the Bishop.'

Justice had slumbered too long, and Dr. Kalley was quickly conveyed to prison. There he did pretty much as he liked; saw whom he would: taught what doctrines he would; went out when he would to his patients; attended only by an *escrivão*, (a respectable magistrate's clerk) enjoyed the self-reputation of a Confessor, and published a work in London, entitled, 'An Account of the Recent Persecutions in Madeira.'

We cannot enter into the Doctor's trial; into the futile terror entertained that Great Britain was really interested in his freedom; into the lengthened memorial that reached the Foreign Office; into Lord Aberdeen's expressed weariness of him and his proceedings; into his liberation; from that time forth, suffice it to say, he sank in public estimation, till he became what he is now. This is partly, doubtless, to be attributed to the prudent and yet energetic interference of the present Bishop, Dr. José Xavier Cerveira e Sousa.

We will only notice his proceedings in the summer of 1844, which formed the staple of commendation in several Protestant meetings in that and the ensuing year.

Santo Antonia de Serra, a beautiful mountain range to the east of Funchal, is one of the retreats of the English during the heat of the summer. Here, in his pleasant *Serrado das Ameixieiras*, Dr. Kalley formed a complete colony of converts. Orders were issued to the police to seize one of those who had, nearly two years before, been denounced as excommunicate, but who was now emboldened to interfere in the school of a place called the *Lombo das Faias*. The constables seized on their prisoner: the followers of Dr. Kalley flew to arms; the *buzio* (a rude shepherd's instrument) summoned their associates to the rescue: and amidst cries of *mata! mata!* (kill them! kill them!) the police were driven off. And because a body of military was found necessary to put down this insurrection, Dr. Kalley,

having now been for a long time a Confessor, has graciously conceded the same title to his followers.

This unhappy man is now understood; and, we believe, will do no more harm. We congratulate the author of the 'Revista' on his successful *exposé* of the duplicity and falsehoods of the Presbyterian party; and we are glad that he has good means of learning that the English Church is as much opposed to their proceedings as he himself can be.

The Bishop of St. Andrew's has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese, in which, with much solemnity and depth of feeling, and in the tone of a person who is performing a sacred and religious act, he calls upon the Clergy and Church of Scotland to maintain their Communion Office. He speaks as an aged prelate of the Scotch Church; with all her past history and associations, her persecutions, her endurance, her names of holy bishops and confessors, deeply fixed in his mind. We cannot but believe that such an appeal will have its weight. 'It is no small or common necessity,' says his lordship, 'in my eighty-third year, to undertake such a task; weighed down, as I must unavoidably be, with the infirmities of body incident to such an advanced age, and the anxieties of mind, inseparable from my sacred office. . . . From me, this world and all its glories are fading away, like the shifting scenes of a moving picture.' . . . 'I am the only one,' he says further on, 'of the Episcopal College, now alive, who can speak of the state of the Church at that time from his own personal knowledge and experience; and I not only write under a deep sense of obligation so to do, but I cherish the hope that my address will be the more readily listened to, as it is probably the last public testimony which I shall ever be able to give to questions so vitally connected with the purity and well-being of our holy profession.'

'At the period alluded to, there were fifty-eight separate congregations, with regular weekly service, and five or six smaller congregations, which had only occasional service. These were all in communion with the Scottish Bishops, and, of course, under their supervision and government. Of that whole number, there was only one wherein the Scotch Communion Office was *not* used at every administration of the Holy Communion, to the entire delight and edification of the recipients, so far as I ever heard.' He concludes his address: 'Should my labours prove ineffectual, you will, at least, not be able to accuse me at the judgment-seat of Christ of having neglected to warn you of your danger,—nor to rob me of the reward promised to all who, under whatsoever discouragement, have publicly confessed Him before men in the fulness of His character, as the Source of Grace and the Centre of Glory.'

We have much pleasure in noticing, in connexion with this subject, a long, serious, and able address from a writer whose name does not appear, but will, we apprehend, be easily conjectured by the members of his Church. The occasion of this address, is the writer's observing 'a notice which appeared in a provincial newspaper, that one of our congregations, which had been invited to partake of the Holy Communion, and to whom a clergyman, commissioned by their bishop, had been sent for that purpose;

'after having attended the ordinary morning service, and when the solemn rite was about to commence, turned their back on the Holy Table, declined to partake of the blessed Eucharist, and left the Chapel. The reason of this most unseemly and unchristian proceeding is said to have been, because the Sacrament was not to be administered according to the ritual of the Church of England, but according to the form which is of primary authority in our Church.'

An edition of the '*Hippolytus of Euripides*' has appeared by Mr. Charles Yonge. It is of the same form as the '*Plays*' edited by Major and Brasse, and it is no gain to scholarship. By far the greater part of the notes, which are printed in a most intricate manner, are merely literal translations of Bishop Monk's: of what use such a translation can be it is difficult to conceive. Those who may wish to know, for instance, the metres of the choric lines in Monk's edition, may, surely, be left to read them in Latin. If they cannot read the Latin with as much facility as they would the English, they had, without question, better wait till they can. There is no Index to the volume. Any schoolboy whatever, who wishes to read the play, had better go to the original edition of Monk, than to this book.

Mr. Edge, of Waldringfield, Suffolk, has published '*A few plain Remarks on Infant Baptism*;' a useful tract in answer to the Baptists, intended for village circulation.

'*The Theory of Development Examined*, with reference specially to Mr. Newman's Essay, and to the Rule of St. Vincent of Lerins. By W. J. Irons, B.D.' (Rivingtons.) Mr. Irons has given a too metaphysical turn to his Essay, and laid too much stress on what is not a turning point in the discussion. He discovers a subjectivity in Mr. Newman's notions of Christianity; he gathers this from the fact that Mr. Newman calls Christianity an 'idea;' and defines ideas to be 'habitual judgments firmly fixed on our mind, and having a hold over us.' Now, whether Mr. Newman's view of Christianity be subjective or not, his view of development does not depend on this subjectivity. For it is open to him to say, that the truth remaining always the same, and being real objective truth, the knowledge of it has been developed in the way in which he maintains it has. Mr. Irons has, we think, proved inaccuracies in Mr. Newman's philosophical language; but they do not seem to be on a central or turning point, as regards this controversy, however grave in themselves. There are remarks to the point, and acute ones, in this essay; though, as a treatise, it wants both wholeness and perspicuity.

Mr. Merle d'Aubigné came over to England, last year, for the double purpose of exchanging civilities with the Free Church and the Evangelical Alliance, and of exchanging his '*History of the Reformation*' for English gold. Also, like the ladies mentioned in the Latin Grammar, to see and to be seen. His views of things in general, he has embodied in the form of a letter to the Bishop of Chester, from which we can only gather the single fact, that he was asked to dinner by the Bishop of London and the (present) Bishop of Oxford: his impressions and advice are not much in our way, and, to say the truth, Mr. D'Aubigné is not a little tedious in more aspects than

one. He is now continuing his 'History of the Reformation,' a book which, by dint of vigorous puffing, has established a considerable English sale. The profits of this continuation the author, perhaps reasonably, wishes to keep to himself; so he writes it, with the assistance of a Mr. White, in two languages at once, French and English—a sort of theology on the Hamiltonian system: publishing the, to him, foreign or English copy first, and cautioning the world against any unauthorized translation from the English into French, *i. e.* the author's native language. So curious are the cross interests and purposes to which the copyright law gives rise. At the same time, Mr. Merle d'Aubigné complains of the inaccuracies of the existing English translations of the former part of his work, which was written in French; and he now announces a complete and authorized edition of the whole from the publishers of the continuation. (Oliver and Boyd.) To those who desire the book at all, we, of course, recommend this edition. But the literary peculiarities of Mr. Merle d'Aubigné are not over; he published the first volume of the continuation as the fourth volume of the whole series, and this before he commences the new edition of its predecessors by Oliver and Boyd. So that Mr. d'Aubigné has achieved tasks which are, at least, novelties in the literary world: he begins a book in French and finishes it in English, and he publishes his fourth volume before the first three.

Mr. Heurtley's Bampton Lectures for 1845, 'On Justification,' (J. H. Parker), do not contain any very novel or striking theology. They abandon Bishop Bull's view; and seem an expansion of that of Watterland.

'Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home.' (Seeley.) A judicious modification of the 'evangelical' school of opinions, but only a modification of them. A sensible 'Evangelical' young lady lectures a morbid young lady of the same school, and improves her. The dialogues show some thought, though they are heavy and formal.

'The Beauties of the Holy Bible.' (London: Riche.) There is no insurmountable objection to publishing selections from the Bible; for all parts of the Bible are not equally adapted for all uses. But the phrase, 'Beauties of the Holy Bible,' (as we talk of 'Beauties of Shakspeare,' 'Beauties of Sir Walter Scott,') is hardly a reverential one. Also, it is not treating the Bible reverentially, to prefix on a leaf by itself, in the way in which the opinions of the press are prefixed to popular works, 'THE OPINION OF SIR WILLIAM JONES, THE GREAT LINGUIST, OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.' Sir William Jones's favourable opinion of the eloquence, morality, and sublimity of the Bible, is then quoted, with this appendage—
'The above lines were found written on a page of a Bible belonging to the late Sir William Jones, master of above thirty-seven languages.'

'The Druidess. A Tale of the Fourth Century. Translated from the German,' (Sharpe,) is interesting and scenic.

'The Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London and Dublin University and Ecclesiastical Almanack,' by Mr. W. A. Warwick (Rivingtons), is, in more senses than one, too comprehensive and too fine for use; nor is it free from inaccuracies.

'A Series of Perspective Sketches of Parish Churches,' by the Messrs Brandon, (Bell), has commenced. The first number is good in many respects: the draftsmen have taken a wide range, and the drawings are an exceedingly good imitation of etching, though on stone. A ground-plan accompanies each sketch. But we cannot think the series of much higher value than a pretty book of illustrations. It may convey a notion of grouping, but it will not do to work from. The orientation is sometimes —(why not always?)—marked on the ground-plan. The data upon which is calculated the 'number of worshippers' each church is said to contain, must be various, and, we should think, occasionally fallacious. The same authors advertise an 'Analysis of Gothic Architecture,' which has reached its twenty-first number—but not us.

New and cheap editions have appeared of works upon which judgment has so long passed of a favourable character, that it would be useless either to dispute or confirm it: Mr. H. N. Coleridge's 'Introduction to the Greek Classic Poets,' and Dr. Abercrombie's 'Intellectual Powers and Moral Feelings.' If the respected and amiable author of the first-named publication had lived to see this new and popular edition, he would, we think, have used the reversed style occasionally. We hope that the publisher, Mr. Murray, will meet with the encouragement which the issue at a reasonable price of standard books so well deserves.

Perhaps the most elaborate and useful work of the quarter is, Mr. Stephens's 'Collection of Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Statutes, with Notes, from Henry III. to Victoria.' (J. W. Parker.) When we say that it contains much of the substance, and most of the useful matter, of such works as those of Ayliffe, Johnson, and Burns, together with the more remarkable cases from the law books, both of the Civil and Christian courts, together with what its title promises, we can only say, as the advertisements do, that it is one which no clergyman, pretending to information even on common parochial details, can dispense with. It is proposed to publish an annual supplement. Now and then a lack of proportion and scale is discernible, as in the undue importance given to certain past disputes about the Rubric. Who, for example, but would grieve that this collection, p. 2064, embodies the melancholy charge of the Bishop of Worcester to the candidates for ordination, were it not that the antidote is at hand in a very characteristic letter, communicated to the Editor from the Bishop of Exeter, commenting on his brother bishop's performance?

'Sharpe's London Magazine' has completed its first volume; it is, we believe, what it styles itself, 'the cheapest volume ever published,'—i. e., taking into account its size, illustration, and principles. We trust that our readers are circulating it with the attention which it deserves. In more respects than one, we consider this a very valuable experiment.

Mr. Maskell advertises a large and important work on the ancient 'Ritual and Service Books.' (Pickering.) The varied and peculiar literature which he has already displayed in the arrangement of the old English Liturgies, fits him eminently for a task, in which writers, otherwise creditably in-

formed, are almost, without measure or exception, ignorant. We anticipate much from the announcement.

'The Ecclesiastic,' (Masters,) is a new monthly magazine, conducted on very high principles, and written with increasing talent. It also, as a monthly, fills up a blank, which is felt.

Mr. Garden, of St. Paul's, Edinburgh, has published a 'Letter (Grant) to the Bishop of Cashel,' on his painful effusion to Bishop Low. It is written with the author's well-known talent and judgment—and, what has been too rare in the discussion, with a somewhat more generous estimate of the Roman Liturgy. We are glad to hear that, though compromise was not absent from this arrangement, this, the acknowledged Liturgy of the Church, is not to be excluded from the new Divinity College at Perth.

The imperfection of our written language, as a representation of sounds, can scarcely have escaped the notice of any reader or writer of it. The same symbol represents very different sounds, while, with a poetic justice, the same sound is honoured with a profusion of different symbols. Sir John Herschell, in his 'Treatise on Sound,' Professor Willis, in his 'Mechanical Researches,' have observed and lamented the incongruity. With all this the reading public are doubtless well acquainted; but they may perhaps be surprised to learn that a limited number of private individuals have undertaken the Herculean task of revolutionizing the languages of the world. Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, has invented, with great ingenuity, a system of symbols, which, by assigning a distinct mark for every primary sound, and imitating, as it were, the actions of the voice in their combination, professes to exhibit on paper an exact transcript of the pronunciation. Every difficulty in orthography, every doubt in pronunciation, is to be borne down by the progress of the new art; and the English reader will be enabled to utter, with the calm certainty of conviction, the most uneuphonious-looking appellations in the Punjaub, or the most polysyllabic titles of the chieftains of New Zealand and Tahiti. A glance at the publications, in which this new system is developed, will be by no means profitless to the inquirer into the philosophy of language; for he will find a curious and intricate subject worked out with surprising completeness and accuracy. And the short-hand writer would, doubtless, be well repaid for the trouble of acquiring a style, which appears to be as legible as it is rapid. It is only the singular union of the most chimerical projects with the most sanguine expectations that can provoke a smile; while we occasionally trace principles of other than verbal revolutions, which, in a less visionary connexion, would demand a more serious notice. As it is, we can only marvel at the magnitude of the scheme and the earnestness of its supporters. The attempt to supplant that slow growth of accumulated ages, the national alphabet, by the excogitations of a single brain, is carried on with all the serious energy of a feasible undertaking. 'Phonography,'—we quote from the *Phonotypic Journal* of February, 1845,—'has been introduced into forty educational establishments and colleges, where it is, in many cases, continued as a general branch of instruction. Festivals in connexion with the Reformation'—not of Henry VIII. but of Isaac Pitman—'have been held in Man-

'chester, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Stockton, &c. 'Societies for the extension of a knowledge of the principles of phonetic writing, by the circulation of tracts and by teaching, have been established 'at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and some other places. Ten gentlemen are professionally engaged in lecturing and teaching, and devote their whole time 'to this work; five others lecture and teach occasionally.' A 'Phonetic Council' sits in Bath, and the 'Phonographic Institution,' which seems to be the Prytaneum of the tribe, sends forth its lecturers to convert the world. A 'Phonotypic Journal' records their triumphs. The isle of Guernsey appears to have yielded almost at discretion to the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Mogford. Its authorities in Church and State, the Principal of Elizabeth College, and the Lieut.-Governor—the latter, doubtless, mindful of the long pages of the Peninsular War—have become phonographers. An 'Ever-circulating Manuscript Phonographic Magazine,' enlightens and exercises the fortunate inhabitants of the Channel Islands. The 'Phonographic Corresponding Society,' comprising, according to the journal, 830 members, is another instrument of the 'Reformation.' The following extract from its rules cannot but commend itself to the prudent reader:—'It is understood, that, when the parties are unknown to each other, applicants, for the correction of exercises, will address phonographers of their own sex.' The correspondents, we see by the advertisements, may write upon phonographic letter-paper, with phonographic pencils, and secure their envelopes with phonographic wafers. In an alley near St. Paul's are to be seen on a shop-front, the mystic characters of the phonographic scheme, which must be highly edifying to the frequenters of Dolley's famous chop-house.

'Church Sunday School Magazine,' for January, February, March, 1846, (Leeds: Harrison.) The efforts now made to provide useful, entertaining, and Christian reading for the poor are among the most cheering signs of the times; whether we look to the results they may lead to, or to the temper from which they spring. To provide cheerful and useful reading for the poor is pre-eminently a charitable work, and is a sort of almsgiving. The tender care which busies itself for the bodily comforts of the poor, is only taking another channel when it provides innocent pleasure, Christian information, and good ideas for their minds. The poor have no 'literary honours' to return to those who thus give up their thoughts to them; and the latter, therefore, come under the especial blessing of the Gospel: 'For they cannot recompense thee: but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' The numbers of the Magazine before us contain much that is pleasing, and give information on sacred subjects in a clear way. They introduce, perhaps, too much *praise* of the Prayer-book; considering that praise is of the nature of criticism. Also some mixture of matter, not directly religious, would be an improvement.

'Sacred Poems for Mourners, with an Introduction by the Rev. R. C. Trench, M.A.' (Rivingtons.) A collection from ancient and modern sources. Quarles, Wither, Vaughan, George Herbert, Mr. Williams, the *Lyra Apostolica*, seem the principal ones.

'Steps to the Altar,' (Burns) is a warm and practical manual of private devotions for the Eucharist.

We can also recommend 'Friday Devotions, in historical order,' (Cleaver) by Mr. Heygate. The obscure phrase in the title means that it consists of exercises aiming at the actual accompaniment of the successive details of the Passion. This is the right way of framing acts of meditation.

'The Opening of the Heart,' (Burns) is a tract, inculcating the duty and value of confession.

Mr. John Miller, of Worcester College, has printed four valuable Sermons, 'A plain Christian's View of fundamental Church Principles,' (Rivingtons) which display the author's well-known depth and originality of thought. Though plain, they address themselves to a far higher cast of mind than that for which they were originally composed. We prize them highly.

The Spottiswoode Society is bringing out its publications with punctuality and care. The second volume of the Spottiswoode Miscellany, especially in the records of the Kirk Session of Perth, contains some very curious illustrations of a former state of Scotch society.

The Anglo-Catholic Library, we believe, is recovering its lost ground; the interminable and entirely useless republication of Beveridge is nearly over. But we are now one fourth of the year into 1846, and scarcely half of the publications of 1845 are out.

The Royal Society of Literature has undertaken the publication of a series, to be called 'Biographia Britannica Literaria.' (J. W. Parker.) Mr. T. Wright has edited the first two volumes, on the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods. For all that concerns careful research and extensive information, we are not aware that it could have fallen into better hands. It will form a most useful set.

'The Literature and Superstition of England in the Middle Ages,' (J. Russell Smith,) brings Mr. Wright, who is also the author of these two volumes, upon more debateable ground. And we are compelled to say that there are qualities which we think indispensable in the treatment of this subject, in which we think Mr. Wright, in common with most literary men, quite deficient. Still he is seldom, if ever, gratuitously offensive; and his facts, which are always abundant, cannot but be valuable.

Few more useful, and at the same time more laborious compilations, can be conceived, than to epitomize the Councils of the Church. Mr. Landon, late of Hackney, has undertaken the task, in a good 'Manual of Councils,' (Rivingtons,) which, in a single and portable volume, ranges from the second century to New York in 1832. It forms, at least, a good index to Labbe and Wilkins: which is saying a great deal in its praise. Such a work was very much wanted.

Canon James, of Peterborough, has published a 'Practical Comment on the Ordination Services.' (Rivingtons.) It is eminently what its title promises; and with much that is sound, it concerns itself, which, indeed, perhaps, is best suited to the present distress, rather with the humiliating than

the elevating aspect of the ministry. With all this, however, we think that the view of a sacerdotal and external commission in the priesthood, apart from mere preaching, scarcely presented itself to the author's mind.

There are some tolerably pretty expressions in 'Verses for Holy Seasons, for the use of School Rooms.' By a Lady. (Rivingtons.) Appended are 'Questions for examination;' which is rather an anti-climax to the poetry.

Mr. Gresley has concluded his series of historical tales, by 'Coniston Hall.' (Burns.) The period chosen is that of 1715. It quite equals its predecessors, 'The Forest of Arden,' &c.

'Tales for the Bush,' (Rivingtons,) by Mrs. Francis Vidal, is a reprint of stories originally published in Australia. The only way to understand foreign or colonial life, is to persuade people to tell you all their domestic concerns; how they get up, walk, talk, and dine. And in such incidental allusions the present little collection abounds; and we get to understand more of the manners of a country by these actual details, than by set essays on statistics and geology.

Burns' Fireside Library has produced Fouqué's 'Magic King,' Parts I. and II. and translations of Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' and 'William Tell.' These last are new to English literature. Praise of them is, of course, superfluous; but we can justly say, that the translations are well executed. Certainly, that most lovely of all lovely facts, the history of Joan of Arc, deserved, what Schiller gave it, a perfect and religious idealisation. It is the very finest of modern dramas: though this is not the name for it. We own to have given up the 'Magic King,' in sheer despair; the story fairly beats us: perhaps Mr. Burns' readers, like the hero, may be more persevering in their awful adventure.

Two very full and close Lectures, 'Protection to Home Industry,' (Hodges and Smith,) have been published by Dr. Butt, the Dublin Professor of Political Economy. They are acute and well-principled.

'A Vindication of the Usage of closing the Morning Service with the Sermon, when there is no Communion; in reply to Mr. Harrison's Remarks, by Mr. James, of Cobham,' (Rivingtons,) seems, like the work to which it is intended as an answer, somewhat over late. The question was settled neither by argument nor authority; but, perhaps it is as well, under present circumstances, that we should all be left to expand or not, in the way of external uniformity, according rather to individual than national capabilities.

'Capital Punishments, unsanctioned by the Gospel, &c.'—in a Letter to Sir John P. Wood, by Mr. H. Christmas, of Sion College, (Smith and Elder,) admits of a ready answer. Has the Church of all ages, ever done else than sanction the punishment of death?

Mr. Wilkinson, of the Marlborough School, has addressed a Letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, on the 'Expenses of Under-Graduates.' (J.W. Parker.) It is practical, and apparently the result of experience. While we are on

the subject, we may express our dissatisfaction at the loose, yet characteristic, Report which has just emanated from the Oxford Hebdomadal Board.

On the same subject have been reprinted, 'Six Letters from the "Oxford Herald,"' (Vincent,) signed 'C.'

'The Sayings of the Great Forty Days, between the Resurrection and Ascension. In Five Discourses, with an Examination of Mr. Newman's 'Theory of Development,' (Rivingtons.) The clearness and vigour of thought and style which distinguish all that Dr. Moberly writes, make us almost grudge his services even to that important department, to which they are so usefully devoted. He has no redundancies and no poverties. The arguments issue clear and pointed; and have perfect shape and continuity. We are unable to say anything more here of the book of which Dr. Moberly now gives us an enlarged edition, than that it brings out, and puts in a very distinctive light, a most mysterious and important interval in the Gospel history, to which little definite character is commonly attached. The Introduction, which bears upon Mr. Newman's theory, lays down, with much clearness, the Church's office with respect to the Creeds, and the distinction between that development which only explains, and that development which adds to, the faith.

'Prayers and other Devotions for Penitents,' compiled by the Rev. John Ley, Curate of St. Aldate's, Oxford, (J. H. Parker,) is a valuable manual, apparently designed for the use of a Penitentiary, or similar institution. Any thing which will serve to give definiteness and precision to the teaching in Prisons, Reformatories, and the like, is to be welcomed; especially when, as at present, so many well-meaning, but vague, projects are afloat on the subject.

Mr. Parker, of Oxford, has added as a third volume to his 'Glossary of Architecture,' a 'Companion,' in the shape of the well-worn plates of an old work of Mr. Britton. Knowledge has so much advanced since they were engraved, that this publication is hardly an accession to our stores.

We ought, in a previous number, to have acknowledged 'The Doctrine of the Russian Church, &c.' (Rivingtons.) It consists of a Translation, executed by Mr. Blackmore, of some of the Symbolical Books of the Russians, together with a 'Manual for Parish Priests.' It forms a companion to M. Mouravieff's volume, to which we have already called attention.

Mr. Straker is issuing with regularity his reprint of Collier; more valuable than the last, as being without Mr. Barham's officious and offensive notes.

Mr. C. Wordsworth, late of Winchester College, has printed the beautiful Sermon, in which he took leave of his charge. (Rivingtons.) It was preached on Quinquagesima Sunday.

'A Few Words on the Athanasian Creed, &c. &c.' By a Bishop's Chaplain, (J. W. Parker,) has reached a second edition. That any pamphlet should do this proves that there must be something in it. In this there is

a good deal of point and cleverness, and smart writing,—more, perhaps, than seems suitable to its sacred subject. It has the appearance of being the emptying of the common-place book of a clever and extensive reader, who thinks and writes pointedly, and is not altogether afraid of displaying his intellectual accomplishments. We cannot quite see that he had any further object than thus to exhibit his literature: in this he has certainly succeeded.

Of Sermons, we must acknowledge: Volumes by Dr. Vaughan, of Harrow, (Murray,) and by Mr. Sullivan, of Balliol (J. H. Parker); also, a deep and awakening collection, chiefly by Dr. Pusey, delivered at the services of the dedication of St. Saviour's, Leeds. (J. H. Parker.) 'Four Lectures on the Second Advent,' delivered at Leeds Parish Church, by Mr. H. Dalton. (Cleaver.) Two Sermons: 'Parochial Subdivision,' preached at St. Paul's, Leeds, (Green,) by Dr. Hook and Mr. Dodsworth, in aid of Dr. Hook's noble scheme; a Sermon at the Bishop of Oxford's Consecration, by Archdeacon Wilberforce (Murray); one preached at St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, by Mr. Sayers. (Rivingtons and Burns.) Mr. Harington (of Exeter,) has published 'Two Ordination Sermons.'—Mr. Berkeley Addison (Edinburgh) some 'Expository discourse on the Rod of Moses;' and Mr. Bowdler a second volume of Sermons. Also an Ordination Charge by the Bishop of Oxford.

Mr. Oakeley will find the passage to which we referred, but misquoted from memory, at the foot of page 30, of the 'British Critic,' No. LIX.

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